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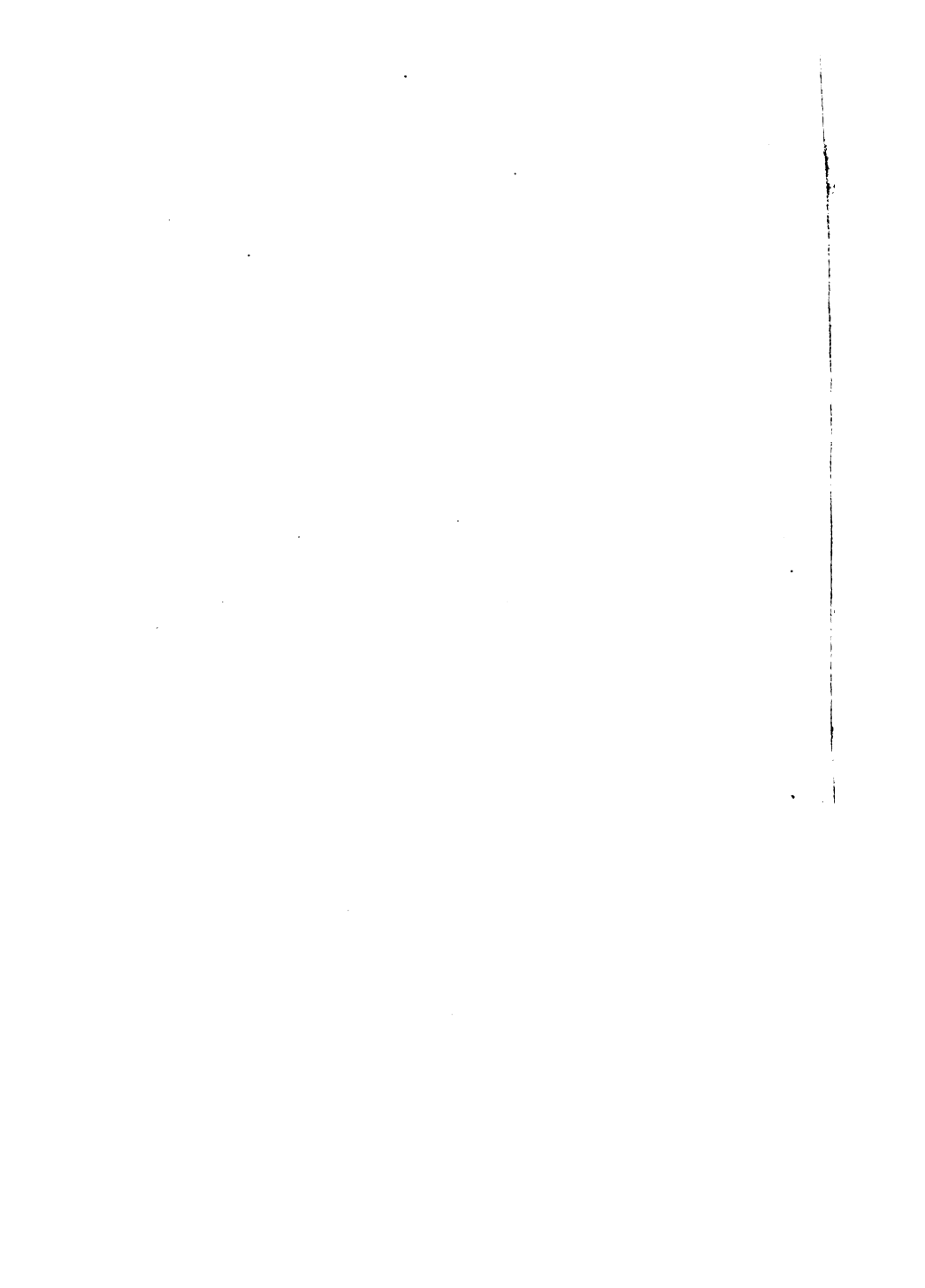


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TO HIS SON

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THE LETTERS OF
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
TO HIS SON

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
CHARLES STRACHEY
AND WITH NOTES BY
ANNETTE CALTHROP

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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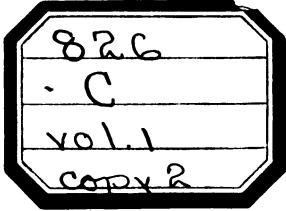
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BUY GOOD BOOKS AND READ THEM; THE
BEST BOOKS ARE THE COMMONEST, AND THE
LAST EDITIONS ARE ALWAYS THE BEST IF
THE EDITORS ARE NOT BLOCKHEADS.

—Lord Chesterfield to his Son, March 19, 1750.

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INTRODUCTION

A NEW edition of Lord Chesterfield's LETTERS TO HIS SON not only justifies but requires an introduction. The publication, without apology or explanation, of what was not intended for the press is on the face of it unfair, yet it might have been supposed that a sufficient time had elapsed to condone such an offence in the case of these Letters; or that, at most, it would be unnecessary to do more than mention that they were written at dates which cover a period of thirty years, that they were not meant for publication, that they were published after their writer's death without his sanction and, of course, without his revision—in fact that he may even have been unaware of the continued existence of the literary work by which his name is best known to posterity. But, as it happens, a double duty is imposed upon the modern editor of these Letters. Not only must he give some account of the circumstances in which they were written, and how they came to be made public, but, he ought to take the opportunity to remove some at least of the misconceptions which have grown up in regard to these famous Letters and their writer. Macaulay, in his essay on Horace Walpole, says that Lord Chesterfield “stands much lower in the estimation of posterity than he would have done if his letters had never been published”. This remark was made in order to discredit the critical judgment of Walpole in admiring Chesterfield's literary work, and is a good example of that form of reasoning known as *muddying the waters*. But although it has no point in the argument of which it forms a part, it is interesting

as an admission that the popular conception of Chesterfield—the clever and heartless dissembler, the odious apostle of profligacy—has been the result of inferences drawn from the contents of the Letters. Lord Chesterfield, as one of his kindlier critics has observed, has been misrepresented almost as persistently as Machiavelli.

Recent commentators have, it is true, done a good deal to destroy what may be called the legendary Chesterfield. It has been shown that the letters are not so very immoral after all; and that, apart from them, the case against their writer rests mainly on gossip or the assertions of his personal enemies. But it is no easy task to re-establish a lost reputation: the public must have bogies to detest as well as heroes to worship, and the Chesterfield legend has a vitality as yet but little impaired by criticism. It is all the fault of the Letters: they have been stigmatised as immoral and frivolous, and in spite of this—dare I say *because* of this?—they have had thousands of readers who have never cared to rectify their impression of the writer by a consideration of his other works and of his life. The mistake is one of perspective: the LETTERS TO HIS SON have put all his other writings and doings into the background; and it is therefore a duty both to literature and history to attempt a rectification of the popular conception by giving prominence to what has been overlooked—the known facts of Lord Chesterfield's life, and such evidence of his character and opinions as may be found in the speeches, essays and letters—other than those to his son—that have been preserved. That Chesterfield's life, in particular, should be read as a *corrective* has not, I think, been sufficiently insisted on. Historians seem sadly timid and inclined to follow in each other's footsteps. When, for instance, Lord Mahon says that Chesterfield carried dissimulation "beyond justifiable bounds," the reader would naturally gather that some well-attested instances of duplicity were in the writer's mind. I am sure that this is not so: the historian is simply attributing

to the unfortunate statesman some of that accretion of traditional characteristics which has gathered round his name. Not that an unprejudiced perusal of the Letters justifies the conventional view of the man who wrote them—far from it, as I hope to show in due course. But if it can be demonstrated that Lord Chesterfield was in fact distinguished by the possession of many of those qualities in which the legendary Chesterfield is notoriously deficient, and by the lack of the more objectionable peculiarities which have been so often attributed to him, we shall approach the Letters with a fresh conception of their writer's character, drawn from a survey of the man as a whole, instead of from a one-sided examination of what was, after all, but a partial manifestation of his personality. So equipped, the student will, I believe, be prepared to agree with those whose judgment has already acquitted the Letters of the more serious of the charges which have been brought against them. Perhaps he may even, after reading the Letters, approve of a wider application being given to that judgment, until the legendary Chesterfield—a discredited bogey—is finally bundled out of court.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was born on the 22nd of September, 1694, a member of an ancient and illustrious family. His grandfather was known as "The Handsome Earl," and might (it is said) have married Oliver Cromwell's daughter had he been so minded: he appears to have annoyed the Protector by not taking advantage of the opportunity. He was, however, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts. He was also a noted duellist, and figures in the pages of Pepys and De Grammont. His son, the third earl, was a morose man of Jacobite tendencies. "My father was neither desirous nor able to advise me," writes Chesterfield to his son; and his mother, a daughter of the first and most famous Marquess of Halifax, died when he was still a

child. Lady Halifax, the boy's maternal grandmother, was, like her husband, renowned for wit as well as for good-nature. She undertook his education, and it was to her training that he owed his early mastery of the French language and of the arts of behaviour. He had good tutors, and when he went to Cambridge at the age of eighteen was a fair classical scholar. Perhaps this grandmotherly bringing up was not without some drawbacks, for young Stanhope, when in his teens, seems to have been somewhat of a prig. Dr. Maty, his first biographer, relates an incident, supported by the testimony of one of the letters, which shows at any rate that he acquired early in life one excellent habit—that of early rising. The story is worth repeating here, for it throws light on the character of the man as well as of the boy. Lord Galway, "a man of uncommon penetration and merit," was accustomed to visit Lady Halifax, and having noted the young nobleman's talents and tastes, which included "some tincture of laziness," addressed him on one occasion thus: "If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. In the distinguished posts your parts, rank and fortune will entitle you to fill, you will be liable to have visitors at every hour of the day, and unless you will rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure to yourself."

It appears from the letter of December 26, 1749, that this advice was consistently followed:—

"If by chance your business or your pleasures should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time, that you may not lose the precious morning hours; and that the want of sleep may force you to go to bed earlier the next night. This is what I was advised to do, when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight. . . .

To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for from twenty to forty I should certainly have read very little if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed."

At Trinity Hall the future Lord Chesterfield was a reading man; his tutor told Dr. Maty that he used to work until six o'clock in the evening. Priggishness peeps out, I fear, in a letter written from Cambridge in 1712, though there is humour in the last words quoted:—

"I find the college, where I am, infinitely the best in the university; for it is the smallest, and it is filled with lawyers, who have lived in the world, and know how to behave. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is certainly very little debauchery in this university, especially amongst people of fashion, for a man must have the inclinations of a porter to endure it here."

By his own account (letter of June 24, 1751) he was "an absolute pedant" when he left Cambridge, at the age of nineteen, to complete his education by making the tour of Europe. But his letters written from the Hague and Paris to his old French tutor, M. Jouneau, show that he had none of the insular spirit which so often converts foreign travel into an English review of one's Maker's grotesques. At Antwerp he was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. At the Hague he unfortunately acquired a taste for gaming which remained with him all his life. He frequently warns his son not to follow him in this respect, and is perfectly outspoken on the subject. In his letter of October 12, 1748, he relates how he became a gambler, maintaining, oddly enough, that it was the result of his aiming at perfection, and his notion (discovered afterwards to be a mistaken one) that gaming "was a necessary step to it". He was notorious for his high play, but it may at least be said for him that he did not, by indulgence in this failing, seriously embarrass his fortune; or leave an impoverished estate to his successor. His advice on the subject was never in more marked contrast

with his practice than on a certain occasion at Bath, when he met in the card-room a young nobleman who had just arrived, and taking him aside, pointed to the company present and whispered, "Beware of these scoundrels; it is by flight alone that you can preserve your purse". So warned, the young man escaped, with expressions of gratitude. But chancing to look in not long after, he found the earl engaged at play "with those very harpies whom, by his advice, he had just escaped".

At Paris he was received in the best society, and enjoyed himself immensely. The civilisation of the place, and the absence of the boorishness which at that date and long after was to be found even among the aristocracy of England, appealed strongly to his fastidious taste. He writes to Monsieur Jouneau, mentioning with evident pleasure that the French considered him as one of themselves, "le plus grand compliment qu'ils croyent pouvoir faire à personne"; playfully adding their reasons for treating him as a Frenchman: "Je vous dirai seulement que je suis insolent; que je parle beaucoup, bien haut, et d'un ton de maître; que je chante et que je danse en marchant; et enfin que je fais une dépense furieuse en poudre, plumets, gands blancs, etc." An amusing account of his initiation into the ways of the polite world of Paris is contained in the letter of January 11, 1750.

His continental tour was cut short by the death of Queen Anne and the events which followed the accession of George the First. The political situation was one of extreme delicacy. The sudden death of the Queen found the Jacobites unprepared for prompt action, and in spite of the hopes of the extreme section of the party that the cause of the Pretender would be supported by French arms, the more reasonable of the Tories, with Bolingbroke at their head, realised the hopelessness of any immediate attempt to set aside the Act of Settlement. They made some attempts to obtain the favour of the new King, but were altogether unsuccessful.

George did not hurry over to England on his proclamation, but delayed his departure for some two months. His accession was peaceful; the Whigs had given him his crown, and a Whig Ministry was formed, in which the post of Secretary of State was filled by General (afterwards Earl) Stanhope, grandson of the first Earl of Chesterfield by a second marriage. Walpole and Pulteney were respectively Paymaster-General and Secretary at War.

The future earl, whom we must still call Lord Stanhope, was already a staunch supporter of the Protestant succession, although he was never able to find, in George the First or his successor, any characteristics which could possibly inspire a feeling of personal devotion. He had, it is quite certain, a genuine love of liberty, which he considered to be incompatible with the re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in England; and although to the modern reader (accustomed to the indifference on such subjects which is usually termed *tolerance*) some of the remarks about the Papacy which occur in the Letters may appear intemperate, yet, at any time during the first half of the eighteenth century, a strong anti-Catholic attitude might very pardonably be adopted by any one who did not wish to throw away all that had been won by the Revolution. Nor should it be forgotten that the Marchioness of Halifax, who had the superintendence of Chesterfield's early years, was the wife of that famous statesman whose talents so strikingly resembled those of his grandson; whose character, like that of Chesterfield, has received much unjust criticism, but in connection with whom Lord Macaulay has very justly observed that "our revolution, as far as it can be said to bear the character of any single mind, assuredly bears the character of the large yet cautious mind of Halifax".¹

¹ It is remarkable that the only literary work of this great statesman which obtained widespread popularity was his *Advice to a Daughter*, written for Lord Chesterfield's mother, who, we are told, kept a copy of it always on her table.

Writing from Paris shortly after the death of Queen Anne, young Stanhope refers to that event, occurring as it did at a moment when the Jacobite party were unprepared for it, as an occasion for rejoicing:—

“Quand je vois combien loin les choses étoient déjà avancées en faveur du Prétendant et du Papisme, et que nous étions à deux doigts de l'esclavage, je compte absolument pour le plus grand bonheur qui soit jamais arrivé à l'Angleterre, la mort de cette femme, qui, si elle eût vécu encore trois mois, alloit sans doute établir sa religion, et par conséquent la tyrannie.”

This passage, I may observe, occurs in the same letter as the one already quoted about expenditure on powder and white gloves. Taken together, they give a fair notion of the writer, then just twenty years of age, and show that the gaieties of Paris did not occupy him to the exclusion of more serious matters. He had been intended from the first for a public career. The formation of a Whig Administration in which his kinsman General Stanhope was perhaps the most important member, and the holding of a general election in which the new Government used all their power to obtain the return of candidates favourable to their views, provided an opening which could not be overlooked. The grand tour was curtailed, and Stanhope returned to England, where he was presented to the King and immediately appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, who was some ten years his senior. Shortly afterwards he was elected member of Parliament for St. Germans in Cornwall.

The style of Halifax differs from that of his grandson as Milton's prose differs from Addison's, but the matter, and still more the humour, of the two writers has many resemblances. Dr. Burnet records that Halifax, whilst protesting against the accusation of atheism, admitted to him that “he could not swallow down everything that divines imposed upon the world; he was a Christian in submission; he believed as much as he could, and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, *nor take into his belief things that must burst him*”. This is exactly the humour of Chesterfield. (See *Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax*, by H. C. Foxcroft, 1898.)

His experiences on delivering his first speech may be found in the letter to his son of March 15, 1754. On the completion of that speech a member of the Opposition congratulated him on the success of his maiden effort, but took the opportunity to observe that he happened to know that the young orator was not yet of age; that he had no desire to take any unfair advantage of this knowledge; but that if Mr. Stanhope took steps to record a vote, the House should quickly be made aware of the facts. No rejoinder or defence was possible, as the election to Parliament of a person under the age of twenty-one was not recognised as valid, and by sitting and voting without being legally elected the hope of the Whigs would render himself liable to a fine of £500. He said nothing at all; made a low bow; quitted the House, and returned for some months to Paris. Having attained his majority he resumed his place in Parliament and in the Prince of Wales's household. He spoke from time to time with increasing confidence, and (although his greatest oratorical successes were reserved for the House of Lords) with increasing approbation.

The eloquence of Lord Chesterfield has never been disputed. Only an imperfect impression of it can be received from such summaries and reports as have been preserved, and Dr. Johnson laid claim to the composition of some of these. But the judgment of contemporaries is conclusive. Horace Walpole, who was by no means inclined to praise Chesterfield, says that the finest speech he ever heard was from him; and, as Lord Mahon points out, Walpole's experience of the oratory of the eighteenth century was very extensive; he had heard the speeches of his father, of Pitt, of Pulteney, of Wyndham, and of Carteret. Chesterfield had the rare power of reasoning best when he appeared most witty, and there is no doubt that the reputation for literary taste which he enjoyed during his life-time—that is to say before the publication of these^{or} any other of his letters—was due to the

admirable *technique* of the speeches, which combined elegance with scholarship in a manner to satisfy a generation keenly critical in all matters of form.

In 1717 began a series of squabbles between the Prince of Wales and his father, into the causes of which it is not necessary to enter, but which, together with the King's constant endeavours to subordinate British to Hanoverian interests, led to a schism in the Whig ranks. Feeling ran very high; every public man, and of course everybody connected with the Court, was compelled to take a side. General Stanhope was entirely in the confidence of the King; Townshend was dismissed; Walpole went into opposition, and the future Earl of Chesterfield, although it was scarcely to his advantage to place himself in a position where the interest of his powerful kinsman could be of no help to him, remained with the Prince's party. The efforts which were made to induce him to quit the Opposition show what value was attached to his support in Parliament. They would have made his father a duke: the old earl, who must have been annoyed that such an honour should have been conditional on the action of a son whom he disliked, was still angrier when his son refused to transfer his vote at any price. In 1720-21, with the death of General Stanhope and the return of Townshend and Walpole to office, a partial reconciliation between the King and Prince was brought about, and Lord Stanhope accepted from the former the post of Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, in succession to Lord Townshend. This was an appointment which might have been made lucrative by the sale of commissions, and Townshend, who had not availed himself of this questionable source of profit, recommended his successor to be less scrupulous if he had a mind to be more rich. Stanhope's reply was: "I wish to follow your Lordship's example rather than your advice". This sentiment was in complete accordance with his consistent attitude towards those forms of bribery which were

almost inextricably involved in the public life of his day. In his last letter to his godson, he wrote:—

“If you should fill a great station at Court, take care above all things to keep your hands clean and pure from the infamous vice of corruption—a vice so infamous that it degrades even the other vices that may accompany it. Accept no present whatever; let your character in that respect be transparent and without the least speck; for as avarice is the vilest and dirtiest vice in private, corruption is so in public life. I call corruption the taking of a sixpence more than the just and known salary of your employment, under any pretence whatever.”

The writer of this is, it will be admitted, a very different person from the Chesterfield of tradition.

Sir Robert Walpole, on his return to office, entered on the period of his remarkable ascendancy in the policy of England which continued without notable interruption till the year 1742. He must have wished, at any rate at the outset, to be on good terms with young Stanhope; for in 1725, on the revival of the Order of the Bath, Stanhope was one of the first to whom the red ribbon was offered. It was not accepted, and the Minister's annoyance was doubtless increased by some jocular verses composed by the future earl, in which the decoration was alluded to as—

One of the toys
Bob gave his boys,
When first the chits were knighted.

This incident was one of many during Chesterfield's career in which he displayed a singular inability to trim his sails to a favouring breeze. The character and tastes of Walpole were, no doubt, utterly antipathetic to him; he made no attempt to conciliate the Minister's favour, and an early opportunity was taken to relieve him of the post which had been given to him such a short time previously. The death of his father

in 1726 transferred him to the House of Lords, where, until the end of the reign, he spoke from time to time on the side of the Opposition.

The accession of George the Second, in 1727, was attended with few changes in the public offices. It might have been supposed that the new King, who had been for several years past on the worst of terms with his father, would have abruptly dismissed from his councils all who had been his father's most intimate allies. In particular, the enemies of Walpole had confidently anticipated his fall, for he had acquired a complete ascendancy over the old King (conversing with him, for lack of any other medium of communication, in bad Latin), and was in consequence heartily disliked by the new one. But the tact of Walpole triumphed. His friendship with Queen Caroline stood him in good stead, and in a short time his influence with the second George was as firmly established as it had been with the first. This was an unfortunate circumstance in Chesterfield's career. Walpole disliked, and perhaps feared him, and when George expressed his desire to do something to reward the earl's services, he advised the King to offer Chesterfield the appointment of ambassador to Holland, thus removing, for a time at least, a dangerous opponent and a possible rival. The offer was made, was accepted, and Chesterfield arrived at the Hague in the spring of 1728. His residence there continued for three years, and the diplomatic duties which he was called upon to perform were, throughout that time, of the greatest importance and delicacy. The Treaty of Seville, signed on November 9, 1729, established on certain conditions a defensive alliance between England, France and Spain, and to this treaty Holland subsequently acceded. The Emperor Charles the Sixth was left without allies, and the principal aim of his policy, that is to say the guarantee of the European Powers that his daughter Maria Theresa should succeed to his hereditary dominions, seemed to have small chance of fulfilment. This arrangement,

so eagerly desired by the Emperor, was what is known as the *Pragmatic Sanction*. Charles broke off relations with Spain, and seized the Duchy of Parma, which by the Treaty of Seville had been guaranteed to the Infanta Don Carlos. The alliance between Spain, France, and the Maritime Powers—as England and Holland were called—had never really come into force, as each party to the Treaty of Seville accused the others of not fulfilling the conditions on which that alliance was based. It would have been extremely impolitic, and very repugnant to the pacific policy of Walpole, for England to embark in a war with Austria—the principal barrier against the power of the House of Bourbon. Spain considered that she had recovered her liberty of action; threw over France, and entered into secret negotiations with England and Holland, the object of which was to obtain the Emperor's assent to the arrangements of the Treaty of Seville by offering to guarantee the Pragmatic Sanction. These negotiations were mainly conducted at the Hague, and resulted in at least a temporary settlement of all the points in dispute by the second Treaty of Vienna, signed on March 16, 1731. Not the least difficult and tedious of Chesterfield's tasks in connection with this important international instrument was that of procuring the formal concurrence of Holland in its provisions; for by the constitution of the Republic complete unanimity of assent was required from each town and province. To obtain this unanimity it seems to have been necessary, in at least one case, to conciliate local feeling by a kind of bribe. Chesterfield relates that the deputies of the little town of Briel “frankly declared that they would not give their consent till *Major Such-a-one*, a very honest gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel”. In the end all was satisfactorily arranged, and Chesterfield returned to England in 1732, with a greatly increased reputation.

Towards the close of the year 1729 Lord Townshend and

the Duke of Newcastle were Secretaries of State. Townshend, whose relations with his brother-in-law, Walpole, were becoming more and more strained, made an attempt to obtain the removal of the duke, and to secure his post for Chesterfield; but the power of Walpole, supported by the influence of the Queen, was too strong. Townshend retired to cultivate turnips at Reynham, and Lord Harrington succeeded him as Secretary of State. It does not appear that Chesterfield had made any efforts to obtain the post, and in any case there was no open quarrel, at this date, between him and Walpole; for in June, 1730, he was made a Knight of the Garter and High Steward of the King's Household.

Lord Chesterfield's public and private occupations during his residence at the Hague are frequently referred to in his LETTERS TO HIS SON and also in other letters of his which have been preserved. He had the gift, exceptional then as now among Englishmen, of sympathy with continental customs and modes of thought, and was not only popular among his diplomatic colleagues and the Ministers of the Government to which he was accredited, but established himself with some of them on exceptionally friendly terms. Dr. Maty says that with the Grand Pensionary of Holland, von Slingeland, he contracted "a greater intimacy than it is commonly supposed can subsist between the Prime Minister of one Power and the Ambassador of another"; and Chesterfield himself, referring to this important personage, observes: "I may justly call him my friend, my master, and my guide; for I was then quite new in business. He instructed me, he loved me, he trusted me." As for his Lordship's manner of living at the Hague, it is clear that he kept considerable state, and he defends himself in his letters to Mrs. Howard (afterwards Lady Suffolk) against the rumours of his extravagance which had reached England—doubtless somewhat exaggerated by gossiping tongues. "As for the expense," he writes in his own magnificent manner, "I should be very sorry to be a

gainer by this or any other employment that the King may ever think fit to give me."

In a letter written to the same lady, soon after his arrival at the Hague, he gives a humorous description of the labours and amusements of the day, which ended with "either a very bad French play, or a reprize at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which (with a very ill run) one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day that leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven with the testimony of a good conscience". This account of his adventures at the Dutch card-tables does not agree with the sly remark of Horace Walpole that Chesterfield courted the good opinion of an economical people by losing immense sums at play; but it is quite possible that both the stories may be true, and that the ambassador found means, on a closer familiarity with the society of the Hague, to pass his evenings in a livelier if more expensive fashion than had been possible at the date of the letter to Mrs. Howard which I have just quoted.

As this lady's name has been mentioned, I may take the opportunity of observing that the commonly received opinion that Chesterfield attempted to influence the King through the King's mistress, and secured for himself in consequence the enmity of the Queen, appears to be supported by no trustworthy evidence at all, though historians have been content to copy it into their pages from those of their predecessors. Mr. Ernst, in his *Life of Lord Chesterfield*,¹ has gone into the matter with some minuteness, and has shown conclusively that the earl never relied upon Mrs. Howard's influence for obtaining favour with George the Second. For my part I see no reason why Chesterfield should not have taken legitimate advantage of his friendship with her

¹ Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1893.

and of her intimacy with the King: it was a time when all advancement was by favour; and the King's mistresses had a position which was as generally recognised as that of any high functionary of state. Queen Caroline's benevolent attitude in regard to these ladies is well known. But as there has been a tendency to discover something underhand in Lord Chesterfield's behaviour in this respect, it is as well to observe that while there is nothing, in the many letters which have been preserved from him to Lady Suffolk, to show that he asked for her influence with the King; on the other hand, the letters do show that her influence was for political purposes non-existent. For instance, in speaking of an application from Lord Pembroke, he says to her, "Pray prevail with him to speak to the Queen herself, without which there is nothing to be done". And in his *Characters* Chesterfield has several remarks to the same effect. Of George the Second he says, "He never had but two avowed mistresses of rank, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth. The former, though he passed half his time with her, had no degree of influence and but a small one of profit; the latter, being taken after the death of the Queen, had more of both, but no extravagant share of either;" and in another place he says, "To my knowledge she sincerely tried to serve some, but without effect; she could not even procure a place of £200 a year for John Gay, a very poor and honest man, and no bad poet, only because he was a poet—which the King considered as a mechanic. The Queen had taken good care that Lady Suffolk's apartment should not lead to power and favour"—and so on. It is not worth while to pursue the subject further.

Soon after his return from the Hague Chesterfield began actively to oppose in the House of Lords the measures of Walpole, and as a consequence lost what measure of royal favour he might have gained by the success of his mission to the Netherlands. The Queen was a strong partisan, and an enthusiastic supporter of Walpole's Excise Bill. The Opposi-

tion, in which the Stanhope family were particularly active, for Chesterfield had three brothers in the House of Commons who all voted against the bill, succeeded in persuading the public that the measure was the beginning of a general attack on their liberties. A violent popular clamour arose, and the very word *excise* became an abomination. Johnson's definition of it in his Dictionary (published in 1755) as "*a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid,*" gave such offence to the Commissioners of Excise that they contemplated legal proceedings against the great doctor, who afterwards (in the *Idler*) referred to a Commissioner of Excise as one of the *lowest of all human beings*. Walpole withdrew his bill, and two days afterwards Chesterfield was dismissed, in the most abruptly uncivil fashion, from his post of Lord Steward. On his next appearance at Court he was so badly received that he did not again present himself there until his recall to office, some nine years later.

In September, 1733, Lord Chesterfield married Melusina von Schulemberg, a lady who passed as the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, but who was universally believed to be her daughter by George the First. Lady Chesterfield is described as *amiable and accomplished*, adjectives commonly applied in the last century to ladies about whom there is not much to say; and not much is said of her by contemporary writers. Chesterfield was not a very suitable husband for her, or perhaps for any woman, but there is no reason to suppose that there was marked incompatibility, though the marriage was probably an unemotional, business-like transaction. A letter which has been preserved, written by the countess shortly after her husband's death, seems to show a genuine affection, and Mrs. Oliphant's remark that Lady Chesterfield is mentioned less than half a dozen times in Lord Chesterfield's correspondence tempts one to the belief that that clever lady had never read it.

The Prince of Wales, at the time of the marriage, was following the routine customary in the last century to personages in his exalted position: he was on very bad terms with his royal father. Round him gathered what was known as the Prince of Wales's Opposition, which was chiefly recruited from those politicians who had been worsted from time to time in conflicts with Walpole, and whose enmity towards him was their main bond of union. Among them were Pulteney, Carteret and Wyndham; Bolingbroke was the Prince's guide and political philosopher; and the open adhesion of Chesterfield gave to the Opposition a great increase of power in the House of Lords. The Prince was particularly polite to the newly married pair, and received the earl on terms of intimacy at his Court, which further widened the breach between Chesterfield and the King. The clever young men of the time naturally gravitated to the Opposition; Lyttelton and Pitt first appeared before the world as members of this brilliant circle, and the indifference of Walpole to literature (except as a purchasable means of attack and defence) set most of the poets and essayists against him. He was a large target for the shafts of Swift and Pope, Arbuthnot and Gay; Chesterfield himself wrote—together with occasional papers on non-political subjects—some satirical pieces in *Fog's Journal* and *Common Sense*, in which the Minister and his royal master are referred to with a freedom which sometimes verges on scurrility. It was during this period, too, that Chesterfield made his most memorable speeches. In June, 1737, he delivered his famous attack on Walpole's Playhouse Bill, a measure which authorised the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit at discretion the representation of any drama, and obliged authors, under heavy penalties, to send him copies of their plays fourteen days before they were acted. Lord Chesterfield's eloquence and arguments were of no avail, and the bill passed into a law which is to this day the exasperation of dramatists and the terror of theatrical managers. The

speech contains a passage which is characteristic of Chesterfield's humour, and also illustrates a quality with which he is not usually credited, but to which I shall have occasion to refer again—namely, his uncourtierlike readiness to say a good thing regardless of its effect on his own popularity. He argues that the bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but upon property likewise, and proceeds:—

“Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property; it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed but a precarious dependence. *Thank God! we, my Lords, have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us*; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends. Do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint.”

The death of the Queen at the end of this same year removed Chesterfield's most powerful enemy and Walpole's most powerful friend. Many years later the earl wrote one of those sketches which were known at the time as *Characters*, in which she is thus described:—

“Cunning and perfidy were the means she made use of in business, as all women do, for want of better. She showed her art most in her management of the King, whom she governed absolutely by a seeming complaisance and obedience to all his humours; she even favoured and promoted his gallantries.” As to this last statement there is plenty of corroborative testimony; the tragi-farcical dialogue on her death-bed, when she advised the King to marry again—his tearful protest, “*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses*,” and her quiet rejoinder, “*Ah, mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas*”—rest on the authority of Lord Hervey, who observes, “I know that this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true”.

The prospects of the Opposition were greatly improved

by the death of Queen Caroline, but their confidence in the speedy downfall of Walpole led to a loosening of the sole tie which had held them together. The simple fact that when Sir Robert should be forced to relinquish the conduct of affairs another Minister would have to take his place was sufficient to make members of the Prince's party reconsider their position in regard to the King. They all began to arrange, every man for himself, what was to be done when the great crash should come; and so disunitedly did they act that more than four years passed before they succeeded in bringing about Walpole's resignation and transfer to the House of Lords, which took place in February, 1742. Chesterfield, who had been the most vigorous in pressing the attack against Walpole, soon recognised the weakness of his own party. He, at any rate, made no attempt to conciliate the Court. He opposed the King's favourite measures—the increase of military forces, the provision for certain members of the royal family, the Subsidy Treaty with Denmark. Nor was he in sympathy with the leaders of the Opposition—Carteret and Pulteney—of whom he wrote, in 1741: "It (the Opposition) will neither be united nor well conducted. Those who should lead it will make it their business to break and divide it; and they will succeed." His health at this time was not good, and he spent some time at Aix-la-Chapelle, Paris, and Spa, drinking the waters and renewing old friendships with French men and women of distinction—chief among whom were Voltaire and Montesquieu. His letters to friends in England take a most despondent view of the political situation at home:—

"I think it is better conversing with the cheerful, natural-born slaves of France than with the sullen, venal, voluntary ones of England."

"I think of nothing in England, except of those few persons whom I love and value in that corrupt and profligate nation; but as for all political matters, I have banished them

from my thoughts, and give myself no concern, whether that slavery, which I see is inevitable, takes place in the year forty-two, three, or four. . . . If I recover my health and spirits, they shall be at the service of my friends, to employ as they think proper, and as occasions allow. If not, the honest comforts of a private life shall be my determination, as they have long been my wish."

The omission of Lord Chesterfield from the Ministry which was formed after Walpole's fall is not to be wondered at when we consider the King's dislike of him and his own repugnance against taking office under a man whom he distrusted—the brilliant Carteret. To that extraordinary man scant justice has been done by posterity. Unlike Lord Chesterfield, he left no writings to perpetuate his fame or notoriety; but his reputation as a drinker survives the memory of his dazzling intellectual gifts. His very name is unfortunately suggestive of the wine-list. Chesterfield regarded him as a potential Richelieu or Strafford, and wrote to his son: "when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all". Cartaret's unequalled knowledge of foreign affairs and his mastery of the German language soon gained for him the confidence of George the Second, who always regarded Great Britain as an outlying possession of Hanover. Pitt and Lyttelton were, with Chesterfield, left out of the new Ministry, which soon gave proof of its complete subserviency to the King. Writing to Dr. Chenevix, formerly his chaplain at the Hague, Chesterfield said: "I will accept of no employment till I see a little clearer into matters than I do at present. I have opposed measures, not men;¹ and the change of two or three men only is not a sufficient pledge to me that measures will be changed, nay, rather an indication that they will not; and I am sure no employment whatsoever shall prevail with me to support measures I have

¹ This should be noted as an early example—possibly the first—of this venerable party commonplace.

so justly opposed. A good conscience is in my mind a better thing than the best employment, and I will not have the latter till I can keep it with the former: when that can be, I shall not decline a public life, though in truth more inclined to a private one."

With this independent spirit, which the traditions of English statesmanship had not at that time necessitated as a part of the ordinary equipment of a man of affairs, Lord Chesterfield remained in Opposition. There is not a trace, in his public or private utterances of this period, of any attempt to conciliate the King or to provide in any way for the reception of future favours. On the contrary, his attacks on the policy which would have made the interests of England secondary to those of Hanover were more vigorous than ever. One of his *bons mots*, which was current during the discussion of the plan to take Hanoverian troops into British pay, has a peculiarly modern turn of humour: "*If we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this Crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another King from thence*". Another example of satire, in somewhat the same vein, occurs in a paper contributed by Chesterfield to a periodical entitled *Old England*, dated February 15, 1743: "I am entirely persuaded that in the words '*our present happy establishment*' the happiness mentioned there is that of the subjects; and that if the establishment should make the Prince happy and the subjects otherwise, it would be very justly termed our present unhappy establishment". About the end of the year 1744, the Duke of Newcastle and his brother—commonly referred to as "the Pelhams"—definitely allied themselves with Chesterfield and his friends, and taking advantage of the unpopularity of Carteret's Hanoverian policy, succeeded in forcing him to resign. In the Ministry which replaced him, known as the Broad-bottom Administration, Henry Pelham was Prime Minister and the Duke of New-

castle and Lord Harrington filled the two posts, then existing, of Secretary of State. George the Second had for many years considered Chesterfield as a personal enemy, and it was with great reluctance that he sanctioned his inclusion in the new Ministry. He seems to have done so on condition that the earl should be as far as possible from the royal presence, and Chesterfield was accordingly offered, and accepted, the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Before proceeding to take up his new duties he undertook with great success a short, but very important diplomatic mission to the Hague, the objects of which are fully set forth in the letter to his son dated September 29, 1752. The King was disinclined to receive him in audience before his departure, but Chesterfield made the reception a *sine qua non*. It lasted, according to Horace Walpole, less than five and forty seconds: the ambassador asked if he might be honoured with his Majesty's commands; his Majesty replied, "You have received your instructions, my lord," and the audience ended with no further observations from either side.

While at the Hague Chesterfield found time to settle certain matters dependent on his Irish appointment, and in connection with one of these he again gave proof of his independence and determination. A vacancy occurred among the Irish bishops, and he begged that Dr. Chenevix, already mentioned, should be given the see. Lord Harrington politely replied that his recommendation could not be accepted, but that his Majesty was ready to consider favourably any other name he should submit, "and therefore advised him to *look out* for another bishop;" to which Lord Chesterfield answered, that "he begged his Lordship would desire the King to *look out* for another Lord-Lieutenant". Writing to the Duke of Newcastle he is equally outspoken: "I am sorry that Your Grace and my two predecessors here have had so much trouble about my Ecclesiastical recommendations; which, were it not for the sakes of the

persons concern'd, I am very indifferent about; because the refusal would save me a great deal of trouble, and restore me to that kind of life which I unwillingly left and shall most willingly return to. If my recommendation to the dirtiest Bishopric in Ireland is not to prevail, it can only be because it is mine: an indignity by which I am distinguish'd from all my Predecessors, and to which I will upon no account submit, and I think it but fair to give Your Grace and our friends notice, that upon this foot I will not be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland one hour after my arrival in London." This language had the desired result; Dr. Chenevix got his lawn sleeves, and Chesterfield left for his new post at the end of August, 1745.

The moment was one of great danger: the Young Pretender had landed; Scotland was in revolt; the English had been beaten at Fontenoy; and a general rising—assisted by the French—seemed probable in Ireland. On September 21 came the smashing defeat of Sir John Cope at Prestonpans, followed by the capture of Carlisle by the rebels and their advance on London. It was not till the following year that these humiliating reverses were retrieved, and in the meantime the new Lord-Lieutenant had accepted his responsibilities with alacrity, and had contrived not only to preserve the outward signs of loyalty in Ireland, but also to gain for himself more popularity than is usually enjoyed by the representative of the Crown in that country. The extraordinary administrative ability which he displayed, and the amount of difficult and tiresome work which he accomplished, show how absurdly incorrect is the vulgar estimate which makes of Chesterfield an elegant trifler, possessed of rather too much of that tact which facilitates existence in drawing-rooms, but destitute of the solid qualities required of a statesman. His first act was to select as principal secretary a gentleman who "*was a very genteel pretty young fellow, but not a man of business*". This was done deliberately, in order that the secretary should

not (as was not unusual) do all the work and leave the Lord-Lieutenant a mere figure-head. He said to his subordinate at their first interview: "Sir, you will receive the emoluments of your place; but I will do the business myself, being determined to have no first minister".

In Ireland at the present day religious differences are involved to an embarrassing extent in party politics, but at that time the opposition of Papist and Protestant was far more violent; every Roman Catholic was suspected of Jacobite sympathies, and to be a Jacobite was to be in favour of a revolution. Before Chesterfield's arrival a stringent anti-Catholic policy was in force throughout the kingdom; chapels were forcibly closed, priests removed and harassed in various ways, and "refractory" Papists imprisoned. Chesterfield, as may be seen from the Letters, had no sympathy whatever with the religious opinions of Roman Catholics, but he adopted a conciliatory and tolerant policy towards them. "I determined," he writes, "to proscribe no set of persons whatever," and adds: "It was said that my lenity to the Papists had wrought no alteration either in their religious or their political sentiments. I did not expect that it would; but surely that was no reason for cruelty towards them." He sent for a gentleman who had an estate near Dublin, and was believed to be an agent of the Pretender, and said to him, "Sir, I do not wish to inquire whether you have any particular employment in this kingdom, but I know that you have a great interest amongst those of your persuasion. I have sent for you to exhort them to be peaceable and quiet. If they behave like faithful subjects, they shall be treated as such; but if they act in a different manner I shall be worse to them than Cromwell." And when some bigoted jackass fussily informed him that his, the Lord-Lieutenant's, coachman was actually a Roman Catholic and went privately to Mass, his lordship merely replied, "Does he indeed? Well, I will take care he shall never carry me there." Along with this policy

of conciliation he quietly made such military preparations as would have proved, if required, that he could carry out the whole, and not a part only, of his favourite maxim, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. As it happened, he was so successful in his methods of conciliation that he was even able to send troops to England after Prestonpan. The Newcastle Correspondence in the British Museum contains some very interesting letters from Chesterfield to the Duke of Newcastle and others, giving an account of the situation in Ireland and suggesting steps for the suppression of the rebellion. One letter in particular¹ did much to remove the King's resentment against his Lord-Lieutenant, as appears from the duke's reply, dated October 9, 1745:—

“I did not think I should so soon have had an occasion to congratulate you on your great success in the closet. For I can now truly say that in this instance the stones have not been deaf to your musick; and indeed it was almost impossible to be so. The Spirit, the Solidity, and the *Bravery* of your letter had a wonderful effect. *Chesterfield is in the right: it is the wisest letter that ever was wrote*. And in short everything was liked; and you will see by my other letter, which had our master's approbation, that we have proceeded ever since entirely upon that principle. And indeed I must own my obligation to Your Lordship: for I think I never saw so masterly an Instruction for our interior situation as is contained in that letter.” There is not the least doubt that the absolute quiet and harmony which prevailed in Ireland during a time of the greatest difficulty was due to the combination of coolness and energy with which Lord Chesterfield governed the country, and for which he has never, I believe, received the credit which he deserves at the hands of historians. If further proof be needed of Chesterfield's solid qualities as an

¹ First published in Mr. Ernst's *Life of Lord Chesterfield*, already mentioned. This letter is admirable, and fully deserves the compliments wherewith it was acknowledged.

administrator, it is only necessary to mention his plans for the encouragement of Irish industries, his efforts—successful during his tenure of office—to diminish the extravagance, favouritism and jobbery of all kinds which were characteristic of Irish public life, and his prohibition (in spite of his well-known addiction to high play) of all kinds of gaming within the Castle. After leaving Ireland he continued to take great interest in all that concerned the welfare of that country, and his letters to Mr. Prior, one of the founders of the Royal Dublin Society, show that if Chesterfield's policy could have been continued, the Irish question would not, in all probability, have presented such difficulties to succeeding generations. After mentioning various manufactures which might be set on foot, he proceeds: "These are the sorts of jobs that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care as they do to jobs of a very different nature. . . . Think of your manufacturers at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against Poverty as against Popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter." And again, in another letter on the same subjects: "I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician for my attention to such trifling objects as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantages of the public; whereas an able Lord-Lieutenant ought to employ his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging Parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow-subjects' liberties and properties. But these great acts of Government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered by the name of the *Irish*

Lord-Lieutenant than by that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

In April, 1746, Chesterfield left Ireland on leave, and did not return. It is unnecessary to go into the political vicissitudes of the time further than to say that Lord Harrington, who was Secretary of State for the northern department (as the Duke of Newcastle was of the southern), found himself unable to work with his colleague, and resigned. The King, whose distrust of Chesterfield had been removed by his excellent management of Irish affairs, pressed him to accept the seals, which he did ; giving proof at the same time of his independence, by stipulating that "as he came in to serve His Majesty and not himself, he desired that whenever he found his service either not agreeable, or not useful to him, he might take the liberty to resign the seals without it being taken for an affront or disgust at the particular time". He does not seem to have regarded his new appointment with much enthusiasm, and although the King was, as I have said, reconciled to him in his public capacity, his Majesty never really came to regard him with that personal favour which is so dear to statesmen. Chesterfield's wit, which had so often given offence at Court, could on occasion make his representations irresistible. Once he waited on the King with a request for his signature to a certain commission in favour of a person whom George particularly disliked. The King refused to sign, saying he would rather sign a commission for the Devil. "With all my heart," replied Chesterfield ; "I only beg leave to put Your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited to *our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin*." The King laughed, and said : "My lord, do as you please".

During his tenure of office in Ireland Chesterfield had been on very good terms with the Duke of Newcastle, but the singularly jealous temperament of the Duke soon made it as difficult for his new colleague to work harmoniously with him

as it had been for Lord Harrington to do so. Chesterfield, too, had strong views as to the proper management of England's Continental difficulties: as events proved, he had more accurately gauged the situation than others; and his aim was to bring the war with France and Spain to a close as quickly as possible. France was disposed to treat, but Newcastle would declare neither for peace or war, and kept waiting for something to turn up—interfering in Chesterfield's department and ignoring his advice. The earl's letters to his friend Mr. Dayrolles, written at this period, are full of complaints of the mismanagement of foreign affairs, due to the vacillation and downright stupidity of the duke.

“I am concerned for the public, which I take to be in a very dangerous situation; as to myself in particular, I am extremely easy. I will continue in public life while I can do it with honour; and when I cannot, I shall enjoy private life with pleasure, and I hope some reputation. . . . You judge very right in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be paddling so as to hinder you from rowing. I think I have had a great deal of patience already, and how much longer it will hold, God knows; to do any good, I would bear a great deal;—but as I find that impossible, and that we are to be ruined by incapacity, I do not much care to share in the reproach when I know I am free from the guilt.” And again, just before his resignation, he writes:—

“I cannot go on writing orders of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *Commis.*” Early in February, 1748, he resigned the seals. The King parted from him with much regret, and was not annoyed when Chesterfield told him that one reason which compelled him to retire was, that his master himself was not at liberty to distinguish those

who had his service most at heart. George offered him a dukedom, which honour Chesterfield (for the second time in his life) declined, and accepted only a place at the Board of Admiralty for his brother John. The peace—or rather *truce*—of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was arranged shortly after Lord Chesterfield's resignation, obtained for England worse terms than she would have got had his advice been followed a year before. The weakness of our Dutch allies, on which the earl had constantly insisted, had not been realised by the King and his other advisers, who had been misled by the sanguine language of the Prince of Orange and his Ministers. With the military collapse of the States before Marshal Saxe they were forced to adopt a different tone, and the King observed, "Chesterfield told me six months ago that it would be so".

In the letter to his son dated February 9, 1748, the earl refers to the circumstances of his retirement, and both here as well as in letters to others he speaks as though he had decided not to take office again. He was but fifty-three years of age; but his health was not good, and he looked forward to enjoying a life of what he called *philosophical quiet*, which would not be incompatible with attendance in the House of Lords on important occasions, with keeping good company, or with a certain amount of play at White's. He writes to Mr. Dayrolles: "My philosophy is, as you know, of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books and my friends will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better,—for I shall choose it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical: on the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove; but alas! not so amorous."

He was at this time building a fine town house (which still stands in South Audley Street) and making additions to and improvements in the villa at Blackheath which he bought on the death of his brother John, who had had it on lease. In his later years the earl's favourite amusement was gardening;

he prided himself on his melons and pineapples, to which he alludes (in a letter to Voltaire) as his "fellow-vegetables". His leisure during the next few years was also much occupied with the choice and purchase of works of art and books for the adornment of his houses and the enrichment of his library. Never again did Chesterfield take office, though urged to do so on several occasions. In 1751 he took the lead in carrying out the reform of the Calendar, in spite of the objections of the Duke of Newcastle, who implored him (characteristically enough) "not to stir matters that had long been quiet". The letters to his son dated February 28 and March 18, 1751, refer to this important measure, which became law without any strong opposition in Parliament, but which was bitterly resented by the more ignorant of the populace.¹ The only other occasion after his retirement when Chesterfield came forward to render an important service to his country was in 1757. That year and the preceding one were full of disaster and humiliation for England. In Europe she lost Minorca by reason of the disgraceful mismanagement of Byng's expedition; in America she was defeated by the French, numerically inferior, under Montcalm; in India she suffered the capture of Calcutta by Suraj-ud-daulah, and was horrified by the vile tragedy of the Black Hole. Writing in July, 1757, Chesterfield says: "I am sure we are undone

¹ George II., cap. 23. Section 2 is a curious example of parliamentary provision for the future, the year A.D. 2800 being expressly mentioned: "And for the continuing and preserving the calendar or method of reckoning and computing the days of the year in the same regular course, as near as may be, in all times coming: be it further enacted . . . That the several years of Our Lord 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300, or any other hundredth year of Our Lord, which shall happen in time to come, except only every fourth hundredth year of Our Lord, whereof the year of Our Lord 2000 shall be the first, shall not be esteemed or taken to be bis-sextile or leap-years, but shall be taken to be common years, consisting of 365 days and no more; and that the years of Our Lord 2000, 2400, 2800, and every other fourth hundredth year of Our Lord, from the said year of Our Lord 2000 inclusive, and also all other years of Our Lord, which, by the present supputation are esteemed to be bis-sextile or leap-years, shall for the future, and in all times to come, be esteemed and taken to be bis-sextile or leap-years," etc., etc.

both at home and abroad. At home, by our increasing debt and expenses; abroad, by our ill-luck and incapacity. The King of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. . . . The French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." And Pitt, writing a month later to Sir Benjamin Keene, says: "The empire is no more; the ports of the Netherlands betrayed; the Dutch Barrier Treaty an empty sound; Minorca, and with it the Mediterranean, lost; and America itself precarious". The Duke of Newcastle, whose vacillation and timidity had reached, with increasing age, such a pitch as almost to deprive him of the power of coming to any definite conclusions whatever, was intensely unpopular, but clung to office, supported by the vast political influence of the Pelhams. Pitt had left the Government in 1755, Fox left it in October, 1756, and after a vain attempt to induce the former to come back to office Newcastle resigned. For some five months there was a wretchedly weak Administration under the Duke of Devonshire and Pitt, which the Newcastle interest—with a majority in both Houses—the selfish attitude of Fox, and the King's antipathy to Pitt combined to render impotent. In April, 1757, this Ministry (which cannot even be called a stop-gap one) collapsed, and for about eleven weeks there was no Government at all; Newcastle vainly attempting to bring about some workable combination, and Pitt—the only politician in whom the people had any confidence—receiving what Horace Walpole calls *a rain of gold boxes*. During this interval Lord Chesterfield, by great wisdom and exquisite tact, negotiated an agreement between Pitt and Newcastle, two men who were hostile to each other, with neither of whom he was himself on good terms, but whose alliance, by combining party and family influence with patriotism and popularity, produced the most successful and glorious Administration in the history of our country. Walpole, commenting on Chesterfield's part in the

matter, observes that it seemed a marvellous office for him, who had long broken with Pitt, and had even in very cutting terms acquainted the world with his reasons for breaking with Newcastle; but that nevertheless "he undertook the employ with cheerfulness and success". The difficulty of the task will be understood when we remember that Newcastle had received from Pitt insults and injuries that must have rankled in the least sensitive nature; that by the terms of the agreement he had to relinquish to him all control over the conduct of the war, and to persuade the powerful Whig families to support him. The King, who had been assured by Newcastle a few weeks earlier that he would never coalesce with Pitt, was now distinctly told by the duke that he would take no part in a Government of which Pitt was not a member, and in spite of George's bitter hostility to the latter he was absolutely coerced into accepting the coalition. Pitt was induced "to unite with a statesman whom he had covered with ridicule and insult, whose alliance he had rejected with the most arrogant scorn, whose expulsion from public affairs he had made a main end of his policy".¹ Newcastle, writing to Chesterfield shortly before the completion of the negotiations, but at a moment when it seemed likely that they would break down, says: "I shall ever remember, with the greatest gratitude, the great and noble part which Your Lordship has acted in this affair with regard to the King and the public, and the very kind and friendly regard which you have showed me".

About this time began a gradual loss of health, owing to repeated attacks of rheumatic gout, which at times made Lord Chesterfield's life a burden, and by degrees forced him into the melancholy condition of a chronic invalid. Deafness also afflicted him, and although he got some temporary relief from his ailments by frequent visits to Bath, yet, as he humorously observes—*tant va la cruche à l'eau*. He did his best not to drop out of society, but the increase of deaf-

¹ *England in the Eighteenth Century*, by W. E. H. Lecky, vol. ii., p. 463.

ness made him more and more of a recluse, mainly occupied by "his correspondence with his friends, his amusements in his garden, and his application in his library". But Chesterfield's chief preoccupation after resigning office was the supervision of the education of his son, who at the date of the earl's retirement was about sixteen years old. It is now necessary to say something about this youth, to whom the famous Letters were addressed, and to whom (whatever may be his unimportance in other respects) we at any rate owe our thanks for their preservation.

Lord Chesterfield had no legitimate offspring. This boy was the son of a lady, Madame du Bouchet, whom he met when on his first embassy to the Hague. Not much is known of her beyond the reference contained in a letter written in 1745 to his friend at Paris, Madame de Monconseil, whom he consulted before sending his son there:—

"J'ai un garçon qui à cette heure a treize ans; je vous avouerai naturellement qu'il n'est pas légitime, mais sa mère est une personne bien née, et qui a eu des bontés pour moi que je ne méritais pas," etc.¹

Such an avowal could, of course, be made quite unconcernedly at a time when irregular connections were winked at, and when, following the fashion set by Royalty, it was quite usual for a gentleman to *afficher sa maîtresse*. Philip Stanhope was not brought up to be ashamed of his mother; she is often referred to quite naturally and frankly in the Letters. What were her relations with Chesterfield after his marriage and later in his life is not certain. She received an allowance from him, and in his will he left her a present of £500, a sum which certain commentators, ignorant of the intimate history of the matter, have not hesitated to describe as disgracefully inadequate. The boy was born in 1732, and after some preliminary tutoring from the Mr. Maittaire whose name occurs

¹ In the undated letter, No. xc. of this collection, he observes, "Nobody can instruct you in good breeding better than your Mamma".

so often in the earlier Letters, was sent to Westminster School, where—according to Dr. Maty—he acquired a great fund of classical erudition.¹ It is indeed evident that at seven or eight years of age he was well forward in Latin and had made some progress with Greek. At thirteen we find him in the fifth form, “proposing Demosthenes as his model,” “beginning to taste Horace,” exchanging French epigrams with his father and being recommended by him to treat Greek ones with supreme contempt. At this time (1745) Chesterfield was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Soon after his return to England in the spring of the following year he sent the boy off to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy in charge of Mr. Harte, a learned gentleman of Oxford, who had been recommended to Chesterfield by his friend Lord Lyttelton. Dr. Maty remarks that “neither the taste, profession, nor indeed person of this new guide would allow him to attend his pupil in polite company,” and adds that he has reason to suspect that “Mr. Harte’s partiality to Greek, Latin, German law, and Gothic erudition rendered him rather remiss in other points”. It seemed clear that good Mr. Harte had but little regard for *The Graces*, and that in this respect the earl’s choice of him as guardian to his son, during the most impressionable time of his youth, was a mistake. Chesterfield’s influence obtained for the boy admission into the best society wherever he went. Writing to him on February 28, 1749, his father observes that in the course of a few months he will “have been rubbed at three of the considerable courts of Europe, Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna”. The final *rubbing* was reserved for Paris, whither Philip was sent the following year, with special recommendations to Lady Hervey, Madame de Monconseil, and other elegant ladies, who were kind enough to superintend

¹ The earl had nevertheless a low opinion of that school as a place for the acquirement of the more decorative portion of a young gentleman’s education: “Westminster School is undoubtedly the seat of illiberal manners and brutal behaviour” (Letter ccxiv.).

the launching of the young gentleman into the most polished circles in Europe. At Paris, too, he obtained some kind of honorary employment at the British Embassy, which his father, who intended him for a diplomatic career, considered as his first introduction into public life. Lord Albemarle, then British Ambassador at Paris, thought well of the boy, but gave Chesterfield a sad account of Philip's carelessness in the matter of costume—as to which see the letter of July 8, 1751. We need not follow young Stanhope throughout his travels, which are sufficiently explained by references in the Letters. The intervals during which no letters were written, for instance the latter part of 1751 and most of 1752, represent periods when Philip was in England. It is strange that his father never realised beforehand that the young man's birth might be an insurmountable obstacle to advancement in a profession in which externals are of so great importance. Perhaps if Philip Stanhope had displayed all the brilliancy and the graces which Chesterfield wished him to possess, he might have made his way in the face of the difficulties raised by his illegitimacy. As it was, ministers were most polite; Newcastle promised him the post of resident at Venice, but the King refused his consent. He received a severe snub at Brussels in 1752, where the Imperial Minister made a fuss because Mr. Dayrolles, Chesterfield's old friend, had ventured to present Philip to Prince Charles of Lorraine. In 1754 his father got him into Parliament, where he made a fiasco with his maiden speech, which, in spite of the earl's kind language in the letter of November 27, 1754, must have been a great blow to one who had so frequently insisted on the importance to Philip of success in the House of Commons.

“Your business is negotiation abroad and oratory in the House of Commons at home.” “Your whole depends upon it. Your trade is to speak well, both in public and private.” “The House of Commons is the theatre where you must make

your fortune and figure in the world . . . whoever does not shine there is obscure, insignificant and contemptible." "Without making a figure in Parliament, no man can make any in this country." These are a few remarks taken at random from many of the same nature scattered throughout these Letters. Unluckily, young Stanhope was destined to make no better figure in "negotiation abroad" than in "oratory in the House of Commons". In the letter of June 6, 1751, Chesterfield refers contemptuously to the "*important posts* of Resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon" as the highest position in the diplomatic service to which his son might hope to rise if he did not acquire the art of pleasing. By a singular irony, the appointments actually conferred on him were those of Resident at Hamburg, Envoy to the Diet at Ratisbon, and Minister at Dresden. In this latter post he is said to have given satisfaction to his Government; he certainly achieved no kind of distinction during the four years immediately preceding his death, when he was in residence at the court of Saxony. James Boswell, who made his acquaintance at Dresden, observes that it is unjust to describe Stanhope as dull, gross and awkward, for "though he could not boast of the *graces*, he was in truth a sensible, civil, well-behaved man". This, after some thirty years' continuous bombardment from his father, or—to quote Chesterfield's own remark (Letter of Nov. 24, 1749)—after the *prodigious quantity of manure which had been laid* upon the young man, is, I fear, the most that can be said for Philip Stanhope. The popular love for antithesis will, I suppose, hardly relinquish the belief that the wittiest and most elegant gentleman of his time had a son who was a pedant and a sloven; but to describe the son as "*base, degenerate, meanly bad*" (as was done to give point to a certain rather forcible-feeble epigram) is such a slander as could only have been perpetrated by one of those terribly funny men who must have their joke, though the reputations of the wholly inoffensive die for it.

Mr. Stanhope died of dropsy at Avignon in November, 1768. At this date Chesterfield's deafness and general delicacy of health had already forced him to withdraw almost entirely from society. He had written papers for *The World*, as well as certain clever sketches of important personages of his day (published after his death), which it is believed he intended should form part of a larger work—the memoirs of his own time. He also kept up a correspondence with Voltaire and other distinguished foreigners, as well as with the Duke of Newcastle, to whom he wrote in February, 1766, expressing the strongest disapproval of the American Stamp Act.¹ The news of his son's death, necessarily a severe blow, must have been made additionally afflicting by the discovery that Philip had been secretly married some years before. Indeed, the news of his death appears to have been brought by the widow in person, a lady of no particular birth or attractions,² accompanied by her two boys, the earl's grandsons. What passed on this occasion is not known. Chesterfield appears to have accepted the situation with great good sense; he provided for the education of the children and left them annuities in his will. In letters which have been preserved he speaks most affectionately of the boys, and writes to Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, the widow, on friendly and even intimate terms.

As though to provide against the possibility of having no

¹ See also letter to his son, Dec. 27, 1765: "I would not have the mother country become a stepmother," etc.

² There is extant a letter written by Lord Charlemont to Lord Bruce on July 14, 1774, shortly after the publication of these Letters, which contains some interesting details about this lady and Mr. Stanhope. She was "plain almost to ugliness," but well educated. Lord Charlemont says that Chesterfield knew of a *liaison*, but apparently not of a marriage, and describes Stanhope as "what is usually called a pleasant fellow," good humoured and a good scholar, but foolishly vain. "His face was rather handsome, but his person was Dutch-built, thick, short and clumsy, and the very reverse of grace seemed to be the essence of his whole demeanour" (Historical MSS. Commission, 1891: Manuscripts and Correspondence of Lord Charlemont. Quoted at length by Mr. J. Bradshaw in the Introduction to his edition of Chesterfield's Letters and Characters, Sonnenschein, 1892).

young man left to advise, Lord Chesterfield had already—in 1761—begun a series of letters to his godson, also named Philip Stanhope, who eventually succeeded him in the earldom. These, which were first published by Lord Carnarvon in 1890, would no doubt have received more attention if they had been issued to the public in less magnificent style and in a volume which a man of average strength could lift with one hand. There is in these letters rather less advice on the subject of *The Graces*, but remarkably little difference in the point of view as compared with the letters written to the first Philip Stanhope when the old nobleman was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State. Singularly enough, the godson was in after life a person of peculiarly uncourtly manners, and devoted to farming, cattle-breeding and field sports. Madame d'Arblay mentions him in her diary as possessing much "humour and good humour," but "as little good breeding as any man I ever met with". The letters to his godson come to an end in 1770, after which date Chesterfield's increasing infirmities at last got the better of his active pen. A few letters are extant written to friends during the last two years of his life. They have a pathetic interest, and show us the old earl "hobbling on to his journey's end," with no desire to prolong a tiresome existence, and with a philosophical resignation to the inevitable. Writing to his old friend the Bishop of Waterford he says: "There is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age but patience; and as I have many of Job's ills, I thank God I have some of his patience too; and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth". His wit never forsook him. A French gentleman, M. Suard, presented to him by Dr. Maty in 1769, found him "deaf and rather morose," and the visit ended with this remark from Chesterfield: "Je ne vous retiens pas; il faut que j'aïlle faire la répétition de mon enterrement,"—referring to his daily drive. About this time, too, he wrote

to Mallet that he would be glad to see him and M. de Bussy at dinner, but "he desires Mr. Mallet to inform M. de Bussy previously that Lord Chesterfield has been dead these twelve years, and has lost all the advantages of flesh without acquiring any of the singular privileges of a spirit".

He died on March 24, 1773, in his seventy-ninth year. Half an hour before he breathed his last, he received his friend Dayrolles and was just able to say, "Give Dayrolles a chair". The doctor present remarked, "His good breeding only quits him with his life".

Chesterfield's will contains some interesting passages: "I most humbly recommend my Soul to the extensive mercy of that Eternal, Supreme, Intelligent Being who gave it me, at the same time deprecating his justice". He had always declared his contempt for elaborate funerals, and proceeds thus: "Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, of which I have had an uncommon share, I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral, and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying place to where I shall die, and limit the whole expense of my funeral to £100". His property he left almost entirely to his godson, expressly directing that he was by no means to go into Italy, "which I look upon now to be the foul sink of illiberal manners and vices". This bad opinion of Italy he seems to have extended to Newmarket, for the legacy is further subjected to the following curious conditions:—

"In case my said godson Philip Stanhope shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in the keeping of any race-horse or race-horses or pack or packs of hounds or reside one night at *Newmarket*, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there, or shall resort to the said races or shall lose in any one day at any game or bett whatsoever the sum of £500, then, and in any of the cases aforesaid it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of

£5,000¹ to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster". There are bequests to his servants, whom he regards as "unfortunate friends, my equals by nature, and my inferiors only by the difference of our fortunes"—a sentiment which occurs, in much the same words, in one of the earlier letters to his son, and with more elaboration in a letter to his godson:—

"Are you better born, as silly people call it, than the servant who wipes your shoes? Not in the least; he had a father and mother, and they had fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, and so on, up to the first creation of the human species, and is consequently of as ancient a family as yourself. It is true your family has been more lucky than his, but not one jot better. You will find in Ulysses' speech for the armour of Achilles this sensible observation: *Nam genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*"

This contempt for family pride found humorous expression when somebody gave the earl an old picture representing a man and woman with two boys, and the Stanhope arms in the corner. He hung up the picture with this inscription: "Adam Stanhope of Eden Garden and Eve Stanhope his wife, with their two sons, Cain Stanhope and Abel Stanhope". Of Chesterfield's legacies to Madame du Bouchet and the surreptitious grandsons I have already spoken.

Immediately after Chesterfield's death, Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope hastened to make some money by the publication of the letters which her husband had preserved. They brought her £1,575. The first edition, in two volumes quarto, was published in 1774, and the second and third, in four volumes, the same year. Other editions were called for

¹ Not £5, as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Lord Mahon says that Chesterfield had found the Dean and Chapter exorbitant when negotiating with him for the sale of land on which to build Chesterfield House, and that he mentioned them in this connection "because he felt sure that if the penalty should be incurred they would not be remiss in claiming

in rapid succession, and the eleventh—also in four volumes—appeared in 1800.

The survey of Lord Chesterfield's achievements as a statesman forces us to the conclusion that the services rendered by him to his country, though great, were not so numerous as an *a priori* argument would have led us to expect. He had in his favour immense hereditary advantages—that is to say, his ancestors on both sides had for generations given proofs of exceptional ability. He had family influence—valuable at the present day to all aspirants to political honours, but far more so in the last century. He had wealth; an extraordinary power of eloquence; a keen wit. His knowledge of foreign languages and foreign affairs was profound; his diplomatic skill was established in several delicate negotiations, and his personal charm of manner was admitted even by those who sneered at it and laughed at his smallness of stature. With all these advantages, hereditary and acquired, he was almost continually in opposition to the Government, and the whole time of his employment by the state amounted to four years on his first mission to the Hague, four months on his second mission, nine months as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,¹ and about fifteen months as Secretary of State—less than six and a half years of service in all, for we can hardly consider his posts in the royal and princely households as Government employment. His family influence, combined with a quarter of his ability, would (it might have been supposed) have amply sufficed to obtain for him more than this amount of public recognition; and though he did much good work when in Opposition, and his years of service should be weighed as well as counted, the excellence of his performance makes it the more surprising

¹ That is to say, nine months of actual employment. He was nominally Lord-Lieutenant for six months after leaving Ireland—up to the date of receiving the seals as Secretary of State.

that the record of his opportunities should be so meagre. The career of his kinsman, William Stanhope (Lord Harrington), who succeeded Chesterfield in the Lord-Lieutenancy, after having preceded him in the Secretaryship, may be contrasted with his, for Harrington also acquired a considerable reputation as a diplomatist, and the posts actually held by the two men were much the same. Harrington, in spite of his diplomatic ability, was unquestionably Chesterfield's inferior in every other respect, and probably in that as well; he was not rich, and never attempted to make a figure in Parliament. Nevertheless, he was employed in various important posts at home and abroad continuously from 1717 to 1751.

The ill-health by which Lord Chesterfield was so constantly harassed, and which more than once endangered his life, has been, of course, confidently set down as the result of excesses. The fact appears to be that he was a man of fairly good constitution, but of delicate *physique*, with tendencies to rheumatism and gout,¹ which were doubtless encouraged by irregular living and the physical strain which must inevitably be borne by a man who is at the same time a leader in politics, a man of fashion, and a gambler. As for his gallantries, they were not outrageous according to the lax views of his day, and, oddly enough, it was maintained by his *enemies* that they were less numerous than was currently reported. George the Second, for instance, refused to credit them, remarking, "as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf baboon!" In any case he was not what is commonly known as a debauchee, and (unlike most of his contemporaries) was a moderate drinker. Whatever may have been its causes, Chesterfield's ill-health and the increase of the deafness which first attacked him in 1752 were good enough

¹ The gout seems to have been a family affliction. His brother John died of it in 1748, and Chesterfield's son suffered from what was probably the same malady, complicated with rheumatism.

reasons why his retirement from office at the age of fifty-three should have been final. One of his serious illnesses, occurring while he was on that leave of absence from Ireland from which he did not return, probably contributed to his decision to exchange the Lord-Lieutenancy for the seals of Secretary of State. The decision was an unfortunate one, as he himself admitted shortly after coming to it. Through no fault of his, his tenure of the Secretaryship was the least satisfactory period of his career; whereas if he had remained at the head of affairs in Ireland, the troubles which disturbed that country in the time of his successor, and which were only the prelude to more serious manifestations of racial and religious antipathies, might have been averted altogether.

Ill-health and deafness, though they may account for Lord Chesterfield's refusal to return to public life, do not furnish sufficient reason for his non-employment during the many years when his services were available. Such a reason is found, I think, in the fact—strange as it may appear to those who have been used to think of him as a supple courtier and unscrupulous schemer—that Chesterfield had a positive genius for exasperating those whom he should have been at pains to conciliate, and for alienating sympathies which it was to his interest to secure. It was not that he attempted to please every one and succeeded in pleasing no one—although the popular fondness for antithesis, already referred to, would fain have us believe that the sly creature overreached himself and bungled his own business shockingly. No; he never went a step out of his way to please a possible patron. When a young man, he was generally on bad terms with his father, and particularly annoyed him by refusing to assent to the dukedom offered to the family in 1723. This offer, it will be remembered, was made in the hope of securing Chesterfield's adhesion to the King's party at a time when George the First and the Prince of Wales were at strife. Chesterfield was never a violent partisan in this undignified squabble; the

Prince of Wales was his master, but although he remained in the Prince's service he did not consider that he was necessarily debarred from a certain amount of liberty of action in Parliament. It is, I think, not fair to consider his occasional support of the King's measures as the action of a trimmer; and, bearing in mind his behaviour in the matter of the dukedom, I am not inclined, in particular, to regard his voting with the royal party in the House for the addition of four thousand men to the army as a piece of complaisance for which he was duly paid by the Captaincy of the Pensioners.¹ That appointment was very probably the direct result of his vote, but the man who had only a few months earlier rejected a really dazzling bribe is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, especially as the acceptance of the captaincy from the King occasioned no breach with the Prince of Wales. The behaviour of this *characteristically cautious*² politician towards Sir Robert Walpole, George the Second and Queen Caroline should be specially noticed in this connection. Chesterfield not only refused the red ribbon of the Bath and was annoyed with his brother for accepting it, but made himself offensive to Walpole by the satirical verses I have already quoted. There was a suspension of hostilities during the first mission to the Hague, but from the time of the Excise Bill Chesterfield seems to have made no effort whatever to conciliate the Minister or the King. The activity of his opposition was incessant during the nine years which preceded Walpole's resignation.

But opposition to Walpole might conceivably have been carried on without completely breaking with King George—that is to say, such an ingenious feat might have been accomplished by Chesterfield had he really possessed the exceptional combination of slyness and selfishness with which he is often credited. He had been of the Prince's party when George was Prince of Wales, although by no means a thick-and-thin

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography.*

² *Ibid.*

supporter of all his master's favourite measures. He had no reason to expect that the fall of Walpole would be so long delayed; indeed, we know that Sir Robert's adherents expected his ascendancy in the royal councils to come to an end on the death of the Queen, whereas it was prolonged for more than four years later. Ordinary prudence, which it would be ridiculous to regard as dishonourable, would have led even the least self-seeking of politicians to avoid, at least, any behaviour personally offensive to the King. But Chesterfield, as we have seen, occupied himself during Walpole's Administration (and even later) not only by attacking in and out of Parliament the King's favourite measures, but by a course of pungent literary and verbal satire on the House of Hanover in general, and on the King's peculiarities and tastes in particular. His opinion of the King's father may be gathered from his *Character* of George the First, in which he says:—

“George the First was an honest, dull, German gentleman, as unfit as unwilling to act the part of a King, which is to shine and to oppress. Lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual. . . . Even his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal,¹ with whom he passed most of his time, and who had all influence over him, was very little above an idiot. Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it——”

And so on. This remarkably uncourtly piece of writing was not published in Chesterfield's lifetime, but it is of a piece with what he was always ready to say and often to print. To

¹ Chesterfield's mother-in-law. In a fragment printed by Lord Mahon, on the Mistresses of George the First, occurs the following passage: *No woman came amiss to him, if she were but very willing and very fat. He brought over with him two considerable samples of his bad taste and good stomach, the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington; leaving at Hanover, because she happened to be a Papist, the Countess of Platen, whose weight and circumference was little inferior to theirs. These standards of His Majesty's taste made all those ladies who aspired to his favour, and who were near the statutable size, strain and swell themselves, like the frogs in the fable, to rival the bulk and dignity of the ox. Some succeeded, and others burst.*

some of his contributions to the periodical press I have already alluded, and in fact a continual fire of chaff, to use an oddly sounding metaphor, was kept up by him against everything Hanoverian. The pettiness of German principalities, whose rulers were in some cases of birth as great and illustrious as their dominions and revenues were small, was constantly made fun of. George the Second's fondness for detail in such matters as military routine and costume were ridiculed by Chesterfield in a really excellent piece of fooling which appeared in *Fog's Journal*, January 17, 1736: a proposal put forward with all gravity for the institution of "a wax army," moved by clockwork. The principal argument brought forward in support of the scheme is expressed as follows:—

"Infinite pains have been taken of late, but alas! in vain, to bring up our present army to the nicety and perfection of a waxen one: it has proved impossible to get such numbers of men, all of the same height, the same make, with their own hair, timing exactly together the several motions of their exercise, and above all with a certain military fierceness that is not natural to British countenances; even some very considerable officers have been cashiered for wanting *some of the properties of wax*. By my scheme all these inconveniences will be entirely removed; the men will be all of the same size, and, if thought necessary, of the same features and complexion; the requisite degree of fierceness may be given them by the proper application of whiskers, scars and suchlike indications of courage," etc., etc.

In another paper he pokes fun at the King because he amuses himself with a lathe:—

"Due care is taken even in the education of their [the German] princes that they may be fit for something; for they are always instructed in some other trade besides that of government; so that if their genius does not lead them to be able princes, it is ten to one but they are excellent turners."

After this it is quite refreshing to read the King's opinion

of Chesterfield, as related by Lord Hervey: "Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs"—and here follows the remark about the *dwarf baboon* already quoted.

Queen Caroline's dislike of Chesterfield could be accounted for simply by his attacks on the King and on her favourite minister. What he thought of her we know. But we learn from Hervey and Horace Walpole that the earl had little or no more compunction or caution with respect to her than he had when directing the shafts of ridicule against her husband and friend. Hervey says she never forgot or forgave this, and he quotes from Tacitus as to the long memories which highly placed personages have of jokes made at their expense. Horace Walpole was told by the Queen's bed-chamber woman that Chesterfield was always ridiculing the royal pair, even in the drawing-room, and that she once said to him, "My lord, you have more wit than anybody, and you must have as much good fortune too, if your *bons mots* do not come to Her Majesty's ears".

There was another matter in which Lord Chesterfield showed his indifference to the royal displeasure, although in this case the King's annoyance had no connection with any of the earl's witticisms. It appears that George the First left a will in which he bequeathed a large sum of money to the Duchess of Kendal. George the Second destroyed this will,¹ and Chesterfield, whose wife was the heiress of the duchess, took up the matter all the more vigorously because he had very recently been dismissed from his position of Lord Steward. He threatened legal proceedings; and the King, rather than

¹ Not the duchess's will as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The story is told, with insistence on its accuracy, by Horace Walpole in his letter to the Rev. W. Cole, October 14, 1778 (Walpole's Letters, edited by Peter Cunningham, vol. vii., p. 141).

face the scandal, compromised matters by a payment of £20,000.

We have seen how Chesterfield contrived to spoil his chances of advancement after the fall of Walpole, which had been to a great extent brought about by his attacks; and how Carteret, who had also been one of the foremost among the Opposition, played his cards in a far more successful manner—displaying, indeed, many of those qualities which are traditionally but erroneously attributed to Chesterfield. Carteret's position in regard to the King soon became almost as strong as Walpole's had been. Might not Chesterfield, warned by experience, have at least abstained from the more exasperating kinds of criticism? He did nothing of the kind, but on the contrary took an early opportunity of speaking his mind freely on the subject of the new Minister:—

“A man who,¹ when in the Opposition, even his sincerity could never beget confidence, nor his abilities esteem; whose learning is unrewarded with knowledge, and his experience with wisdom; discovering a haughtiness of demeanour, without any dignity of character; and possessing the lust of avarice, without knowing the right use of power and riches. His understanding blinded by his passions, his passions directed by his prejudices, and his prejudices ever hurrying into presumption; impatient even of an equal, yet ever requiring the correction of a superior. Right as to general maxims, but wrong in the application; and therefore always so intoxicated by the prospect of success, that he never is cool enough to concert the proper measures to attain it.”²

Chesterfield's opinion of Pulteney may be gathered from the contemptuous allusion to him in the letter to his son of July 20, 1764. Henry Pelham was not a statesman to rouse enthusiasm, but Chesterfield had for him a certain respect as a well-meaning though rather dull politician who would not

¹ *Sic.*

² *Old England*, Feb. 5, 1743.

stoop to a bribe (letter of March 8, 1745). As for working harmoniously with the Duke of Newcastle—that fussy, irresolute statesman “who did everything by halves, and nothing well nor soon”¹—it was of course out of the question. Chesterfield describes him as having lost an hour in the morning and being all day looking after it. And on the death of the duke he remarked: “My old kinsman is dead, and for the first time quiet”. We may find I think in Chesterfield’s impatience of control from others—I dare not say “his sturdy independence”—and in his impatience of control from himself when a joke was to be made, reasons enough for his brief participation in the government of his country. His success as an administrator in Ireland shows him to have possessed abilities other than those of a critic and diplomatist; and the fact that as Lord-Lieutenant he was for once in his life in a position practically secure from the interference of Personages and politicians should be borne in mind when the causes of that success are sought: he had escaped the control from outside that he disliked so much. Critical powers, the skilful analysis of motives, and similar intellectual dexterities are often encouraged by friction with third-rate characters in first-rate positions; but until such exasperating association ceases, a statesman can hardly give proof of possessing those qualities which differentiate him from the mere politician. The position of a minister is, I venture to think, even more difficult in this respect at the present day than it was in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was then his task to preserve his independence without giving offence to some half-dozen persons of importance: now in place of that half-dozen he is face to face with the entire electorate of the country; and when we censure an eighteenth century statesman for corruption and subservience, let us not forget to inquire how his successor fares in his encounter with the problems which confront

¹ Letter of Sept. 23, 1757.

him—how he must maintain the divine right of majorities, and yet, when beaten at the polls, think it no sacrilege to sit with the Opposition; must contrive to be a proud mouthpiece of the popular voice, and yet remember that the duty of the wise and strong is to lead, not to be led; must be ever saying “Trust the people,” and yet spend his life tying the people up and pegging them down in every direction; must maintain that measures rather than men are requisite for good government, and yet do his best to have an exception made in his own case—must do all these things and preserve his self-respect. We may well be proud of the number of Englishmen who are equal to the task.

It would be fanciful, perhaps, to assert that the second reason of Chesterfield's ill success in England—his reckless use of his wit—was actually of assistance to him as Lord Lieutenant. But as his position gave him no occasion for the use of his sword's biting edge, it may reasonably be supposed that among a society and people accustomed to look at the humorous side of things, the earl, always ready for a display with the foils, must have gained the sympathies of all true Irishmen almost before his arrival in Dublin.

This metaphorical language about swords and wit may not improperly remind us that the French version of *the sword of the Spirit* (Ephesians vi. 17) is *l'épée de l'Esprit*. The coincidence would have pleased Chesterfield. He compares wit to a sword in an admirable passage in one of the letters to his godson, which illustrates how widely his practice differed from his preaching:—

“If God gives you wit, which I am not sure that I wish you, unless He gives you at the same time an equal portion at least of judgment to keep it in good order, wear it like your sword in the scabbard, and do not brandish it to the terror of the whole company. . . . Wit is so shining a quality that every one admires it, most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it unless in themselves. A man must

have a good share of wit himself to endure a great share of it in another. [This last statement was verified, as I have pointed out, by Chesterfield's popularity with all classes in Ireland.] The more wit you have, the more good nature and politeness you must show, to induce people to pardon your superiority, for that is no easy matter. . . . *A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as within his income.* . . . Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit if you have any, but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be loved."

And again, in a letter immediately following the one from which I have just quoted:—

"Be content . . . with sound good sense and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you be esteemed, good manners be loved, and wit give a lustre to both."

In the letter to his son of May 22, 1749, he warns him against the temptation of saying smart things at the expense of others, and points out the folly of making an enemy for the sake of a *bon mot*. All this comes very oddly from the mouth of a man to whom Lord Hervey, with malicious point, applies Boileau's couplet:—

*Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.*

The fine quality of Chesterfield's wit was admitted even by his enemies, among whom, as well as the clever, unscrupulous and despicable Lord Hervey, must be counted Horace Walpole and Dr. Johnson. Walpole's dislike was natural enough on hereditary grounds, yet we owe to him the preservation of very many of Chesterfield's good things, and he has left us the tribute to his eloquence quoted in the early part of this Introduction. But he is careful to point out that the clever *extempore* remarks were laboured, and that many more wit-

ticisms were attributed to the earl than he was justly entitled to. Lord Hervey was gibbeted by Pope, who was Chesterfield's friend: there is personal spite in Hervey's references to Chesterfield, among which may be found a grotesquely exaggerated description of his personal appearance. Walpole's is, of course, a much cleverer piece of malice. It is amusing to compare with it his estimate of Dr. Johnson, from which the reader may judge of Walpole's fairness and insight into character:—¹

“With a lumber of learning and some strong parts, Johnson was an odious and mean character—by principle a Jacobite, arrogant, self-sufficient, and overbearing by nature, ungrateful through pride, and of *feminine bigotry*. His manners were sordid, supercilious and brutal; his style ridiculously bombastic and vicious; and, in one word, with all the pedantry he had all the gigantic littleness of a country schoolmaster.”

Walpole was a most delightful writer of letters and memoirs, and Lord Macaulay has handled him very unfairly in his well-known essay; but I do not suppose that anybody thinks one penny the worse of those of his contemporaries who may have incurred his dislike; in the case of Chesterfield, mainly concerned in his father's overthrow, the reasons are obvious enough. As for Lord Hervey, he is too disreputable to count: we may receive his opinions and his scandals with avidity, but when we do so we share in the plunder and pity the man. But with Dr. Johnson, who was also at enmity with the unlucky earl, the case is very different. His words have weight; we all love the man; he undoubtedly surpassed Lord Chesterfield in greatness of soul as much as in bigness of body. With the help of Boswell he did more than any contemporary to damage Chesterfield's reputation with posterity; and yet it cannot be doubted that in their famous encounter Johnson was in the wrong. This has already

¹ Here I follow the article on Chesterfield in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1845, written, I understand, by Lord Brougham.

been demonstrated so clearly¹ that it seems rather like flogging dead horses or bursting open open doors to go into the question at all. But as popular beliefs die hard, and as Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has a thousand readers to the commentators' poor ten, the commentators must try by reiteration to make up for their inability to secure successive generations of readers. The story of the relations between Johnson and Chesterfield, as told by Boswell, is briefly as follows: In 1747 Johnson published a *Plan* or prospectus of his Dictionary, addressed to Lord Chesterfield. The Dictionary was published in 1755, and shortly before it appeared Lord Chesterfield wrote in *The World* two papers recommending the work to the public, and containing "some studied compliments, so finely turned, that if there had been no previous offence it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted". The reason for this "previous offence" was given by Johnson to Boswell as follows:—

"He told me that there never was any particular incident which produced a quarrel between Lord Chesterfield and him; but that His Lordship's continued neglect was the reason why he resolved to have no connection with him." Johnson also told Boswell that "there was not the least foundation" for the story that he had been provoked beyond endurance by being kept a long time waiting in Chesterfield's antechamber while his Lordship talked to Colley Cibber—a story which Boswell, nevertheless, cannot resist repeating and which the popular love of dramatic effect still keeps alive.² On the appearance of Chesterfield's papers in *The World* Johnson wrote to the earl that celebrated letter which suggests as the definition of a patron: *one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help.*

¹ For example in the *Quarterly Review* (September, 1845), and in Mr. Ernst's *Life*, already referred to.

² Lord Carnarvon, in his Introduction to the Godson Letters, gives it as a fact.

We should remember that Boswell did not make the acquaintance of Johnson till 1763, so that his account of events in Johnson's life previous to that date does not come to us with the convincing force of the subsequent portions of his immortal Biography. The Johnson of 1747 was not *Doctor Johnson*; he was but thirty-eight years of age, and he had produced no literary work worth mentioning except his *Life of Savage* and his *London*. Chesterfield was just fifteen years his senior; he had been a member of Parliament when Johnson was hardly out of the hands of Dame Oliver at Lichfield; and in 1747 he was at the highest point of his career, as Secretary of State. The addressing of the *Plan* to Chesterfield was not, as appears from Johnson's account of the matter to Boswell, an action of which Johnson had any reason to be proud. He must have disliked the earl for many reasons, and chiefly for his irreligion and Whiggish politics—yet he brought himself to address him in the most flattering terms. And the reason why the *Plan* was so addressed was merely because the bookseller Dodsley complained that it was not completed when promised, upon which Johnson suggested addressing it to Chesterfield, ostensibly “that it might be better done,” but really as a pretext for further delay and “a casual excuse for laziness”. It is true that Chesterfield did not know this, but Johnson, aware that the *Plan* contained a great deal of flummery and that its connection with Chesterfield was only due to a little piece of humbug, might have reflected that he had no moral claim for exceptional consideration from his Lordship. Johnson had, as we know, a remarkably tender conscience: perhaps, if Lord Chesterfield had responded by loading him with attentions and with assistance in hard cash, he might have come to regard these benefits—the result of insincerity—as very like stolen goods. And we can hardly expect that the Secretary of State, to whom many a dedicatory letter had been addressed, would regard association with this *Plan* as much of an honour. Its

author was, in his eyes, merely a clever bookseller's hack ; and, after all, the *Plan* was nothing but a prospectus, the promises of which might never be fulfilled. It is easy for us to see how much better it would have been if Chesterfield had done more for Johnson ; but, after all, Secretaries of State have never been able, even if willing, to grant immediate interviews to young literary men, and as for the neglectful years which followed, Chesterfield has the additional excuse of ill-health and increasing deafness. Apart from this, there was really no reason why he should do more than he did, which was to lend the *Plan* the great assistance of association with his name ; to give Mr. Johnson ten pounds ; and to introduce the completed work by two highly laudatory notices in the press. As to the gift of ten pounds, Johnson explained to his friend Langton that when he complained in his letter to Chesterfield of having received " no act of assistance " he considered that this amount was so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of mention. We should remember, however, that ten guineas was all he got for his *London*—and that he said to Boswell, " I might perhaps have accepted of less ". A few years earlier, too, he had received the same sum from Dr. Madden for revising a poem : " he gave me ten guineas, which was to me at that time a great sum ".

Boswell refers to Chesterfield's complimentary articles in *The World* as a " courtly device," and declares that the complete unconcern which he displayed when Johnson rejected his civil advances was certainly affected, and an example of " that glossy duplicity "—admirable expression !—" which was his constant study ". All this is the offspring of Boswell's imagination. Chesterfield let the letter lie on his table where anybody might see it, and read it aloud to Dodsley, pointing out the severest passages and observing how well they were expressed. Boswell thought this a proof of duplicity, but I do not think he will find many readers to agree with him. Chesterfield's behaviour was altogether in accordance

with his matter-of-fact, critical, and almost exasperatingly serene temperament. But Boswell is manifestly unjust. We have seen how reluctantly he discredits the story about Cibber, when his duty was to have given it the *coup de grâce*. In the letter dated February 28, 1751, Chesterfield describes a certain person as exhibiting admirable moral and intellectual qualities together with a most complete disregard of *The Graces*: "He throws anywhere but down his throat whatever he means to drink, and only mangles what he means to carve"—and so on, finishing with—"Is it possible to love such a man? No, the utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot." Now there is nothing whatever to show that this was meant to apply to Johnson. It was written several years before Johnson's letter, so it cannot be taken as a piece of self-consolation for that affront. In fact the idea of Chesterfield selecting Johnson as illustrating what his son should avoid is on the face of it ridiculous, and if the reader will compare those passages in the undated letter, No. ccii. in this collection, and in the letter of September 22, 1749, which describe the behaviour of Mr. Lyttelton¹ in society and at table, no doubt will remain, I imagine, but that he—Chesterfield's stock example of a clumsy gentleman—is again in the writer's mind. Of the *Respectable Hottentot* Chesterfield says: "There is a man whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company". Of Lyttelton he writes in almost identical terms: "I sincerely value and esteem him for his parts, learning and virtue; but for the soul of me, I cannot love him in company". When the Letters were published, Johnson himself said that Lyttelton was the person described as the *Respectable Hottentot*, remarking, "Sir, Lord Chesterfield never saw

¹ George, created Lord Lyttelton in 1757.

me eat in his life"—a sufficiently conclusive observation, one would have imagined; but it did not convince Boswell, who continued "to have no doubt" that Johnson was aimed at. The result of the whole matter may be stated thus: Chesterfield really did nothing to justify Johnson's famous letter, but that letter is in itself such an excellent piece of work that we are not disposed to inquire too closely into its origin. The controversy—if so it may be called—is rescued from insignificance by the letter, and our admiration for Johnson is only increased by the skilful manner in which he has contrived to come out of the affair with all the *literary* honours on his side.

After Chesterfield's death, and on the publication of the Letters, Johnson, as is well known, emitted the remark that they taught "the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing master". Possibly he had not read the book when he uttered this piquant but quite unfair criticism; for we remember the opinion expressed by him when taxed with having formed an opinion of a book before he had read it: "When I take up the end of a web and find it pack-thread, I do not expect, by looking further, to find embroidery". In any case, he subsequently modified his views, at least as far as the teaching of *manners* is concerned. "Lord Chesterfield's LETTERS TO HIS SON," he said in 1776, "I think might be made a very pretty book. Take out the immorality, and it should be put in the hands of every young gentleman." And on another occasion Boswell relates that he "surprised the company by this sentence: 'Every man of any education would rather be called a rascal than accused of deficiency in *the graces*,'" a sentiment which leads us to suppose that he had read the Letters to some purpose. The older he grew, the more (it would seem) he relented towards his ancient enemy, and in the year of his death we find him admitting that Lord Chesterfield's "manner was exquisitely elegant, and he had more knowledge than I expected". Had circumstances been

more propitious, Johnson might possibly have come to regard the earl as no more objectionable than (say) Jack Wilkes.

If any one should attempt to follow Johnson's advice and to *take out the immorality* from these letters, I venture to say that he would be surprised both at the difficulty and the easiness of the task. It would be difficult to find the immorality, and easy to remove it when found. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary—in spite of the bad poetry of Cowper¹ and the monstrous unfairness of Dickens, who in the person of one of his characters found some "captivating hypocrisy" or some "superlative piece of selfishness" in every page²—in spite of the early Victorian prudery which impelled Lord Mahon to pen the pompous period printed below³—I maintain that all the advice contained in the Letters which any unprejudiced, unpriggish person might reasonably call immoral, could easily be contained in a very few lines of this large book; and, speaking for myself, I should call such advice *naughty* rather than *immoral*. It is true that Chesterfield says that dissimulation is allowable; it is false that he inculcates indifference to the truth. As for dissimulation, we should bear in mind what he means by that word. The dissimulation that he permits is the *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti* in persons who have to mix with the sophisticated society of courts. They must not turn themselves inside out. They must be able to accost and receive with smiles those whom they would much rather meet with swords. "All this may, nay, must be done without falsehood and treachery, for it must go no further than politeness and manners, and must stop short of assurances and professions of simulated friendship. Good manners, to those one does not love, are no more

¹ *The Progress of Error*, 1781.

² *Barnaby Rudge*, chap. xxiii.

³ "Only those persons whose principles are fixed and whose understandings are matured will be able to read them [the Letters] with advantage—to cull their good from their evil, to profit by their knowledge and their experience, without the danger of imbibing their laxity of morals,—and to such persons only does the editor commend them" (Preface to the Collected Works, 1845).

a breach of truth than *your humble servant* at the bottom of a challenge is; they are universally agreed upon and understood to be things of course. Truth, but not the whole truth, must be the invariable principle of every man, who hath either religion, honour, or prudence.”¹ I could fill pages with quotations of the same kind. Chesterfield adopts Bacon’s distinction between simulation and dissimulation,² and approves Bolingbroke when he calls the former a stiletto—“not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon”—and the latter a shield. As for positive instruction on the virtue of veracity, it is to be found in many of the Letters: “I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying”. “Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world with either your conscience or your honour unwounded.” “A lie in a man is a vice of the mind and of the heart:”—indeed, it is ridiculous to be at pains to defend Chesterfield on this point at length in a preface, when ten minutes’ perusal of the Letters will provide a sufficient refutation of the charge.

As regards flattery, which Chesterfield is accused of recommending to his son as a royal road to success in life, it is in fact treated by him as permissible or advisable in much the same degree as that dissimulation which, as we have seen, he considers indispensable to the equipment of a courtier or diplomatist. ✓ Civilised man is so constituted that an assurance, in proper form, that you are *his most obedient humble servant*

¹ Letter of April 30, 1752. Compare the opinion of Dr. Johnson on the distinction between what may be said and what must be thought. “My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do; you may say to a man: ‘Sir, I am your most humble servant’. You are *not* his humble servant. You may say: ‘These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times’. You don’t mind the times. You tell a man: ‘I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet’. You don’t care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society; but don’t *think* foolishly.” (Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, under the year 1783.)

² *E.g.*, in letters of May 22, 1749, and Jan. 8, 1750.

does not make him call upon you to carry his portmanteau for him, but rather disposes him to be of service to *you*. To speak well of powerful personages behind their backs, with the knowledge that your words will come to their ears; to commend men "upon those points where they wish to excel and yet are doubtful whether they do or not"; a seeming deference for advice whenever the adviser is worth pleasing—all this is, to Chesterfield, an innocent and allowable form of simulation which oils the wheels of the social machine and hurts nobody. But in this respect, too, he is careful to draw the line at any baseness:—

"Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no; flatter nobody's vices or crimes: on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies by endeavouring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them" (Letter cxxix.).

In the same letter he asserts that "Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty; upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow," and continues to the same effect. Chesterfield's opinion of women as reasonable beings was not a high one, though he had many friends among the clever ladies of the time, and could value better than any one the polish and sparkle which accomplished mistresses of *salons* gave to social life, wherein the men were too often inclined to relapse into boorishness. In a letter written when Philip was but fourteen years old, he thinks it necessary to remind the young misogynist that, in spite of Mother Eve's transgression, men have done much more harm in the world than women; but in general Chesterfield regards

women as children of a larger growth, with whom a man of sense only trifles and plays, humouring them and flattering them "as he does with a sprightly forward child". "He neither consults them about, nor trusts them with serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are proud of. . . . No flattery is either too high or too low for them; they greedily swallow the highest or gratefully accept of the lowest." "They have, in truth, but two passions, vanity and love." "Their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak to do anything with moderation." All this is, of course, very shocking to a modern ear; and one at least of Chesterfield's recent critics is prepared to forgive him everything but his views on women. We should remember, however, that when he speaks of *women*, he means of course the women of his day, and of these the women of fashion only. "As the female part of the world has some influence, and often too much, over the male, your conduct with regard to women (I mean women of fashion, for I cannot suppose you capable of conversing with any others) deserves some share in your reflections." Even with this reservation, many will no doubt remain of the opinion of the critic above referred to.

During the present century, and at any rate during Queen Victoria's reign, Englishmen (for we cannot speak with certainty about other countries less fortunate than ours) have travelled very far from the position which Chesterfield, in common with his contemporaries, adopted in regard to women. Such a position is manifestly untenable now, when women—and women of fashion too—have demonstrated its absurdity from the platform, in the press, and in many less showy regions of intellectual activity. In Chesterfield's time there were, I believe, no newspapers entirely devoted to the interests of women; I suppose that there are now at least a score published in London alone, all entitled (it would seem) to the epithet *high-class*, and all (I presume) treating of the same high matters

as are dealt with in the column, appropriately headed *Woman's World*, which has of late made so graceful and successful invasion into the monotonous masculinity of the great daily papers. But when Chesterfield was writing, nobody talked of women's rights, and as for *the Purifying Influence of Women in Politics* and *the Raising of the Ethical Standard* which would, it appears, be the result of their possessing the parliamentary franchise, such expressions would, in the middle of the eighteenth century, have excited derision. Contemporary examples of feminine influence in public life did not point that way at all, and the inclination of a reformer would have been rather to diminish such influence than to increase it. It is clear, therefore, that in this respect the position of affairs has changed so greatly as to make it very difficult for us to be just critics. The ladies of the present day outshine those of Lord Chesterfield's as electric lights outshine wax candles, and the dyslogistic opinions which he has expressed with such freedom must be taken as applying (let us conclude) to a class of beings now totally extinct.

The foregoing considerations may perhaps help to put the reader in a tolerant mood when, by an easy transition, we pass to the most serious charge that has been brought against these Letters—that they plainly recommend irregular attachments (what used to be called “gallantry”) with married women as a part of a young gentleman's education: the immorality of such teaching being made especially flagrant by the fact that it is given by a father to his son.

I will not dwell on the fact that this bad advice is to be discovered in some seven or eight letters only out of a total number of four hundred and twenty-one, although, by the amount of attention which has been devoted to this matter, one would have thought that exhortations to intrigues with other men's wives had been the staple contents of the collection: the advice is certainly there; it is, as certainly, not my intention to attempt any casuistical arguments in its sup-

port; but bearing in mind "the more decorous language and the stricter rules of propriety that now prevail,"¹ together with what we know of Chesterfield's character and the circumstances in which the Letters were written, it is only right to attempt to moderate the harshness of some of the judgments which have originated from a too hasty consideration of an odious but attractive subject.

Autres temps autres mœurs is a truism which is capable of a certain extension of meaning. Each age is for ever attempting to effect a compromise between the rigidity of moral rules and the wild promptings of passion and folly. The stern teachers of morals continually protest that their laws admit of no exceptions, but all the time those great un-moral teachers called *the men of the world* are at work constructing systems which provide means of escape in a hundred directions from the stringency of those laws, persistently regarding them as counsels of perfection, taking advantage of any ambiguity in their wording; in short, putting up little ring-fences within which a new code of right and wrong is obeyed, and generally establishing a *modus vivendi* between things as they are and things as they should be. The ingenuity employed in this task is directed towards justifying in exceptional cases and in certain circumstances actions which are in general admittedly unjustifiable. The transition from what is conceded by many theologians to the principle adopted by the men of the world is an easy one. Thus, telling lies is prohibited, but it is often more harmful to state facts than to conceal, or even to misstate them. Thou shalt not kill: but capital punishment and the slaying of enemies in war are allowed. Many a murder has been called an execution; and the duel, with its elaborate regulations, is a kind of private war, based, like the judicially recognised trial by battle, on the assumption that God defends the right. At the present time hundreds of

¹ Lord Mahon.

respectable people, with clear consciences, are occupied in getting possession of other men's money by processes which cannot, of course, be called stealing, but may be said to bear the same relation to cheating as cheating bears to robbery. In one century, too, public opinion makes but a trifling misdemeanour, or no offence at all, of an action which, in another, would have entailed universal reprobation or punishment by law; and we may now (south of the Tweed at any rate) play golf, make up a boating party, or even sell sweets on a Sunday without, as a rule, interference or objection, provided that we do so in what is called "a law-abiding manner".

In the eighteenth century, when, as Mr. Raleigh has observed, man lived up to his definition and was a *rational animal*, this process of distinguishing between what is right and what is permissible on certain conditions was carried very far; and, as might have been expected, farthest in the most highly civilised sections of society. Religion, too often made an *office key*, a *pick-lock to a place*, was dry and unsustaining, and a kind of vague Theism was fashionable. And if we turn our attention from England to the court of France, of which all other courts were at best but feeble imitations, we find the rules devised by men of the world (enamoured of elegance, disgusted with barbarism and emotionally untouched by the teachings of religion) in their highest development. In such conditions it is the *leniores virtutes*—those virtues whose exercise does not exasperate others—which are chiefly cultivated; and the arts of compromise to which I have referred are engaged in the selection of a set of *vitia leniora*—such vices as may be indulged in without disgusting others—permissible in certain circumstances and subject to a variety of formalities calculated to rob them of any traces of brutality; much as the punctilious performance of conventional ceremonial takes from the duel all association with those violent and murderous pommelings, cudgelings, and slashings of one

man by another which are so rightly prohibited altogether. Montesquieu, quoted by Chesterfield in the two hundred and twenty-eighth of these Letters, says that in a monarchy the universal preceptor and guide is what is called *honour*; and he proceeds—as reproduced by Chesterfield for the benefit of his son—to point out what this honour does and does not permit, for example: *Il permet la galanterie lorsqu'elle est unie à l'idée du sentiment du cœur ou à l'idée de conquête.* We may take this as a postulate. Upon it were founded a set of rules to which a gallant was bound to conform, under penalty of the same kind of reprobation as is given to a boxer who hits below the belt. The game, in short, had to be played according to the rules.

Some observations by Hume, in his *Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*,¹ are very much to the same purpose:—

“Among nations where an immoral gallantry, if covered with a thin veil of mystery, is in some degree authorised by custom, there immediately arises a set of rules calculated for the conveniency of that attachment.”

At Paris, at the time Chesterfield was writing to his son on this topic, the veil of mystery was uncommonly thin, although it was, of course, one of the rules to assume its presence; and deplorable as it must be to find the most civilised of mortals regarding such affairs as a kind of game, we cannot at any rate accuse the players of illicit or underhand action. About the time that Hume was writing the passage I have just quoted, Chesterfield was informing young Mr. Stanhope that “*un arrangement*, which is, in plain English, a gallantry, is at Paris as necessary a part of a woman of fashion’s establishment as her horse, stable, coach, etc.” And a very few months later he writes again that in Paris “gallantry is both the profession and the practice of every woman of fashion”. It would be easy to produce any

¹ Section iv. First published in 1751.

quantity of contemporary evidence to the same effect. It is evident that within the ring-fence of a convention a new standard of right and wrong had sprung up. Chesterfield regarded a *commerce galant* with the same smiling tolerance as "a glass of wine or two too much, unwarily taken in the warmth and joy of good company; or some innocent frolic, by which nobody is injured"; whereas his detestation of "infamous, mean debauchery" knew no bounds. The two forms of vice are to him alternative, and so repulsive does he find the one that he gives a kind of welcome to the other, going so far as to say, "Un arrangement honnête sied bien à un galant homme".

All this, it may be said, may perhaps have been excusable, at that date, in letters passing between one man of the world and another, but such excuses as may be found do not carry weight in the case of advice deliberately given by a father to his son. To this I should reply that the constant aim of Lord Chesterfield was to keep in the background his position as a father, or indeed as a much older man than his son. The remarkable form of address—*My Dear Friend*—adopted when the boy was scarcely seventeen, and maintained to the end, is the most obvious proof of this; and the letters contain many passages which show that it was an important part of Chesterfield's plan to dispense with the traditional weightiness of "the heavy father," whose advice he knew to be, as a rule, accepted at considerable discount by the young: "I will even lay aside my age, remember yours, and speak to you as one man of pleasure, if he had parts too, would speak to another"—"I am not now preaching to you like an old fellow, but I am advising you as a friend, as a man of the world." Such reminders as these are frequent. The design was a daring one; I suppose it has never been so carefully carried out before or since. The danger was, lest in avoiding pomposity on the one hand the writer should drop into an undignified affectation of juvenility on the other; and with what success Lord

Chesterfield contrived to escape these two pitfalls let the reader judge.

Lord Chesterfield was always a foe to humbug; and it is probable that the tone of the letters would have been much the same even though Philip Stanhope had been his legitimate son. But the fact of his illegitimacy put the two on a footing which would have made any assumption of paternal pomposity ridiculous and repulsive. Boswell, who does not notice this, seems to be agreeably surprised by the fact that a man in Chesterfield's position should have bothered himself so much about a son of that kind: "and though I can by no means approve of confounding the distinction between lawful and illicit offspring, which is, in effect, insulting the civil establishment of our country, to look no higher;—I cannot help thinking it laudable to be kindly attentive to those *of whose existence we have in any way been the cause,*"¹ a passage hardly to be surpassed (particularly in the words I have italicised) as a sample of what our French critics call *le Cant anglais*. The obvious fact that Chesterfield really loved the boy is forgotten or deliberately ignored by many besides Boswell; and there are still some who cannot understand the adoption of the tone of *one man of the world to another*, the abandonment of the conventionally paternal manner, and, as a recent commentator expressed it, "the abstaining from the inculcation of those religious truths, which forms the most delightful part of a parent's duty to his child". Let us contrast with Chesterfield's the language used in a letter from William Wilberforce to his son, just nine years old: "Above all, my dearest Samuel, I am anxious to see decisive marks of your having begun to undergo the *great change*". Those who regret the absence of this sort of thing from Chesterfield's Letters should remember that his Lordship was not a religious man nor a moralist, and that the adoption of any other *rôle* but his natural one—that

¹ *Life of Johnson*, under the year 1754.

of a man of the world—would have involved *humbug*, and would therefore have been inexpressibly odious and irksome to him. His advice is often spoken of as though it were vitiated at the source because it was founded on no higher motive than self-interest; but, after all, no harm is done when an action which a theologian calls a sin, and a philosopher an offence against society, is demonstrated by a man of the world to be a piece of folly as well.

Those branches of instruction which Chesterfield did not care to undertake seem to have been handed over by him to Mr. Harte, who consequently figures with rather comic effect in the Letters, for example:—

“I have seldom or never written to you upon the subject of religion and morality; your own reason, I am persuaded, has given you true notions of both; they speak best for themselves; but if they wanted assistance you have Mr. Harte at hand both for precept and example; to your own reason, therefore, and to Mr. Harte shall I refer you for the reality of both,” etc.

When the earl does touch upon “religion and morality” he speaks with a kind of distant respect, taking it all for granted, just as a writer on political economy likes to do: we are conscious that here he is not in his element; he moves clumsily and confines himself to generalities. Then, with obvious relief, he transfers the whole concern to the Gothically erudite Mr. Harte, and is off and away to his beloved *Graces*.

It is not necessary to dwell on Chesterfield’s conception of *good breeding* or *decorum*, which he describes as something more than manners and less than morals, without which the most virtuous may often be detested, and with the aid of which the deformity of vice and falsehood may to some extent be softened. Two of Chesterfield’s contributions to *The World* (1755-56) set forth his views at length. In one of them he writes:—

“To sacrifice one’s own self-love to other people’s is a short,

but I believe a true definition of *civility*: to do it with ease, propriety and grace is *good breeding*. The one is the result of good nature, the other of good sense, joined to experience, observation and attention."

He has been accused of dwelling overmuch on the *graces*, but on this point he was probably a better judge than we can be. The Letters, it must be reiterated, were not addressed to young men in general, but to Philip Stanhope only, and were intended for his improvement in those branches of education wherein he was by all accounts most backward, yet which were of real importance to him as aspiring to the diplomatic career:—

"I should not so often repeat, nor so long dwell upon such trifles, with anybody that had less solid and valuable knowledge than you have. Frivolous people attend to those things *par préférence*; they know nothing else: my fear with you is, that from knowing better things, you should despise these too much, and think them of much less consequence than they really are; for they are of a great deal, and more especially to you."

Here we find Chesterfield admitting—as he often does elsewhere—that there are "better things" than those which he dwells on. Perhaps if we had young Stanhope's notes of the lectures given him by Mr. Harte on religion and morality we might bind them up with these Letters and point to them as a complete eighteenth century system of education for a rather bearish young man intended for the diplomatic service. But this is not to be: *on earth the broken arcs*: and we have clearly no right to regard the Letters as a kind of "Popular Educator," and to find fault with them on the score of incompleteness. Being written to one person and for one purpose, they are mostly variations on one theme; and this being the case it is remarkable how free they are from tiresome repetitions. They have, as I said at the outset, not unnaturally been the cause of glaring faults of perspective in the popular

conception of Lord Chesterfield's character and accomplishments. If Philip Stanhope had destroyed these letters, we should still possess a large number addressed by his father to others; and these, together with his essays and speeches, make up a considerable proportion of his collected works. Here such matters as *decorum* and how to create a favourable impression find but little place, and it is absurd to suppose that Chesterfield could not put pen to paper without harping on *the graces*. The letters to Madame de Monconseil, Mrs. Howard and other clever ladies display the elegance of his epistolary style when not employed in giving advice; those to Dr. Chenevix and Solomon Dayrolles contain a shrewder commentary on politics and personages; the essays and speeches give better opportunities for the exhibition of wit and satire.

We find, therefore, in these volumes only a partial revelation of Chesterfield; nevertheless how much evidence they contain not only of wit, worldly wisdom and genuine affection, but of statesmanlike ability and literary skill! Take as examples of the one his abhorrence of the policy identified with the American Stamp Act¹ and his remarkable prediction of the French Revolution;² of the other (apart from the fine lucidity of style throughout) take his observations on the choice of words,³ on the non-existence of synonyms,⁴ and such felicities of expression as these, chosen at haphazard, both occurring in the two hundred and tenth letter: *The costive liberality of a purse-proud man insults the distresses it sometimes relieves; and—The arrogant pedant does not communicate, but promulgates his knowledge.*

He had many qualities which make Englishmen popular— independence, consideration for inferiors, contempt for mere pride of birth, hatred of political corruption; perhaps I might add his habit of early rising and his antipathy to singing, fiddling and piping as the occupations of a gentleman.

¹ See *ante*, p. xliv.

² Letter No. ccciii.

³ Letter No. ccv.

⁴ Letter No. cclxxv.

Unluckily these were overshadowed by an unimpressive personality, a detestation of field sports,¹ a philosophy which was French rather than English, and, above all, by exquisite manners and a familiarity with foreign languages repugnant to the ordinary Briton, who considers that such accomplishments can hardly coexist with honesty. In *bluffness, heartiness, breeziness* and kindred forms of love-potion, Chesterfield was utterly deficient.

Everywhere he meets us with a serene vivacity, the outcome, I cannot but think, of a temperament scarcely to be matched among the greater men of his century. He had his full share of what are now considered to be the defects of the world he lived in. He distrusted the emotions, he thought the *Henriade* an admirable poem, and that the works of Dante did not repay perusal. He despised Romance, he was no Paladin; least of all who ever lived, perhaps, did he love to lose himself in an *O Altitudo!* Yet no testimonial has been more honestly won than this, sent to him by Voltaire when both were drawing near the end of life, and signed "Le vieux malade de Ferney": *Vous n'avez jamais été dans aucun genre ni charlatan, ni dupe de charlatan, et c'est ce que je compte pour un mérite très peu commun, qui contribue à l'ombre de félicité qu'on peut goûter dans cette courte vie.*

CHARLES STRACHEY.

¹ "Eat game, but do not be your own butcher and kill it" (written to his godson). See also Letter No. clxxx.

PREFATORY NOTE

IN these Letters, as originally published, a large number of proper names were left blank, and many passages (especially in the later letters) were omitted. The blanks remained, and the existence of the omitted passages was unsuspected, until the original manuscript came into Lord Mahon's possession—unfortunately too late to be utilised in his collected edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters and Works, which appeared in 1845. A supplementary volume, however, was issued by him in 1853, wherein, in an Appendix, he printed the omitted names and passages with references to the places where they should properly appear. Subsequent editors have, oddly enough, ignored these interesting emendations, with the exception of Mr. Bradshaw,¹ who, on the other hand, omits a large number of the letters (those addressed to a little boy) altogether, and follows Lord Mahon in distributing the later ones chronologically among Lord Chesterfield's letters to persons other than his son. The present edition, which embodies all Lord Mahon's *Addenda* and omits no letters, may therefore claim to be the most complete that has yet appeared. Such names as are still represented by a dash must be taken to have been rendered illegible in the manuscript.

The text is that of the best of the early editions—the eleventh, of 1800—published from the originals by Mrs.

¹ *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, with the Characters.* Edited by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., 1892. 3 vols.

Eugenia Stanhope, and containing "Several Letters that were wanting at the Time of the First Publication". Some few corrections have been made after comparison with Lord Mahon's text. It has not been thought necessary to give translations of the letters and parts of letters written in French.

Some of Lord Mahon's notes have been adopted *verbatim*, and are distinguished by the letter M.

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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS

LETTER I¹

Je vous dit, Monsieur, que vous vous disposez à voyager, et que vous partez par la Hollande : de sorte que j'ai cru de mon devoir de vous souhaiter un bon voyage, et des vents favorables. Vous

me faites honneur, par votre bonté, j'espère, de me faire part de votre arrivée à la Haye, et si après cela, dans le cours de vos voyages, vous faites quelques remarques curieuses, vous voudrez bien me les communiquer.

La Hollande, où vous allez, est de beaucoup la plus belle, et la plus fertile de toutes les Provinces Unies, qui toutes ensemble forment la République des Provinces Unies. Les autres sont celles de Gueldres, Zélande, Utrecht, Groningue, et Over-Yssel. Les Sept Provinces Unies, dont on appelle les États Généraux des Provinces Unies, forment une République très puissante, et très considérable. La République, au reste, veut dire un gouvernement tout-à-fait républicain, il n'y a point de Roi. La Haye, où vous irez d'abord, est le plus beau village du monde ; car ce n'est pas une ville. La Haye, Amsterdam, censée la capitale des Provinces Unies, est très riche. Il y a encore plusieurs villes fort considérables dans la Hollande, comme Dordrecht, Haerlem, Leyde, Delft, Rotterdam. Vous verrez, par toute la Hollande, une extrême propreté : les rues mêmes y sont plus propres que nos maisons ne le sont. La Hollande fait un très grand commerce, surtout à Canton, au Japon, et au reste des Indes Orientales.

Letter I is merely a pleasantry, Mr. Stanhope having been taken to Holland when he was but about five years of age.

Voici bien des fêtes de suite, que vous allez avoir ; profitez-en, divertissez-vous bien : et à votre retour, il faudra regagner le tems perdu, en apprenant mieux que jamais. Adieu.

LETTER II

A ISLEWORTH.

MÓN CHER ENFANT : Comme, avec le tems, vous lirez les anciens Poètes Grecs et Latins, il est bon d'avoir premièrement quelque teinture des fondemens de la poésie, et de savoir en général les histoires auxquelles les Poètes font le plus souvent allusion. Vous avez déjà lu l'Histoire Poétique, et j'espère que vous vous en souvenez : vous y aurez trouvé celle des Dieux, et des Déesses, dont les Poètes parlent à tous momens. Même les Poètes modernes, c'est-à-dire, les Poètes d'aujourd'hui, ont aussi adopté toutes ces histoires des Anciens. Par exemple ; un Poète Anglois ou François invoque, au commencement de son ouvrage, Apollon, le Dieu des vers ; il invoque aussi les neuf Muses, qui sont les Déesses de la Poésie ; il les prie de lui être propices ou favorables, et de lui inspirer leur génie. C'est pourquoi je vous envoie ici l'histoire d'Apollon, et celle des neuf Muses, ou neuf Sœurs, comme on les nomme souvent. Apollon est aussi quelquefois appelé le Dieu du Parnasse, parce que le Parnasse est une montagne, sur laquelle on suppose qu'il est fréquemment.

C'est un beau talent que de bien faire des vers ; et j'espère que vous l'aurez, car comme il est bien plus difficile d'exprimer ses pensées en vers qu'en prose, il y a d'autant plus de gloire à le faire. Adieu.

LETTER III

Apollon étoit fils de Jupiter et de Latone, qui accoucha de lui et de Diane, en même tems, dans l'île de Délos. Il est le Dieu du Jour, et alors il s'appelle ordinairement Phœbus. Il est aussi le Dieu de la Poésie, et de la Musique ; comme tel il est représenté avec une lyre à la main, qui est une espèce de harpe. Il avoit un fameux temple à Delphes, où il rendoit des Oracles, c'est-à-dire, où il prédisoit l'avenir. Les Poètes l'invoquent souvent pour les animer de son feu, afin de chanter dignement les louanges des Dieux et des Hommes.

Les neuf Muses étoient filles de Jupiter et de la Déesse Mnémosyne, c'est-à-dire, la Déesse de la Mémoire ; pour marquer que la mémoire est nécessaire aux arts et aux sciences.

Elles s'appellent Clio, Euterpe, Polymnie, Thalie, Melpomène, Terpsichore, Uranie, Calliope, Erato. Elles sont les Déeses de la Poésie, de l'Histoire, de la Musique, et de tous les arts et les sciences. Les Poètes ont représenté les neuf Muses fort jeunes, et fort belles, ornées de guirlandes de fleurs.

Les montagnes où elles demeurent sont le Parnasse, l'Hélicon, et le Pinde. Elles ont aussi deux célèbres fontaines, qui s'appellent Hippocrène et Castalie. Les Poètes, en les invoquant, les prient de quitter, pour un moment, le Parnasse et l'Hippocrène, pour venir à leur secours, et leur inspirer des vers.

Le Pégase est le cheval poétique, dont les Poètes font souvent mention : il a des ailes aux pieds. Il donna un coup de pied contre le mont Hélicon, et en fit sortir la fontaine d'Hippocrène. Quand un Poète est à faire des vers, on dit, qu'il est monté sur son Pégase.

LETTER IV

A ISLEWORTH, ce 19^{ème} Juin, 1738.

Vous êtes le meilleur garçon du monde, et votre dernière traduction vaut encore mieux que la première. Voilà justement ce qu'il faut, se perfectionner de plus en plus tous les jours ; si vous continuez de la sorte, quoique je vous aime déjà beaucoup, je vous en aimerai bien davantage, et, même si vous apprenez bien, et devenez savant, vous serez aimé, et recherché de tout le monde : au lieu qu'on méprise et qu'on évite les ignorans. Pour n'être pas ignorant moi-même, je lis beaucoup : j'ai lu l'autre jour l'histoire de Didon, que je m'en vais vous conter.

Didon étoit fille de Bélus, Roi de Tyr, et fut mariée à Sichée qu'elle aimoit beaucoup ; mais comme ce Sichée avoit de grandes richesses, Pygmalion, frère de Didon, le fit tuer, et les lui vola. Didon, qui craignoit que son frère ne la tuât aussi, s'enfuit, et se sauva en Afrique, où elle bâtit la belle ville de Carthage. Or il arriva, que, dans ce tems là, Enée se sauva aussi de la ville de Troye, qui avoit été prise et brûlée par les Grecs ; et comme il faisoit voile vers l'Italie avec plusieurs autres Troyens, il fut jeté

par la tempête sur les côtes d'Afrique, et aborda à Carthage. Didon le reçut fort honnêtement, et lui permit de rester jusques à ce qu'il eût radoubé sa flotte : mais malheureusement pour elle, elle en devint amoureuse. Enée, comme vous pouvez croire, ne fut pas cruel ; de sorte que l'affaire fut bientôt faite. Quand les vaisseaux furent prêts, Enée voulut partir pour l'Italie, où les Dieux l'envoyoient pour être le fondateur de Rome ; mais Didon, qui ne vouloit point qu'il s'en allât, lui reprochoit son ingratitude, et les faveurs qu'elle lui avoit accordées. Mais n'importe, il se sauve de nuit, la quitte, et se met en mer. La pauvre Didon, au désespoir d'être ainsi abandonnée par un homme qu'elle aimoit tant, fit allumer un grand feu, s'y jeta, et mourut de la sorte. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez toute cette histoire en Latin, dans Virgile, qui en a fait un fort beau poème, qui s'appelle l'Enéide.

Si vous abandonniez Miss Pinkerton pour Miss Williams, croyez-vous qu'elle feroit la même chose ? Adieu, mon cher.

On a fait une jolie Epigramme au sujet de Didon, que je vous envoie, et que vous apprendrez facilement par cœur.

Pauvre Didon ! où t'a réduite
De tes maris le triste sort ?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.

LETTER V

Je vous ai dit, mon cher, que je vous enverrois quelques histoires pour vous amuser : je vous envoie donc à présent celle du Siège de Troye, qui est divertissante, et sur laquelle Homère, un ancien Poète Grec, a fait le plus beau Poème Epique qui ait jamais été. Par parenthèse, un Poème Epique est un long poème sur quelque grand événement, ou sur les actions de quelque grand homme.

Le siège de Troye est si célèbre pour avoir duré dix ans, et à cause du grand nombre de Héros qui y ont été, qu'il ne faut nullement l'ignorer. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous le lirez dans le Grec d'Homère.

Adieu ! vous êtes le meilleur enfant du monde.

Je vous renvoie votre lettre corrigée ; car quoiqu'il n'y eût que peu de fautes, il est pourtant bon que vous les sachiez.

LETTER VI

La cause de la guerre entre les Grecs et les Troyens, et du siège et de la prise de Troye.

La paix régnoit dans le ciel, et les Dieux et les Déesses jouissoient d'une parfaite tranquillité ; ce qui donnoit du chagrin à la Déesse Discorde, qui n'aime que le trouble, et les querelles. Elle résolut donc de les brouiller ; et pour parvenir à son but, elle jeta parmi les Déesses une Pomme d'or, sur laquelle ces paroles étoient écrites, *à la plus belle*. Voilà d'abord chacune des Déesses qui se disoit la plus belle, et qui vouloit avoir la Pomme ; car la beauté est une affaire bien sensible aux Déesses, aussi bien qu'aux Dames. La dispute fut principalement entre Junon femme de Jupiter, Vénus la Déesse de l'Amour, et Pallas Déesse des Arts et des Sciences. A la fin elles convinrent de s'en rapporter à un berger nommé Paris, qui paissoit des troupeaux sur le Mont *Ida* ; mais qui étoit véritablement le fils de Priam Roi de Troye. Elles parurent donc toutes nues devant Paris ; car pour bien juger, il faut tout voir. Junon lui offrit les grandeurs du monde, s'il vouloit décider en sa faveur ; Pallas lui offrit les arts et les sciences ; mais Vénus, qui lui promit la plus belle femme du monde, l'emporta, et il lui donna la Pomme.

Vous pouvez bien croire à quel point Vénus étoit contente, et combien Junon et Pallas étoient courroucées. Vénus donc, pour lui tenir parole, lui dit d'aller en Grèce chez Ménélas, dont la femme qui s'appelloit Héléne deviendroit amoureuse de lui. Il y alla, et Ménélas le reçut chez lui fort honnêtement ; mais peu de tems après Héléne s'enfuit avec Paris, qui la mena à Troye, Ménélas irrité de cet outrage, s'en plaignit à son frère Agamemnon Roi de Mycènes, qui engagea les Grecs à venger cet affront. On envoya donc des Ambassadeurs à Troye, pour demander qu'on rendit Héléne à son mari, et en cas de refus, pour déclarer la guerre. Paris refusa de la rendre, sur quoi la guerre fut déclarée, qui dura dix ans, et dont je vous enverrai bientôt l'histoire.

LETTER VII

A ISLEWORTH, ce 30^{ème} Juin, 1738.

Je vous envoie à cette heure, mon cher, une histoire, fort en abrégé, du siège de Troye, où vous verrez que les Troyens étoient justement punis de l'injustice de Paris, qu'ils soutenoient.

Je vous enverrai bientôt aussi les histoires de plusieurs des Rois et des Héros qui étoient dans l'armée des Grecs, et qui méritent d'être sues. J'aurois dû vous avoir dit que la ville de Troye étoit en Asie, et que la Grèce étoit un pays de l'Europe, qui est à présent sous le Turc, et sait partie de ce qu'on appelle Turquie en Europe.

De la manière que vous y allez, vous serez bien savant avec le tems, et je crains même que bientôt vous n'en sachiez plus que moi. Je vous le pardonnerai pourtant, et je serai fort content de passer pour un ignorant en comparaison de vous. Adieu.

HISTOIRE DU SIÈGE DE TROYE

Les Troyens ayant donc refusé de rendre Hélène à son mari ; les Grecs leur déclarèrent la guerre. Or il y avoit en Grèce un grand nombre de Rois, qui fournirent leurs troupes, et qui allèrent en personne à cette guerre ; mais comme il falloit que quelqu'un commandât en chef, ils convinrent tous de donner le commandement à Agamemnon, Roi de Mycènes, et frère de Ménélas, le mari d'Hélène.

Ils s'embarquèrent donc pour Troye ; mais les vents étant contraires, ils furent arrêtés à Aulis, et n'en pouvoient pas sortir. Sur quoi le Prêtre Calchas déclara que c'étoit la Déesse Diane qui envoyoit ces vents contraires, et qui les continueroit jusques à ce qu'Iphigénie, la fille d'Agamemnon, lui eût été immolée. Agamemnon obéit, et envoya chercher Iphigénie ; mais dans l'instant qu'on alloit la sacrifier, Diane mit une biche à sa place, et enleva Iphigénie à Tauros, où elle la fit sa Prêtresse.

Après ceci le vent devint favorable, et ils allèrent à Troye, où ils débarquèrent, et en firent le siège. Mais les Troyens se défendirent si bien, que le siège dura dix ans ; et les Grecs voyant qu'ils ne pouvoient pas prendre la ville par force, eurent recours à la ruse. Ils firent, donc, faire un grand cheval de bois, et mirent

dans le ventre de ce cheval bon nombre de soldats bien armés ; et après cela firent semblant de se retirer à leurs vaisseaux, et d'abandonner le siège. Les Troyens donnèrent dans le panneau, et firent entrer ce cheval dans la ville : ce qui leur coûta cher ; car au milieu de la nuit ces hommes sortirent du cheval, mirent le feu à la ville, en ouvrirent les portes, et firent entrer l'armée des Grecs, qui revinrent, saccagèrent la ville, et tuèrent tous les habitans, excepté un fort petit nombre qui échappèrent par la fuite ; parmi lesquels étoit Enée dont je vous ai déjà parlé, qui se sauva avec son père Anchise, qu'il portoit sur ses épaules, parce qu'il étoit vieux ; et son fils Ascagne, qu'il menoit par la main, parce qu'il étoit jeune.

HISTOIRE D'AJAX

Ajax, un des plus vaillans Grecs qui furent au siège de Troye, étoit fils de Télamon, Prince de Salamine. Après qu'Achille fut tué, il prétendit que ses armes lui appartenoient, comme son plus proche parent. Mais Ulysse les lui disputa, et les emporta ; sur quoi Ajax devint fou, et tuoit tous les moutons qu'il trouvoit, croyant que c'étoient des Grecs. A la fin il se tua lui-même.

HISTOIRE DE NESTOR

Nestor étoit le plus vieux et le plus sage de tous les Grecs qui se trouvoient au siège de Troye. Il avoit plus de trois cents ans, de sorte que tant à cause de son expérience, que de sa sagesse, l'armée Grecque étoit gouvernée par ses conseils. On dit même aujourd'hui d'un homme qui est fort vieux et fort sage, *C'est un Nestor*.

HISTOIRE D'ULYSSE

Ulysse, autre Prince qui alla au siège de Troye, étoit Roi d'Ithaque, et fils de Laërte. Sa femme se nommoit Pénélope, dont il étoit si amoureux, qu'il ne vouloit pas la quitter, pour aller au siège de Troye ; de sorte qu'il contrefit l'insensé pour en être dispensé ; mais il fut découvert, et obligé d'y aller. C'étoit le plus fin et le plus adroit de tous les Grecs. Pendant les dix années qu'il fut au siège de Troye, sa femme Pénélope eut plusieurs amans, mais elle n'en écouta aucun, si bien qu'à présent

même quand on veut louer une femme pour sa chasteté, on dit *C'est une Pénélope.*

Il fut plusieurs années, après que Troye fut brûlée, avant que d'arriver chez lui, à cause des tempêtes, et autres accidens qui lui survinrent dans son voyage. Les voyages d'Ulysse sont le sujet d'un beau poème, qu'Homère a fait en Grec, et qui s'appelle l'Odyssee. Ulysse avoit un fils, nomme Télémaque.

Du côté des Troyens il y avoit aussi des personnages très illustres : leur Roi Priam, qui étoit fort vieux, avoit eu cinquante enfans de sa femme Hécube. Quand Troye fut prise, il fut tué par Pyrrhus, le fils d'Achille. Hécube fut la captive d'Ulysse.

HISTOIRE D'HECTOR

Hector étoit fils de Priam, et le plus brave des Troyens ; sa femme se nommoit Andromaque, et il avoit un fils qui s'appelloit Astyanax. Il voulut se battre contre Achille, qui le tua, et puis fort brutalement l'attacha à son char, et le traîna en triomphe autour des murailles de Troye.

Quand la ville fut prise, sa femme Andromaque fut captive de Pyrrhus, fils d'Achille, qui en devint amoureux, et l'épousa.

HISTOIRE DE CASSANDRE

Cassandra, fille de Priam, étoit si belle, que le Dieu Apollon en devint amoureux, et lui accorda le don de prédire l'avenir, pour en avoir les dernières faveurs ; mais comme elle trompa le Dieu, et ne se rendit point, il fit ensorte que quoiqu'elle prédit toujours la vérité, personne ne la croyoit. On dit même à présent d'une personne qui prédit les suites d'une affaire, sur lesquelles on ne l'en croit pas, *C'est une Cassandra.*

HISTOIRE D'ENÉE

Enée étoit Prince Troyen, fils d'Anchise et de la Déesse Vénus, qui le protégea dans tous ses dangers. Sa femme s'appella Creuse, et il en eut un fils, nommé Ascagne ou Iulus. Quand Troye fut brûlée, il se sauva, et porta son père Anchise sur ses épaules ; à cause de quoi il fut appelé le pieux Enée.

Vous savez déjà ce qui lui arriva à Carthage avec Didon ; après

quoi il alla en Italie, où il épousa Lavinie, fille du Roi Latinus, après avoir tué Turnus qui étoit son rival.

Romulus, qui étoit le fondateur de Rome, descendoit d'Enée et de Lavinie.

LETTER VIII

A ISLEWORTH, ce 22^{ème} Juillet.

MON CHER ENFANT : Nous commencerons à cette heure, si vous voulez, à parler un peu de la Géographie, et à vous en donner une idée générale. C'est une science fort utile et nécessaire, parce qu'elle vous enseigne la situation des villes et des pays, dont vous entendez parler à tous momens, et qu'il ne faut nullement ignorer. Vous savez déjà que le monde est partagé en quatre parties, c'est-à-dire, l'Europe, l'Asie, l'Afrique, et l'Amérique. Nous commencerons par l'Europe, à cause qu'elle contient les pays et les royaumes dont il est le plus souvent question : comme la Suède, le Dannemark, et la Russie, qui sont au Nord, ou au Septentrion, c'est la même chose ; l'Espagne, le Portugal, l'Italie, et la Turquie en Europe, qui sont vers le Sud, ou le Midi ; et l'Angleterre, la France, l'Allemagne, et les Provinces Unies, qui sont au milieu. Tout ceci sert à vous cultiver, et à vous former l'esprit. Mais la principale affaire, c'est de vous former le cœur, c'est-à-dire, de vous rendre honnête homme, et de vous donner de l'horreur pour l'injustice, le mensonge, l'orgueil, et l'avarice. Car un homme qui a tout l'esprit et tout le savoir du monde, s'il est menteur, cruel, orgueilleux, et avare, sera haï et détesté de tout le genre humain, et on l'évitera comme une bête féroce. A propos d'avarice, j'ai lu hier une jolie histoire sur ce sujet, dans les Métamorphoses d'Ovide. C'est d'un roi qui s'appelloit Midas, qui avoit demandé au Dieu Bacchus, que tout ce qu'il toucheroit pût devenir or. Bacchus lui accorda sa demande ; et, en effet, tout ce qu'il toucha se changea immédiatement en or. Voilà Midas, qui d'abord est charmé de ses richesses, mais qui eut bientôt sujet de s'en repentir, car il en pensa mourir de faim ; parce que quand il vouloit manger ou boire, tout se changeoit d'abord en or. Alors il vit bien la folie de son avarice, et pria Bacchus de reprendre le présent funeste qu'il avoit tant souhaité ; ce qu'il eut la bonté de faire ; et Midas mangea et but comme

auparavant. Le morale de cette fable est, que les gens avarés ne songent qu'à amasser des richesses, pour ne pas s'en servir ; qu'ils se refusent même souvent le nécessaire, et qu'ils meurent de faim, au milieu de leur or, et de leurs richesses. Vous trouverez cette histoire au commencement du onzième livre des Métamorphoses. Adieu, mon cher garçon.

LETTER IX

A ISLEWORTH, *Juillet.*

MON CHER GARÇON : Je vous ai donné dans ma dernière, un exemple tiré des Métamorphoses, des suites funestes de l'avarice ; en voici encore un autre qui est aussi dans les Métamorphoses. C'est l'histoire d'Hippomènes et d'Atalante. Atalante étoit d'une beauté extraordinaire ; par conséquent elle eut plusieurs amans ; mais comme elle surpassoit tout le monde en vitesse à la course, elle s'engagea à n'épouser que celui qui pourroit la devancer à la course. Plusieurs se présentèrent, mais elle les surmonta tous, et les fit mourir. Hippomènes, le fils du Dieu Mars, n'en fut pourtant pas découragé ; et se présenta. Il courut donc avec elle, et elle l'auroit bien devancé, si Vénus ne lui eût donné trois pommes d'or, du jardin des Hespérides, qu'il jeta dans son chemin. Aussitôt la belle, éblouie par ces pommes d'or, s'arrêta pour les ramasser ; moyennant quoi Hippomènes, qui courroit toujours, gagna la course. Elle fut donc obligée de l'épouser ; mais comme ils se pressèrent tant à consommer le mariage, qu'ils le firent dans le temple de Cybèle, qui est la mère de tous les Dieux, cette Déesse, indignée de l'affront, changea Hippomènes en lion, et Atalante en lionne. Vous voyez donc comme l'amour de l'or causa le malheur d'Atalante ; elle avoit résisté au mérite et à la beauté de ses autres amans, mais elle ne put tenir contre l'or.

J'espère que quand vous lisez mes lettres, vous faites attention à l'orthographe, aussi bien qu'aux histoires ; et il faut aussi remarquer la manière d'écrire les lettres, qui doit être aisée et naturelle, et pas recherchée ni guindée. Par exemple, quand vous enverrez un poulet, ou billet tendre, à Miss Pinkerton, il faut seulement songer à ce que vous lui diriez si vous étiez avec elle, et puis l'écrire ; cela rend le style aisé et naturel, au lieu

qu'il y a des gens qui croient que c'est une affaire que d'écrire une lettre, et qui s'imaginent qu'il faut écrire bien mieux qu'on ne parle, ce qui est nullement nécessaire. Adieu ! Vous êtes un très bon garçon, et vous apprenez parfaitement bien.

LETTER X

A ISLEWORTH, ce 29^{ème} Juillet.

MON CHER ENFANT : Je vous ai envoyé, dans ma dernière, l'histoire d'Atalante, qui succomba à la tentation de l'or ; je vous envoie, à cette heure, l'histoire d'une femme qui tint bon contre toutes les tentations ; c'est Daphné fille du fleuve Pénée. Apollon en fut éperdument amoureux ; et Apollon étoit comme vous savez un Dieu fort accompli ; car il étoit jeune et bien fait, d'ailleurs c'étoit le Dieu du Jour, de la Musique, et de la Poésie. Voici bien du brillant ; mais n'importe, il la poursuivit inutilement, et elle ne voulut jamais l'écouter.

Un jour donc l'ayant rencontrée dans les champs, il la poursuivit, dans le dessein de la forcer. Daphné courut de son mieux pour l'éviter ; mais à la fin, n'en pouvant plus, Apollon étoit sur le point de la prendre dans ses bras, quand les Dieux, qui approuvoient sa vertu, et plaignoient son sort, la changèrent en Laurier ; de sorte qu'Apollon, qui croyoit embrasser sa chère Daphné, fut bien surpris de trouver un arbre entre ses bras. Mais, pour lui marquer son amour, il ordonna que le Laurier seroit le plus honorable de tous les arbres, et qu'on en couronneroit les Guerriers victorieux, et les plus célèbres Poètes : ce qui s'est toujours fait depuis chez les anciens. Et vous trouverez même souvent dans les Poètes modernes, *lauriers* pour *victoires*. Un tel est chargé de lauriers, un tel a cueilli des lauriers dans le champ de bataille : c'est-à-dire il a remporté des victoires ; il s'est distingué par sa bravoure. J'espère qu'avec le tems vous vous distinguerez aussi par votre courage : c'est une qualité très nécessaire à un honnête homme, et qui d'ailleurs donne beaucoup d'éclat. Adieu.

LETTER XI

A BATH, ce 30^{ème} Sept., 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT : Je suis bien aise d'apprendre que vous êtes revenu gai et gaillard de vos voyages. La danse de trois jours

que vous avez faite ne vous aura pasu tant plu, que celle que vous allez recommencer avec votre maître à danser.

Comme je sais que vous aimez à apprendre, je présuppose que vous avez repris votre école ; car le tems étant précieux, et la vie courte, il n'en faut pas perdre. Un homme d'esprit tire parti du tems, et le met tout à profit, ou à plaisir ; il n'est jamais sans faire quelque chose, et il est toujours occupé ou au plaisir, ou à l'étude. L'oisiveté, dit-on, est la mère de tous les vices ; mais au moins est-il sûr qu'elle est l'appanage des sots, et qu'il n'y a rien de plus méprisable qu'un fainéant. Caton le Censeur, un vieux Romain, d'une grande vertu et d'une grande sagesse, disoit qu'il n'y avoit que trois choses dans sa vie dont il se repentait ; la première étoit, d'avoir dit un secret à sa femme ; la seconde, d'être allé une fois par mer, là où il pouvoit aller par terre ; et la dernière, d'avoir passé un jour sans rien faire. De la manière que vous employez votre tems, j'avoue que je suis envieux du plaisir que vous aurez, de vous voir bien plus savant que les autres garçons plus âgés que vous. Quel honneur cela vous fera ; quelle distinction ; quels applaudissemens vous trouverez partout ! Avouez que cela sera bien flatteur. Aussi c'est une ambition très louable, que de les vouloir surpasser en mérite et en savoir ; au lieu que de vouloir surpasser les autres seulement en rang, en dépense, en habits, et en équipage, n'est qu'une sottise vanité, qui rend un homme fort ridicule.

Reprenons un peu notre Géographie, pour vous amuser avec les cartes ; car à cette heure, que les jours sont courts, vous ne pourrez pas aller à la promenade les après-dîners ; il faut pourtant se divertir ; rien ne vous divertira plus que de regarder les cartes. Adieu ! vous êtes un excellent petit garçon.

Faites mes compliments à votre Maman.

LETTER XII

A BATH, ce 4^{ème} d'Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT : Vous voyez bien qu'en vous écrivant si souvent, et de la manière dont je le fais, je ne vous traite pas en petit enfant, mais en garçon qui a de l'ambition, et qui aime à apprendre, et à s'instruire. De sorte que je suis persuadé qu'en lisant mes lettres, vous faites attention, non seulement à la matière

qu'elles traitent, mais aussi à l'orthographe et au style. Car il est très important de savoir bien écrire des lettres ; on en a besoin tous les jours dans le commerce de la vie, soit pour les affaires, soit pour les plaisirs, et l'on ne pardonne qu'aux Dames des fautes d'orthographe et de style. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez les Epîtres (c'est-à-dire les Lettres) de Cicéron, qui sont le modèle le plus parfait de la manière de bien écrire. A propos de Cicéron, il faut vous dire un peu qui il étoit ; c'étoit un vieux Romain, qui vivoit il y a dix-huit cents ans ; homme d'un grand génie, et le plus célèbre Orateur qui ait jamais été. Ne faut-il pas, par parenthèse, vous expliquer ce que c'est qu'un Orateur ? Je crois bien que oui. Un Orateur donc, c'est un homme qui harangue dans une assemblée publique, et qui parle avec éloquence, c'est-à-dire qui raisonne bien, qui a un beau style, et qui choisit bien ses paroles. Or jamais homme n'a mieux fait toutes ces choses que Cicéron ; il parloit quelquefois à tout le peuple Romain, et par son éloquence il leur persuadoit tout ce qu'il vouloit. Quelquefois aussi il entreprenoit les procès de ses amis, il plaidoit pour eux devant les Juges, et il manquoit rarement d'emporter leurs suffrages, c'est-à-dire, leurs voix, leurs décisions, en sa faveur. Il avoit rendu de grands services à la République Romaine, pendant qu'elle jouissoit de sa liberté ; mais quand elle fut assujettie par Jules César, le premier Empereur Romain, il devint suspect aux Tyrans, et fut à la fin égorgé par les ordres de Marc Antoine, qui le haïssoit, parce qu'il avoit harangué si fortement contre lui quand il vouloit se rendre maître de Rome.

Souvenez-vous toujours, s'il y a quelques mots dans mes lettres que vous n'entendez pas parfaitement, d'en demander l'explication à votre Maman, ou de les chercher dans le Dictionnaire. Adieu.

LETTER XIII

A BATH, ce 11^{ème} Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT : Vous ayant parlé dans ma dernière de Cicéron, le plus grand Orateur que Rome ait jamais produit, (quoiqu'elle en ait produit plusieurs) je vous présente aujourd'hui Démosthènes, le plus célèbre des Orateurs Grecs. J'aurois dû à la vérité avoir commencé par Démosthènes, comme l'aîné, car il vivoit à peu près trois cents ans avant Cicéron ; et Cicéron même

a beaucoup profité de la lecture de ses harangues ; comme j'espère qu'avec le tems vous profiterez de tous les deux. Revenons à Démosthènes. Il étoit de la célèbre ville d'Athènes dans la Grèce, et il avoit tant d'éloquence, que pendant un certain tems il gouvernoit absolument la ville, et persuadoit aux Athéniens ce qu'il vouloit. Il n'avoit pas naturellement le don de la parole, car il bégayoit, mais il s'en corrigea, en mettant, quand il parloit, de petits cailloux dans sa bouche. Il se distingua particulièrement par les harangues qu'il fit contre Philippe, Roi de Macédoine, qui vouloit se rendre maître de la Grèce. C'est pourquoi ces harangues-là sont intitulées, *Les Philippiques*. Vous voyez de quel usage c'est que de savoir bien parler, de s'exprimer bien, et de s'énoncer avec grâce. Il n'y a point de talent par lequel on se rend plus agréable ou plus considérable, que par celui de bien parler.

A propos de la ville d'Athènes ; je crois que vous ne la connoissez guères encore : et pourtant il est bien nécessaire de faire connoissance avec elle ; car si elle n'a pas été la mère, du moins elle a été la nourrice des Arts et des Sciences ; c'est-à-dire, que si elle ne les a point inventés, du moins elle les a portés à la perfection. Il est vrai que l'Egypte a été la première où les arts et les sciences ont commencés, mais il est vrai aussi que c'est Athènes qui les a perfectionnés. Les plus grands philosophes, c'est-à-dire, les gens qui aimoient et qui étudioient la sagesse, étoient d'Athènes, comme aussi les meilleurs Poètes, et les meilleurs Orateurs. Les Arts y ont été portés aussi à la dernière perfection ; comme la Sculpture, c'est-à-dire, l'art de tailler des figures en pierre et en marbre ; l'Architecture, c'est-à-dire, l'art de bien bâtir des maisons, des temples, des théâtres. La Peinture, la Musique, enfin tout fleurissoit à Athènes. Les Athéniens avoient l'esprit délicat, et le goût juste ; ils étoient polis et agréables ; et l'on appelloit cet esprit vif, juste, et enjoué, qu'ils avoient, le Sel Attique ; parce que, comme vous savez, le sel a en même tems quelque chose de piquant et d'agréable. On dit même aujourd'hui, d'un homme qui a cette sorte d'esprit, qu'il a du Sel Attique, c'est-à-dire Athénien. J'espère que vous serez bien salé de ce Sel-là ; mais pour l'être, il faut apprendre bien des choses, les concevoir, et les dire promptement ; car les meilleures choses perdent leur grâce si elles paroissent trop travaillées. Adieu, mon petit ami ; en voilà assez pour aujourd'hui.

LETTER XIV

A BATH, ce 18^{ième} Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT : Je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière de la célèbre ville d'Athènes. Mais j'y reviens encore aujourd'hui ; car on n'en peut pas trop dire, et vous ne pouvez pas la connoître trop bien. Elle a produit les plus grands hommes de l'antiquité, et a laissé les plus beaux modèles d'Eloquence, de Poésie, de Philosophie, de Peinture, de Sculpture, et enfin de tous les Arts et les Sciences ; c'est sur ces modèles-là que les Romains se sont formés depuis, et c'est sur ces modèles aussi que nous devons nous former. Platon, le plus grand philosophe qui a jamais été, c'est-à-dire l'homme le plus sage et le plus savant, étoit Athénien ; ses ouvrages qui nous restent encore, sont ce qu'il y a de plus beau de l'antiquité. Il étoit le disciple, c'est-à-dire l'écolier, de Socrates, célèbre philosophe, et le plus vertueux de tous les anciens ; mais Socrates lui-même n'a jamais rien écrit, et il se contentoit d'instruire les Athéniens par ses discours. Il fut mis à mort injustement, par les fausses accusations des méchans, qui étoient tous ses ennemis, à cause de sa vertu. Sophocles et Euripides, deux fameux poètes tragiques, c'est-à-dire qui composoient des tragédies, étoient tous deux d'Athènes ; comme aussi Aristophanes, célèbre poète comique, qui faisoit des comédies. Les Athéniens n'étoient pas moins célèbres dans la guerre que dans les sciences, car ils battirent plus d'une fois, par terre et par mer, le Roi de Perse, qui attaquoit la Grèce avec des troupes innombrables. Thémistocles, Miltiades, et Alcibiades étoient les plus célèbres de leurs généraux. Enfin, les Athéniens surpassoient en tout le reste de la Grèce, comme la Grèce, dans ce tems-là, surpassoit tout le reste du monde. Vous aurez beaucoup de plaisir à lire l'Histoire de la Grèce, que vous lirez bientôt.

J'ai reçu votre lettre, et je ne manquerai pas d'exécuter vos ordres par rapport à l'étui ; mais dites-moi un peu quelle sorte d'étui vous voulez avoir, car un étui veut dire toute chose où l'on conserve une autre, de sorte qu'il faut savoir ce que vous voulez qu'il y ait dans cet étui. Adieu.

LETTER XV

A BATH, ce 30^{ème} Octobre, 1738.

MON CHER ENFANT : J'ai reçu votre lettre, qui étoit fort bien écrite, et je vois que vous faites des progrès, et que vous apprenez bien. Cela étant, vous pouvez me demander hardiment tout ce que vous voulez, et je ne manquerai pas de vous apporter un étui, tel que vous le souhaitez, à l'exception des instrumens pour les dents, dont il n'est pas nécessaire que vous vous serviez ; au contraire, ils gâtent les dents ; et il faut seulement les tenir bien propres avec une éponge et de l'eau tiède. Il ne faut qu'être bon garçon, et bien apprendre, pour obtenir tout ce que vous souhaitez de moi. Outre cela, songez quel honneur vous aurez à bien apprendre ; les autres garçons vous admireront, et les gens âgés vous estimeront, et ne vous traiteront pas en petit garçon.

Je vous ai donné, dans mes deux dernières, un petit détail de la fameuse ville d'Athènes, si célèbre autrefois dans la Grèce. Nous verrons à cette heure quelque chose d'une autre ville de la Grèce, également renommée, mais d'une autre manière ; c'est la ville de Lacédémone, ou Sparte, qui fleurissoit en même tems que la ville d'Athènes. C'étoit une ville toute guerrière, et tous ses citoyens étoient élevés soldats ; ils étoient tous d'une bravoure extraordinaire, et d'une vertu scrupuleuse. Ils ne cultivoient point, comme Athènes, les Arts et les Sciences, et ils ne s'appliquoient qu'à la guerre. L'amour de la patrie étoit leur premier sentiment, et ils croyoient qu'il n'y avoit rien de plus glorieux, que de mourir en combattant pour leur pays, de sorte qu'il n'y a point d'exemplé qu'un Lacédémonien ait jamais fui. Le luxe et la mollesse étoit bannis de Lacédémone. On n'y souffroit pas même l'or ni l'argent, de peur d'y corrompre les mœurs. Ils étoient élevés durement, à souffrir le froid, et le chaud, et à faire des exercices pénibles, pour fortifier le corps. Ils parloient peu, et leurs réponses étoient toujours courtes, mais pleines de sens. Et même à présent on appelle un style court, mais qui enferme beaucoup de sens, le style laconique, de Lacédémone, qu'on nommoit aussi Laconie. Lycurgue avoit été leur premier législateur, c'est-à-dire leur avoit donné des lois : c'étoit l'homme le plus vertueux, et le plus sage, qui ait

jamais été. Une preuve réelle de cela, c'est que quoiqu'il étoit leur roi, il leur donna la liberté ; et ayant fait semblant de vouloir faire un voyage pour quelque peu de tems, il les fit tous jurer qu'ils observeroient ses lois exactement jusques à son retour ; ce qu'ils firent ; après quoi il s'en alla, et ne revint jamais, afin qu'ils fussent obligés d'observer ses lois toujours : renonçant de la sorte et à la royauté et à sa patrie, pour le bien de sa patrie. Adieu, je vous verrai en trois semaines.

LETTER XVI

Je suis bien aise que vous étudiez l'Histoire Romaine ; car de toutes les anciennes histoires, il n'y en a pas de si instructive, ni qui fournisse tant d'exemples de vertu, de sagesse, et de courage. Les autres grands empires, savoir, celui des Assyriens, celui des Perses, et celui des Macédoniens, se sont élevés presque tout d'un coup, par des accidens favorables, et par le succès rapide de leurs armes ; mais l'Empire Romain s'est aggrandi par degrés, et a surmonté les difficultés qui s'opposoient à son aggrandissement, autant par sa vertu et par sa sagesse, que par ses armes.

Rome, qui fut dans la suite la maîtresse du monde, n'étoit d'abord, comme vous le savez, qu'une petite ville fondée par Romulus, son premier Roi, à la tête d'un petit nombre de bergers et d'aventuriers, qui se rangèrent sous lui ; et dans le premier dénombrement que Romulus fit du peuple, c'est-à-dire, la première fois qu'il fit compter le nombre des habitans, ils ne montoient qu'à trois mille hommes de pied, et trois cents chevaux, au lieu qu'à la fin de son règne, qui dura trente-sept ans, il y avoit quarante-six mille hommes de pied, et mille chevaux.

Pendant les deux cent cinquante premières années de Rome, c'est-à-dire, tout le tems qu'elle fut gouvernée par des Rois, ses voisins lui firent la guerre, et tâchèrent d'étouffer, dans sa naissance, un peuple dont ils craignoient l'aggrandissement, conséquence naturelle de sa vertu, de son courage, et de sa sagesse.

Rome donc employa ses deux cent cinquante premières années à lutter contre ses plus proches voisins, qu'elle surmonta ; et deux cent cinquante autres, à se rendre maîtresse d'Italie ; de sorte qu'il y avoit cinq cents ans depuis la fondation de Rome, jusques

à ce qu'elle devint maîtresse de l'Italie. Ce fut seulement dans les deux cents années suivantes qu'elle se rendit la maîtresse du monde, c'est-à-dire, sept cents ans après sa fondation.

LETTER XVII

Romulus, qui (comme je vous l'ai déjà dit) étoit le Fondateur et le premier Roi de Rome, n'ayant pas d'abord beaucoup d'habitants pour sa nouvelle ville, songea à tous les moyens d'en augmenter le nombre ; et pour cet effet, il publia qu'elle serviroit d'asile, c'est-à-dire, de refuge et de lieu de sûreté pour ceux qui seroient bannis des autres villes d'Italie. Cela lui attira bien des gens qui sortirent de ces villes, soit à cause de leurs dettes, soit à cause des crimes qu'ils y avoient commis : car un asile est un endroit qui sert de protection à tous ceux qui y viennent, quelque crime qu'ils y aient commis, et on ne peut les y prendre ni les punir. Avouez qu'il est assez surprenant que d'un pareil amas de vauriens et de coquins, il en soit sorti la nation la plus sage et la plus vertueuse qui fut jamais. Mais c'est que Romulus y fit de si bonnes lois, inspira à tout le peuple un tel amour de la patrie et de la gloire, y établit si bien la religion, et le culte des Dieux, que pendant quelques centaines d'années ce fut un peuple de héros, et de gens vertueux.

LETTER XVIII

Je vous ai déjà souvent parlé de la nécessité qu'il y a de savoir l'histoire à fond ; mais je ne peux pas vous le redire trop souvent. Cicéron l'appelle avec raison, *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis*. Par le secours de l'histoire un jeune homme peut, en quelque façon, acquérir l'expérience de la vieillesse : en lisant ce qui a été fait, il apprend ce qu'il a à faire, et plus il est instruit du passé, mieux il saura se conduire à l'avenir.

De toutes les histoires anciennes, la plus intéressante, et la plus instructive, c'est l'histoire Romaine. Elle est la plus fertile en grands hommes, et en grands évènements. Elle nous anime, plus que toute autre, à la vertu ; en nous montrant, comment une petite ville, comme Rome, fondée par une poignée de pâtres

et d'aventuriers, s'est rendue dans l'espace de sept cents ans maîtresse du monde, par le moyen de sa vertu et de son courage.

C'est pourquoi j'en ai fait un abrégé fort en raccourci. Pour vous en faciliter la connoissance, et l'imprimer d'autant mieux dans votre esprit, vous le traduirez peu à peu, dans un livre que vous m'apporterez tous les Dimanches.

Tout le tems de l'histoire Romaine, depuis Romulus jusqu'à Auguste, qui est de sept cent vingt-trois ans, peut se diviser en trois parties.

La première est sous les sept Rois de Rome, et dure deux cent quarante-quatre ans.

La seconde, depuis l'établissement des Consuls et l'expulsion des Rois, jusqu'à la première Guerre Punique, est aussi de deux cent quarante-quatre ans.

La troisième s'étend depuis la première Guerre Punique jusqu'au règne d'Auguste, et elle dure deux cent trente-cinq ans; ce qui fait en tout, les sept cent vingt-trois ans, ci-dessus mentionnés, depuis sa fondation, jusqu'au règne d'Auguste.

Sous le règne d'Auguste, Rome étoit au plus haut point de sa grandeur, car elle étoit la Maîtresse *du Monde*; mais elle ne l'étoit plus d'elle-même, ayant perdu son ancienne liberté, et son ancienne vertu. Auguste y établit le pouvoir absolu des Empereurs, qui devint bientôt une tyrannie horrible et cruelle sous les autres Empereurs ses successeurs, moyennant quoi, Rome déchut de sa grandeur en moins de tems qu'elle n'en avoit pris pour y monter.

Le premier gouvernement de Rome fut Monarchique, mais une Monarchie bornée, et pas absolue, car le Sénat partageoit l'autorité avec le Roi. Le Royaume étoit électif, et non pas héréditaire, c'est-à-dire, quand un Roi mourroit, on en choisissoit un autre, et le fils ne succédoit pas au père. Romulus, qui fut le fondateur de Rome, en fut aussi le premier Roi. Il fut élu par le peuple, et forma le premier plan du gouvernement. Il établit le Sénat, qui consistoit en cent membres; et partagea le peuple en trois ordres, les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire les gens du premier rang; les Chevaliers, c'est-à-dire ceux du second rang; tout le reste étoit peuple, qu'il appella Plébéiens.

Traduisez ceci en Anglois, et apportez-le moi Dimanche, écrit sur ces lignes que je vous envoie.

LETTER XIX

Romulus et Rémus étoient jumeaux, et fils de Rhéa Sylvia, fille de Numitor Roi d'Albe. Rhéa Sylvia fut enfermée et mise au nombre des Vestales, par son oncle Amulius, afin qu'elle n'eût point d'enfans, car les Vestales étoient obligées à la chasteté. Elle devint pourtant grosse, et prétendit que le Dieu Mars l'avoit forcée. Quand elle accoucha de Romulus et de Rémus, Amulius ordonna qu'ils fussent jetés dans le Tibre. Ils y furent effectivement portés dans leur berceau ; mais l'eau s'étant retirée le berceau resta à sec. Une Louve qui étoit venue là pour boire, les allaita, jusques à ce que Faustulus, un berger, les emporta chez lui, et les éleva comme siens. Etant devenus grands, ils allèrent avec nombre de Latins, d'Albains, et de bergers, et ils fondèrent Rome. Romulus, pour régner seul, tua son frère Rémus, et fut déclaré Roi par tous ces gens-là. Etant devenu Souverain, il partagea le peuple en trois Tribus et trente Curies, en Patriciens, Plébéiens, Sénat, Patrons, Cliens, et Chevaliers. Les Patriciens étoient les plus accrédités, et les plus considérables. Les Plébéiens étoient le petit peuple. Les Patrons étoient les gens les plus respectables qui protégeoient un certain nombre du petit peuple, qu'on appelloit leurs Cliens. Le Sénat consistoit de cent personnes choisies d'entre les Patriciens ; et les Chevaliers étoient une troupe de trois cents hommes à cheval, qui servoient de garde du corps à Romulus, et qu'il appella *Celeres*.

Mais Romulus ne se contenta pas de ces réglemens civils, il institua aussi le culte des Dieux, et établit les Aruspices et les Augures, qui étoient des Prêtres, dont les premiers consultoient les entrailles des victimes qu'on sacrifioit, et les derniers observoient le vol, et le chant des oiseaux, et déclaroient si les présages étoient favorables ou non, avant qu'on entrepût quelque chose que ce pût être.

Romulus, pour attirer des habitans à sa nouvelle ville, la déclara un asile à tous ceux qui viendroient s'y établir ; ce qui attira un nombre infini de gens, qui y accoururent des autres villes et campagnes voisines. Un Asile veut dire, un lieu de sûreté, et de protection, pour ceux qui sont endettés, ou qui, ayant commis des crimes, se sauvent de la justice. Dans les pays Catholiques,

les églises sont actuellement des asiles pour toute sorte de criminels qui s'y réfugient.

Mais on manquoit de femmes à Rome : pour suppléer à ce défaut, Romulus envoya faire des propositions de mariage à ses voisins les Sabins, mais les Sabins rejetèrent ces propositions avec hauteur ; sur quoi Romulus fit publier dans les lieux circonvoisins, qu'un tel jour il célébreroit la fête du Dieu *Consus*, et qu'il invitoit tout le monde à y assister. On y accourut de toutes parts, et principalement les Sabins ; quand tout d'un coup, à un signal donné, les Romains, l'épée à la main, se saisissent de toutes les femmes qui y étoient : et les épousèrent après. Cet événement remarquable s'appelle l'Enlèvement des Sabines. Les Sabins irrités de cet affront et de cette injustice, déclarèrent la guerre aux Romains, qui fut terminée et une paix conclue, par l'entremise des femmes Sabines, qui étoient établies à Rome. Les Romains et les Sabins s'unirent parfaitement, ne firent qu'un peuple, et Tadius Roi des Sabins régna, conjointement avec Romulus. Tadius mourut bientôt après, et Romulus régna encore seul.

Il faut remarquer que l'Enlèvement des Sabines fut une action plus utile que juste : mais l'utilité ne doit pas autoriser l'injustice, car l'on doit tout souffrir, et même mourir, plutôt que de commettre une injustice. Aussi ce fut la seule que les Romains firent pendant plusieurs siècles. Un Siècle veut dire, cent ans.

Les voisins de Rome devinrent bientôt jaloux de cette puissance naissante ; de sorte que Romulus eut encore plusieurs guerres à soutenir, dans lesquelles il remporta toujours la victoire ; mais comme il commençoit à devenir tyrannique chez lui, et qu'il vouloit ôter au Sénat leurs privilèges, pour régner plus despotiquement ; tout d'un coup il disparut, et l'on ne le vit plus. La vérité est que les Sénateurs l'avoient tué ; mais comme ils craignoient la colère du peuple, un Sénateur des plus accredités, nommé Proculus Julius, protesta au peuple, que Romulus lui avoit apparu comme Dieu, et l'avoit assuré qu'il avoit été transporté au Ciel, et placé parmi les Dieux ; qu'il vouloit même que les Romains l'adorassent sous le nom de *Quirinus* ; ce qu'ils firent.

Remarquez bien que le gouvernement de Rome sous Romulus étoit un gouvernement mixte et libre ; et que le Roi n'étoit rien moins qu'absolu ; au contraire il partageoit l'autorité avec le Sénat et le peuple, à peu près comme le Roi, ici, avec la Chambre Haute

et la Chambre Basse. De sorte que Romulus voulant faire une injustice si criante, que de violer les droits du Sénat et la liberté du peuple, fut justement puni, comme tout tyran mérite de l'être. Tout homme a un droit naturel à sa liberté, et quiconque veut la lui ravir, mérite la mort, plus que celui qui ne cherche qu'à lui voler son argent sur le grand chemin.

La plupart des lois et des arrangements de Romulus avoient égard principalement à la guerre, et étoient formés dans le dessein de rendre le peuple belliqueux : comme en effet il le fut, plus que tout autre. Mais c'étoit aussi un bonheur pour Rome, que son successeur, Numa Pompilius, étoit d'un naturel pacifique, qu'il s'appliqua à établir le bon ordre dans la ville, et à faire des lois pour encourager la vertu et la religion.

Après la mort de Romulus, il y eut un Interrègne d'un an : un Interrègne est l'intervalle entre la mort d'un Roi et l'élection d'un autre ; ce qui peut seulement arriver dans les Royaumes Electifs ; car dans les Monarchies Héritaires, dès l'instant qu'un Roi meurt, son fils ou son plus proche parent devient immédiatement Roi. Pendant cet interrègne, les Sénateurs faisoient alternativement les fonctions de Roi. Mais le peuple se lassa de cette sorte de gouvernement, et voulut un Roi. Le choix étoit difficile ; les Sabins d'un côté, et les Romains de l'autre, voulant chacun un Roi d'entre eux. Il y avoit alors dans la petite ville de Cures, pas loin de Rome, un homme d'une grande réputation de probité et de justice, appelé Numa Pompilius, qui menoit une vie retirée et champêtre, et jouissoit d'un doux repos, dans la solitude de la campagne. On convint donc, unanimement, de le choisir pour Roi, et l'on envoya des Ambassadeurs le lui notifier. Mais bien loin d'être ébloui par une élévation si subite et si imprévue, il refusa ; et ne se laissa fléchir qu'avec peine, par les instances réitérées des Romains et de ses plus proches parens : méritant d'autant plus cette dignité, qu'il ne la recherchoit pas. Remarquez, par cet exemple de Numa Pompilius, comment la vertu se fait jour, au travers même de l'obscurité d'une vie retirée et champêtre, et comment tôt ou tard elle est toujours récompensée.

Numa placé sur le trône, entreprit d'adoucir les mœurs des Romains, et de leur inspirer un esprit pacifique, par les exercices de la religion. Il bâtit un temple en l'honneur du Dieu *Janus*, qui devoit être un indice public de la guerre, ou de la paix ; étant

ouvert en tems de guerre, et fermé en tems de paix. Il fut fermé pendant tout son règne ; mais depuis lors jusqu'au règne de César Auguste, il ne fut fermé que deux fois ; la première après la première Guerre Punique, et la seconde après la bataille d'*Actium*, où Auguste défit Antoine. Le Dieu *Janus* est toujours représenté avec deux visages, l'un qui regarde le passé et l'autre l'avenir ; à cause de quoi, vous le verrez souvent dans les Poètes Latins appelé *Janus Bifrons*, c'est-à-dire qui a deux fronts. Mais pour revenir à Numa, il prétendit avoir des entretiens secrets avec la Nymphe Egérie pour disposer le peuple, qui aime toujours le merveilleux, à mieux recevoir ses lois et ses réglemens, comme lui étant inspirés par la divinité même. Enfin il établit le bon ordre à la ville et à la campagne ; il inspira à ses sujets l'amour du travail, de la frugalité, et même de la pauvreté. Après avoir régné quarante-trois ans, il mourut regretté de tout son peuple.

On peut dire, que Rome étoit redevable de toute sa grandeur à ses deux premiers Rois, Romulus et Numa, qui en jetèrent les fondemens. Romulus ne forma ses sujets qu'à la guerre ; Numa qu'à la paix et à la justice. Sans Numa, ils auroient été féroces et barbares ; sans Romulus, ils auroient peut-être resté dans le repos et l'obscurité. Mais c'étoit cet heureux assemblage de vertus religieuses, civiles et militaires, qui les rendit à la fin les maîtres du monde.

Tullus Hostilius fut élu Roi, bientôt après la mort de Numa Pompilius. Il avoit l'esprit aussi guerrier que Numa l'avoit eu pacifique, et il eut bientôt occasion de l'exercer ; car la ville d'Albe, jalouse déjà de la puissance de Rome, chercha un prétexte pour lui faire la guerre. La guerre étant déclarée de part et d'autre, et les deux armées sur le point d'en venir aux mains, un Albain proposa, que pour épargner le sang de tant de gens, on choisiroit dans les deux armées un certain nombre, dont la victoire décideroit du sort des deux villes : Tullus Hostilius accepta la proposition.

Il se trouvoit dans l'armée des Albains trois frères, qui s'appelloient les Curiaces, et dans l'armée des Romains trois frères aussi, qu'on nommoit les Horaces : ils étoient de part et d'autre à peu près de même âge et de même force. Ils furent choisis, et acceptèrent avec joie un choix qui leur faisoit tant d'honneur. Ils s'avancent entre les deux armées, et l'on donne le signal du combat. D'abord deux des Horaces sont tués par les Curiaces, qui tous trois

furent blessés. Le troisième Horace étoit sans blessure, mais ne se sentant pas assez fort pour résister aux trois Curiaces, au défaut de force il usa de stratagème. Il fit donc semblant de fuir, et ayant fait quelque chemin, il regarda en arrière et vit les trois Curiaces, qui le poursuivoient, à quelque distance l'un de l'autre, selon que leurs blessures leur permettoient de marcher ; alors il retourne sur ses pas, et les tue l'un après l'autre.

Les Romains le reçurent avec joie dans leur camp ; mais sa sœur, qui étoit promise à un des Curiaces, vient à sa rencontre, et versant un torrent de larmes, lui reproche d'avoir tué son amant. Sur quoi ce jeune vainqueur, dans les transports de son emportement, lui passe l'épée au travers du corps. La justice le condamna à la mort ; mais il en appella au peuple, qui lui pardonna en considération du service qu'il venoit de leur rendre.

Tullus Hostilius régna trente-deux ans, et fit d'autres guerres contre les Sabins et les Latins. C'étoit un Prince qui avoit de grandes qualités, mais qui aimoit trop la guerre.

LETTER XX

Monday.

DEAR BOY : I send you, here enclosed, your historical exercise for this week ; and thank you for correcting some faults I had been guilty of in former papers. I shall be very glad to be taught by you ; and I assure you, I would rather have you able to instruct me, than any other body in the world. I was very well pleased with your objections to my calling the brothers, that fought for the Romans and the Albans, the *Horatii* and the *Curatii*, for which I can give you no better reason than usage and custom, which determine all languages. As to ancient proper names, there is no settled rule, and we must be guided by custom : for example, we say Ovid and Virgil, and not Ovidius and Virgilius, as they are in Latin ; but then we say Augustus Cæsar, as in the Latin, and not August Cæsar, which would be the true English.

We say Scipio Africanus, as in Latin, and not Scipio the African. We say Tacitus, and not Tacit : so that, in short, custom is the only rule to be observed in this case. But, wherever custom and usage will allow it, I would rather choose not to

alter the ancient proper names. They have more dignity, I think, in their own, than in our language. The French change most of the ancient proper names, and give them a French termination or ending, which sometimes sound even ridiculous : as, for instance, they call the Emperor Titus, *Tite* ; and the historian Titus Livius, whom we commonly call in English Livy, they call *Tite Live*. I am very glad you started this objection ; for the only way to get knowledge is to inquire and object. Pray remember to ask questions, and to make your objections, whenever you do not understand, or have any doubts about anything.

LETTER XXI

Bientôt après la mort de Tullus Hostilius, le peuple choisit pour Roi Ancus Marcius, petit-fils de Numa. Il rétablit d'abord le culte divin, qui avoit été un peu négligé pendant le règne guerrier de Tullus Hostilius. Il essaya quelques guerres, malgré lui, et y remporta toujours l'avantage. Il aggrandit la ville de Rome, et mourut après avoir régné vingt-quatre ans. Il ne le céda en mérite, soit pour la guerre, soit pour la paix, à aucun de ses prédécesseurs.

Un certain Lucumon, Grec de naissance, qui s'étoit établi à Rome sous le règne d'Ancus Marcius, fut élu Roi à sa place, et prit le nom de Tarquin. Il créa cent nouveaux Sénateurs, et soutint plusieurs guerres contre les peuples voisins, dont il sortit toujours avec avantage. Il augmenta, embellit, et fortifia la ville. Il fit des Aquepens et des Egouts. Il bâtit aussi le Cirque, et jeta les fondemens du Capitole : le Cirque étoit un lieu célèbre à Rome, où l'on faisoit les courses de chariots.

Tarquin avoit destiné pour son successeur Servius Tullius, qui avoit été prisonnier de guerre, et par conséquent esclave ; ce que les fils d'Ancus Marcius, qui étoient à cette heure devenus grands, ayant trouvé mauvais, ils firent assassiner Tarquin, qui avoit régné trente-huit ans. L'attentat et le crime des fils d'Ancus Marcius leur furent inutiles ; car Servius Tullius fut déclaré Roi par le peuple, sans demander le consentement du Sénat. Il soutint plusieurs guerres, qu'il termina heureusement. Il partagea le peuple en dix-neuf tribus ; il établit le *Cens*, ou le dénombrement du peuple, et il introduisit la coutume d'affranchir les esclaves.

Servius songeoit à abdiquer la couronne, et à établir à Rome une parfaite République, quand il fut assassiné par son gendre Tarquin le Superbe. Il régna quarante-quatre ans, et fut sans contredit le meilleur de tous les Rois de Rome.

Tarquin étant monté sur le trône, sans que ni le Peuple ni le Sénat lui eussent conféré la Royauté, la conduite qu'il y garda répondit à de tels commencemens, et lui fit donner le surnom de *Superbe*. Il renversa les sages établissemens des Rois ses prédécesseurs, foula aux pieds les droits du peuple, et gouverna en Prince arbitraire et despotique. Il bâtit un temple magnifique à Jupiter, qui fut appellé le Capitole, à cause qu'en creusant les fondemens, on y avoit trouvé la tête d'un homme, qui s'appelle en Latin *Caput* ; le Capitole étoit le bâtiment le plus célèbre de Rome.

La tyrannie de Tarquin étoit déjà devenue odieuse et insupportable aux Romains, quand l'action de son fils Sextus leur fournit une occasion de s'en affranchir. Sextus étant devenu amoureux de Lucrèce, femme de Collatin, et celle-ci ne voulant pas consentir à ses desirs, il la força. Elle découvrit le tout à son mari et à Brutus ; et après leur avoir fait promettre de venger l'affront qu'on lui avoit fait, elle se poignarda. Là-dessus ils soulevèrent le peuple, et Tarquin avec toute sa famille fut banni de Rome, par un décret solennel, après y avoir régné vingt-cinq ans. Telle est la fin que méritent tous les tyrans, et tous ceux qui ne se servent du pouvoir que le sort leur a donné, que pour faire du mal, et opprimer le genre humain.

Du tems de Tarquin, les livres des Sibylles furent apportés à Rome, conservés toujours après avec un grand soin, et consultés comme des oracles.

Tarquin, chassé de Rome, fit plusieurs tentatives pour y rentrer, et causa quelques guerres aux Romains. Il engagea Porsenna, Roi d'Hétrurie, à appuyer ses intérêts, et à faire la guerre aux Romains pour le rétablir. Porsenna marcha donc contre les Romains, défit leur armée, et auroit pris Rome même, s'il n'eût été arrêté par la valeur d'Horatius Coclès, qui défendit seul contre toute l'armée, un pont, par où il falloit passer. Porsenna, intimidé par les prodiges de valeur et de courage qu'il voyoit faire tous les jours aux Romains, jugea à propos de conclure la paix avec eux, et de se retirer.

Ils eurent plusieurs autres guerres avec leurs voisins, dont je ne ferai point mention, ne voulant m'arrêter qu'aux évènements les plus importants. En voici un qui arriva bientôt, seize ans après l'établissement des Consuls. Le peuple étoit extrêmement endetté, et refusa de s'enrôler pour la guerre, à moins que ses dettes ne fussent abolies. L'occasion étoit pressante, et la difficulté grande, mais le Sénat s'avisa d'un expédient pour y remédier ; ce fut de créer un Dictateur, qui auroit un pouvoir absolu, et au dessus de toutes les lois, mais qui ne dureroit que pour un peu de tems seulement. Titus Largius, qui fut nommé à cette dignité, appaisa le désordre, rétablit la tranquillité, et puis se démit de sa charge.

On eut souvent, dans la suite, recours à cet expédient d'un Dictateur, dans les grandes occasions ; et il est à remarquer, que quoique cette charge fût revêtue d'un pouvoir absolu et despotique, pas un seul Dictateur n'en abusa, pour plus de cent ans.

LETTER XXII

Nous voici parvenus à une importante *Epoque* de l'Histoire Romaine ; c'est-à-dire, à l'établissement d'un gouvernement libre.

Les Rois et la Royauté étant bannis de Rome, on résolut de créer à la place d'un Roi, deux Consuls, dont l'autorité ne seroit qu'annuelle, c'est-à-dire, qu'elle ne dureroit qu'un an. On laissa au peuple le droit d'élire les Consuls, mais ils ne pouvoient les choisir que parmi les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire, les gens de qualité. Les deux Consuls avoient le même pouvoir qu'avoient auparavant les Rois, mais avec cette différence essentielle, qu'ils n'avoient ce pouvoir que pour un an, et qu'à la fin de ce terme, ils en devoient rendre compte au peuple : moyen assuré d'en prévenir l'abus. Ils étoient appelés Consuls, du verbe Latin *Consulere*, qui signifie Conseiller, comme qui diroit, les Conseillers de la République.

Les deux premiers Consuls qu'on élut furent L. Junius Brutus, et L. Collatinus, le mari de Lucrèce. Les Consuls avoient les mêmes marques de dignité que les Rois, excepté la couronne et le sceptre. Mais ils avoient la robe de pourpre, et la *Chaire Curule*, qui étoit une Chaise d'ivoire, sur des roues. Les Consuls, le Sénat, et le Peuple, firent tous serment, de ne pas rappeler Tarquin, et de ne jamais souffrir de Roi à Rome,

Remarquez bien la forme du gouvernement de Rome. L'autorité étoit partagée entre les Consuls, le Sénat, et le Peuple; chacun avoit ses droits; et depuis ce sage établissement, Rome s'éleva, par un progrès rapide, à une perfection et une excellence qu'on a peine à concevoir.

Souvenez-vous que le gouvernement monarchique avoit duré deux cent quarante-quatre ans.

LETTER XXIII

Cependant les Patriciens en agissoient assez mal avec le peuple, et abusoient du pouvoir que leur rang et leurs richesses leur donnoient. Ils emprisonnoient ceux des Plébéiens qui leur devoient de l'argent, et les chargeoient de chaînes, ce qui causa tant de mécontentement, que le peuple quitta Rome, et se retira en corps sur le *Mont Sacré*, à trois milles de Rome. Une désertion si générale donna l'alarme au Sénat et aux Patriciens, qui leur envoyèrent des députations pour les persuader de revenir; mais inutilement. A la fin on choisit dix des plus sages et des plus modérés du Sénat, qu'on envoya au peuple avec un plein pouvoir de conclure la paix, aux meilleures conditions qu'ils pourroient. Ménénus Agrippa, qui portoit la parole, termina son discours au peuple par un apologue qui les frappa extrêmement. "Autrefois," dit-il, "les membres du corps humain, indignés de ce qu'ils travailloient tous pour l'estomac, pendant que lui oisif et paresseux jouissoit tranquillement des plaisirs qu'on lui préparoit, convinrent de ne plus rien faire, mais voulant dompter ainsi l'estomac, par la famine, tous les membres et tout le corps tombèrent dans une foiblesse, et une inanition extrême." Il comparoit ainsi cette division intestine des parties du corps, avec la division qui séparoit le peuple d'avec le Sénat. Cette application plut tant au peuple que la paix fut conclue à certaines conditions, dont la principale étoit, que le peuple choisiroit, parmi eux, cinq nouveaux magistrats, qui furent appelés Tribuns du Peuple. Ils étoient élus tous les ans, et rien ne pouvoit se faire sans leur consentement. Si l'on proposoit quelque loi, et que les Tribuns du Peuple s'y opposassent, la loi ne pouvoit passer; ils n'étoient pas même obligés d'alléguer de raison pour leur opposition, il suffisoit qu'ils

dissent simplement, *Veto*, qui veut dire, *Je défends*. Remarquez bien cette époque intéressante de l'histoire Romaine, et ce changement considérable dans la forme du gouvernement, qui assura au peuple, pendant quelques Siècles, leurs droits et leurs privilèges, que les Grands sont toujours trop portés à envahir injustement. Ce changement arriva l'an de Rome 261, c'est-à-dire, vingt et un ans après le bannissement des Rois, et l'établissement des Consuls.

Outre les Tribuns, le peuple obtint aussi deux nouveaux Magistrats annuels appelés les *Ediles* du Peuple, qui étoient soumis aux Tribuns du Peuple, faisoient exécuter leurs ordres, rendoient la justice sous eux, veilloient à l'entretien des temples et des bâtimens publics, et prenoient soin des vivres.

Remarquez quels étoient les principaux Magistrats de Rome. Premièrement c'étoient les deux Consuls, qui étoient annuels, et qui avoient entre eux le pouvoir des Rois. Après cela, dans les grands besoins, on créa la charge de Dictateur, qui ne duroit ordinairement que six mois, mais qui étoit revêtu d'un pouvoir absolu.

Les Tribuns du Peuple étoient des Magistrats annuels, qui veilloient aux intérêts du peuple et les protégeoient contre les injustices des Patriciens. Pour les Ediles, je viens de décrire leurs fonctions.

Quelques années après on créa encore deux nouveaux Magistrats, qui s'appelloient les *Censeurs*. Ils étoient d'abord pour cinq ans ; mais ils furent bientôt réduits à un an et demi. Ils avoient un très grand pouvoir ; ils faisoient le dénombrement du peuple, ils imposoient les taxes, ils avoient soin des mœurs, et pouvoient chasser du Sénat ceux qu'ils en jugeoient indignes ; ils pouvoient aussi dégrader les Chevaliers Romains, en leur ôtant leur cheval.

Pas fort long tems après, on créa encore deux autres nouveaux Magistrats, appelés les *Prêteurs* ; qui étoient les principaux Officiers de la justice et jugeoient tous les procès. Voici donc les grands Magistrats de la République Romaine, selon l'ordre de leur établissement.

Les Consuls.

Le Dictateur.

Les Tribuns du Peuple.

Les Ediles.

Les Censeurs.

Les Prêteurs.

LETTER XXIV

L'an 300 de Rome, les Romains n'avoient pas encore de lois fixes et certaines, de sorte que les Consuls et les Sénateurs, qu'ils commettoient pour juger, étoient les Arbitres absolus du sort des citoyens. Le peuple voulut, donc, qu'au lieu de ces jugemens arbitraires, on établit des lois qui servissent de règles sûres, tant à l'égard du gouvernement et des affaires publiques, que par rapport aux différens entre les particuliers. Sur quoi le Sénat ordonna qu'on enverroit des Ambassadeurs à Athènes, en Grèce, pour étudier les lois de ce pays, et en rapporter celles qu'ils jugeroient les plus convenables à la République. Ces Ambassadeurs étant de retour, on élut dix personnes (qui furent appellées les Décemvirs) pour établir ces nouvelles lois. On leur donna un pouvoir absolu pour un an, et pendant ce tems là il n'y avoit point d'autre Magistrat à Rome. Les Décemvirs firent graver leurs lois sur des tables d'airain posées dans l'endroit le plus apparent de la place publique ; et ces lois furent toujours après appellées les Lois des Dix Tables. Mais lorsque le terme du gouvernement des Décemvirs fut expiré, ils ne voulurent point se démettre de leur pouvoir, mais se rendirent par force les Tyrans de la République ; ce qui causa de grands tumultes. A la fin ils furent obligés de céder, et Rome reprit son ancienne forme de gouvernement.

L'année 365 de Rome, les Gaulois (c'est-à-dire les François) entrèrent en Italie, et marchèrent vers Rome, avec une armée de plus de soixante mille hommes. Les Romains envoyèrent à leur rencontre une armée, levée à la hâte, de quarante mille hommes. On se battit, et les Romains furent entièrement défaits. A cette triste nouvelle, tous ceux qui étoient restés à Rome se retirèrent dans le Capitole, qui étoit la Citadelle, et s'y fortifièrent aussi bien que le tems le permettoit. Trois jours après, Brennus, le Général des Gaulois, s'avança jusqu'à Rome avec son armée, et trouvant la ville abandonnée, et sans défense, il assiégea la citadelle, qui se défendit avec une bravoure incroyable. Une nuit que les Gaulois vouloient la prendre par surprise, et qu'ils étoient montés jusques aux portes, sans qu'on s'en aperçût, M. Manlius, éveillé par les cris et battement d'ailes

des oies, donna l'alarme, et sauva la citadelle. Bientôt après, Camille, un illustre Romain, qui avoit été banni de Rome, ayant appris le danger auquel sa Patrie se trouvoit exposée, survint avec ce qu'il put trouver de troupes dans les pays voisins, défit entièrement les Gaulois, et sauva Rome. Admirez ce bel exemple de grandeur d'âme ! Camille, banni injustement de Rome, oublie l'injure qu'on lui a faite ; son amour pour sa Patrie l'emporte sur le désir de se venger, et il vient sauver ceux qui avoient voulu le perdre.

LETTER XXV

A BATH, ce 28^{ème} Mars, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT : J'ai reçu une lettre de Monsieur Maittaire,¹ dans laquelle il me dit beaucoup de bien de vous, et m'assure que vous apprenez bien ; sur quoi j'ai d'abord acheté quelque chose de fort joli pour vous apporter d'ici. Voyez un peu si vous n'avez pas sujet d'aimer Monsieur Maittaire, et de faire tout ce que vous pouvez, à fin qu'il soit content de vous. Il me dit que vous allez à présent recommencer ce que vous avez déjà appris ; il faut y bien faire attention, au moins, et ne pas répéter comme un perroquet, sans savoir ce que cela veut dire.

Je vous ai dit dans ma dernière, que pour être parfaitement honnête homme, il ne suffisoit pas simplement d'être juste ; mais que la générosité, et la grandeur d'âme, alloient bien plus loin. Vous le comprendrez mieux, peut-être, par des exemples : en voici.

Alexandre le Grand, Roi de Macédoine, ayant vaincu Darius Roi de Perse, prit un nombre infini de prisonniers, et entre autres la femme et la mère de Darius ; or, selon les droits de la guerre,

¹[Michael Maittaire (1668-1747), chosen by Lord Chesterfield as Latin tutor to his son, was born in France of Protestant parents, who, about the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, sought refuge in England. He obtained, in 1682, a King's Scholarship at Westminster School, and he afterwards compiled his *Græcæ Linguae Dialecti*, for use at that school. Maittaire was appointed by Dr. South, who was Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, "canoneer" student of his college ; he took the degree of M.A. in 1696, being incorporated M.A. at Cambridge in 1708. In the manuscript of the *Dunciad* Pope had written disdainfully of Maittaire :—

On yonder part, what fogs of gathered air
Invest the scene :—there museful sits Maittaire,

but he suppressed the lines at the request of the Earl of Oxford.—Pope, *Works*, ed. Elwin. viii., 235.]

il auroit pu avec justice en faire ses esclaves ; mais il avoit trop de grandeur d'âme pour abuser de sa victoire. Il les traita toujours en Reines, et leur témoigna les mêmes égards, et le même respect, que s'il eût été leur sujet. Ce que Darius ayant entendu, dit qu'Alexandre méritoit sa victoire, et qu'il étoit seul digne de régner à sa place. Remarquez par là comment des ennemis mêmes sont forcés de donner des louanges à la vertu et à la grandeur d'âme.

Jules César, aussi, le premier Empereur Romain, avoit de l'humanité et de la grandeur d'âme : car après avoir vaincu le Grand Pompée, à la bataille de Pharsale, il pardonna à ceux que selon les lois de la guerre il auroit pu faire mourir : et non seulement il leur donna la vie, mais il leur rendit leurs biens et leurs honneurs. Sur quoi, Cicéron, dans une de ses Harangues, lui dit ce beau mot : *Nihil enim potest Fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, aut Natura tua melius, quam ut velis, conservare quamplurimos* : ce qui veut dire : " Votre fortune ne pouvoit rien faire de plus grand pour vous, que de vous donner le pouvoir de sauver tant de gens ; et la nature ne pouvoit rien faire de meilleur pour vous, que de vous en donner la volonté." Vous voyez encore par là, la gloire, et les éloges, qu'on gagne à faire du bien : outre le plaisir qu'on ressent en soi-même, et qui surpasse tous les autres plaisirs.

Adieu ! Je finirai cette lettre comme Cicéron finissoit souvent les siennes ; *Jubeo te bene valere* : c'est-à-dire, je vous ordonne de vous bien porter.

LETTER XXVI

A BATH, ce 2d d'Avril, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT : J'ai reçu votre lettre, dont je suis très content ; elle étoit fort bien écrite, quoique sans lignes. De la manière que vous apprenez, vous en saurez plus bientôt que bien des garçons qui ont deux ou trois ans plus que vous ; par là vous serez fort estimé par les honnêtes gens, et vous en aurez beaucoup de gloire.

Poursuivons à cette heure le caractère d'un honnête homme. Il n'y a rien de plus essentiel à un honnête homme, que de dire toujours la vérité, et de tenir toujours scrupuleusement sa parole. Comme de l'autre côté, il n'y a rien de plus infâme, ni de plus déshonorant, que le mensonge, et de manquer à sa parole.

Dans la guerre que les Romains eurent avec les Carthaginois, Attilius Regulus, le Général des Romains, fut vaincu, et pris par les Carthaginois ; mais, nonobstant la victoire, les Carthaginois souhaitoient de faire la paix avec les Romains. Pour y parvenir, ils permirent à Regulus d'aller à Rome, à condition qu'il donnât sa parole de revenir, ne doutant pas qu'il ne persuaderoit aux Romains de faire la paix, pour obtenir sa liberté. Mais étant arrivé à Rome, ce généreux Romain ne vouloit pas obtenir sa liberté aux dépens de sa patrie ; et bien loin de persuader les Romains à faire la paix, il leur dit, qu'ils devoient continuer la guerre, car que les Carthaginois n'étoient pas en état de la soutenir. Après cela il se disposa à s'en retourner à Carthage, selon la parole qu'il avoit donnée. Les Romains, ets urtout ses parens et ses amis, lui conseilloyent de ne pas retourner, parce que les Carthaginois, qui étoient cruels, le feroient sûrement mourir : mais il aima mieux aller à une mort certaine, que de vivre infâme, en manquant à sa parole. Il revint donc à Carthage, où on le fit mourir, en le mettant dans un grand tonneau rempli de clous. Cette mort-là vaut bien mieux qu'une vie achetée au prix du mensonge et de l'infamie.

Un honnête homme encore se considère comme intéressé dans le bien de tous les hommes en général. Térence fait dire à un honnête homme, dans une de ses comédies, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Ce qui veut dire, je suis homme moi-même, et comme tel, je prends part à tout ce qui touche les hommes. Et il me semble qu'il est impossible de voir qui que ce soit malheureux, sans en être touché, et sans tâcher de le soulager ; comme d'un autre côté on sent du plaisir à voir les gens heureux et contents ; car il n'y a que les âmes du monde les plus basses qui soient capables d'envier le bonheur, ou de se réjouir du malheur d'autrui. Adieu ! Ayez soin de vous distinguer, autant par les vertus de l'âme, que par les avantages de l'esprit.

LETTER XXVII

ISLEWORTH, 8th July.

MY DEAR BOY : I received your letter, and if you go on to learn at this rate, you will soon puzzle me, in Greek especially ; however, I shall not be sorry to be outdone by you, and the
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sooner you are too hard for me the better. I think, for the future, I shall call you little Polyglot, which is originally a Greek word, that signifies many tongues, or many languages. Mr. Maittaire writes me word that he intends to bring you acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Terence, and Martial, who are the most famous Latin poets; therefore I think it may now be necessary to inform you a little what poetry is, and the difference between poetry and prose. Prose, you know already, is the language of common conversation; it is what you, and everybody speaks and writes. It requires no rhymes, nor no certain number of feet or syllables. But poetry is a more noble and sublime way of expressing one's thoughts. For example, in prose, you would say very properly, "it is twelve of the clock at noon," to mark the middle of the day; but this would be too plain and flat in poetry; and you would rather say, "the chariot of the sun had already finished half its course". In prose you would say, "the beginning of the morning, or the break of day"; but that would not do in verse; and you must rather say, "Aurora spread her rosy mantle".—Aurora, you know, is the goddess of the morning. This is what is called poetical diction. Latin and Greek verses have no rhymes, but consist of a certain number of feet and syllables. The hexameter verses have six feet; the pentameter have five feet. All French verses whatsoever have rhymes. But English verses, some have rhymes, and some have none: those that have no rhymes are called blank verses; but though they have no rhymes, they have the same number of feet or syllables that verses in rhyme have. All our best English tragedies are writ in blank verse, of five feet, or ten syllables, for a foot in English verse is two syllables. For example, the famous tragedy of *Cato* begins thus:—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.¹

Here you see each of these verses have five feet, or ten syllables, though they have no rhymes. English verses of five feet are called long verse, or heroic verse, because heroic poems are writ in that verse, as Homer's *Ilias* in Greek, and Virgil's *Æneis* in

¹[These are the opening lines of *Cato, a tragedy*, by Joseph Addison.]

Latin, are both written in long hexameter verses. Here is enough of poetry for this time, if you will but remember it ; we will have some more of it hereafter.—I shall see you next week in London, where I have very pretty things to give you, because I am sure you will deserve them. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII

A ISLEWORTH, *ce 8ième Juillet.*

Je crains, mon cher enfant, que vous ne trouviez mes lettres trop sérieuses, car je sais que vous aimez à badiner, et, ma foi, vous avez raison : je l'aime aussi, et nous badinerons souvent ensemble. Quelquefois, à la vérité, il faut penser sérieusement ; mais, pour l'ordinaire, il faut être gai et enjoué. Et je ne voudrais nullement qu'un gaillard comme vous fit le philosophe. Il faut bien apprendre, pendant qu'on apprend ; et après cela, il faut bien se divertir.

Je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière de la politesse des honnêtes gens, c'est-à-dire, la politesse des gens de cour, et du beau monde, qui est naturelle et aisée ; et il faut bien la distinguer de la politesse des bourgeois, ou des campagnards, qui est très gênante et incommode. Ces gens-là sont tout pleins de façons, et vous accablent à force de complimens. Par exemple, si vous dînez chez un bourgeois, au lieu de vous offrir honnêtement de vous servir, il vous presse de manger et de boire, malgré vous, entasse des monceaux sur votre assiette, et vous fait crever, pour vous témoigner que vous êtes le bienvenu chez lui. Un campagnard vous étouffe en vous embrassant, et vous jette à terre, pour vous faire passer le premier. Mais un homme qui sait bien vivre, témoigne en toutes ses manières un désir de vous plaire, sans pourtant vous incommoder par ses attentions. Au reste, il y a très peu d'Anglois, qui sachent bien vivre ; car, ou ils sont niais, ou ils sont effrontés ; au lieu que presque tous les François ont les manières aisées et polies. Et comme vous êtes un petit François de la meilleure moitié, j'espère que vous serez du moins à moitié poli ; et vous en serez plus distingué, dans un pays où la politesse n'est pas fort commune. Adieu.

Je vous ai dit, que s'il y a quelques mots dans mes lettres que vous n'entendez pas, de prier votre Maman de vous les expliquer.

LETTER XXIX

TUNBRIDGE, 15th July, 1739.

DEAR BOY: I thank you for your concern about my health; which I would have given you an account of sooner, but that writing does not agree with these waters. I am better since I have been here; and shall therefore stay a month longer.

Signor Zamboni compliments me, through you, much more than I deserve; but pray do you take care to deserve what he says of you; and remember, that praise, when it is not deserved, is the severest satire and abuse; and the most effectual way of exposing people's vices and follies. This is a figure of speech called Irony; which is saying directly the contrary of what you mean; but yet it is not a lie, because you plainly show that you mean directly the contrary of what you say; so that you deceive nobody. For example, if any one were to compliment a notorious knave for his singular honesty and probity, and an eminent fool for his wit and parts, the irony is plain, and everybody would discover the satire. Or, suppose that I were to commend you for your great attention to your book, and for your retaining and remembering what you once learned; would not you plainly perceive the irony, and see that I laughed at you? Therefore, whenever you are commended for anything, consider fairly with yourself whether you deserve it or not, and if you do not deserve it, remember that you are only abused and laughed at; and endeavour to deserve better for the future, and to prevent the irony.

Make my compliments to Mr. Maittaire, and return him my thanks for his letter. He tells me, that you are again to go over your Latin and Greek grammar; so that, when I return, I expect to find you very perfect in it; but if I do not, I shall compliment you upon your application and memory. Adieu.

LETTER XXX

Wednesday.

DEAR BOY: I have lately met with some passages which show the opinion the ancients had of learning and how necessary they thought it. As I know you think it so too, and are re-

solved to learn well, I thought you would be pleased with seeing those passages, which I here send you in the original Latin."

"Paterfamilias quæsit ab Aristippo, quid commodi consequuturus esset filius suus si eum literis institui curaret? Si nullum alium fructum percipiet (respondit ille) hunc certè quod in theatro non sedebit lapis super lapidem. Tunc erant theatri sedilia marmorea. Hoc responso innuebat vir prudens, eos quorum ingenium excultum non fuisset, lapidum similes posse videri.

"A father of a family asked Aristippus, what advantage his son would reap should he bring him up to learning? If no other advantage (answered Aristippus) he will certainly have that of sitting in the theatre not as a stone upon a stone. At that time the seats in the theatre were of marble. By this answer, that judicious man hinted, that persons whose understandings were left unimproved, might be considered as stones."

Thus you see, that Aristippus looked upon an ignorant man as little better than the stone he sat upon. Diogenes considered an ignorant fellow as a beast, and not without reason.

"Salsè ridebat Diogenes Sinopensis, inertiam et incuriam Megarensium, qui liberos nullis bonis artibus instruebant, curam vero pecorum diligentem habebant; dicebat enim malle se Megarensis alicujus esse arietem quam filium."

"Diogenes of Sinope, with a good deal of humour, used to ridicule the indolence and neglect of the inhabitants of Megara, who bestowed no liberal education on their children, yet took particular care of their cattle; for, said he, I had much rather be a ram belonging to a man of Megara than his son."

Cicero, speaking of learning, says, that one should have it, were it only for one's own pleasure, independent of all the other advantages of it.

"Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex liberalium artium studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima. Nam cætera neque temporum omnium sunt, neque ætatum, neque locorum. Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

“Though we did not reap such advantages from the study of letters as we manifestly do, and that in the acquirement of learning pleasure only were the object in pursuit; yet that recreation of mind should be deemed very worthy of a liberal man. Other amusements are not always suitable to time and place; nor are they of all ages and conditions. These studies are nourishment to youth, pleasure to old age, an ornament to prosperity, a refuge and comfort in adversity. They divert us at home, are of no hindrance abroad; they pass the night with us, accompany us when we travel, attend upon us in our rural retreats.”

Seneca, to show the advantage and comfort of learning, says,

“Si tempus in studia conferas, omne vitæ fastidium effugeris, nec noctem fieri optabis tædio lucis; nec tibi gravis eris, nec aliis supervacuum.”

“If you employ your time in study, you will avoid every disgust in life. You will not wish for night, nor be weary of day. You will be neither a burden to yourself, nor unwelcome to others.”

Translate these Latin passages at your leisure; and remember how necessary these great men thought learning was, both for the use, the ornament, and the pleasure of life.

LETTER XXXI

24th July, 1739.

MY DEAR BOY: I was pleased with your asking me, the last time I saw you, why I had left off writing; for I looked upon it as a sign that you liked and minded my letters. If that be the case, you shall hear from me often enough; and my letters may be of use, if you will give attention to them; otherwise it is only giving myself trouble to no purpose; for it signifies nothing to read a thing once, if one does not mind and remember it. It is a sure sign of a little mind to be doing one thing, and at the same time to be either thinking of another, or not thinking at all. One should always think of what one is about; when one is learning, one should not think of play; and when one is at play, one should not think of one's learning. Besides that, if you do not mind your book while you are at it, it will be a double trouble to you, for you must learn it all over again.

One of the most important points of life is decency ; which is to do what is proper, and where it is proper ; for many things are proper at one time, and in one place, that are extremely improper in another ; for example, it is very proper and decent that you should play some part of the day ; but you must feel that it would be very improper and indecent, if you were to fly your kite, or play at nine pins, while you are with Mr. Maittaire. It is very proper and decent to dance well ; but then you must dance only at balls, and places of entertainment ; for you would be reckoned a fool, if you were to dance at church, or at a funeral. I hope, by these examples, you understand the meaning of the word *Decency* ; which in French is *Bienséance* ; in Latin *Decorum* ; and in Greek *Πρεπον*. Cicero says of it, “ Sic hoc decorum, quod elucet in vitâ, movet approbationem eorum quibuscum vivitur, ordine et constantiâ et moderatione dictorum omnium atque factorum ”. By which you see how necessary decency is, to gain the approbation of mankind. And, as I am sure you desire to gain Mr. Maittaire’s approbation, without which you will never have mine ; I daresay you will mind and give attention to whatever he says to you, and behave yourself seriously and decently, while you are with him ; afterwards play, run, and jump, as much as ever you please.

LETTER XXXII

Friday.

DEAR BOY : I was very glad when Mr. Maittaire told me that you had more attention now than you used to have : for it is the only way to reap any benefit by what you learn. Without attention, it is impossible to remember, and without remembering, it is but time and labour lost to learn. I hope, too, that your attention is not only employed upon words, but upon the sense and meaning of those words ; that is, that when you read, or get anything by heart, you observe the thoughts and reflections of the author, as well as his words. This attention will furnish you with materials, when you come to compose and invent upon any subject yourself ; for example, when you read of anger, envy, hatred, love, pity, or any of the passions, observe what the author says of them, and what good or ill effects he ascribes to them. Observe, too, the great difference between prose and

verse, in treating the same subjects. In verse, the figures are stronger and bolder, and the diction or expressions loftier or higher, than in prose; nay, the words in verse are seldom put in the same order as in prose. Verse is full of metaphors, similes, and epithets. Epithets (by the way) are adjectives, which mark some particular quality of the thing or person to which they are added; as, for example, *Pius Æneas*, the pious Æneas; *Pius* is the epithet: *Fama Mendax*, Fame that lies; *Mendax* is the epithet: Πόδας-ωκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς, Achilles swift of foot; Πόδας-ωκὺς is the epithet. This is the same in all languages; as, for instance, they say in French, *L'envie pâle et blême, l'amour aveugle*; in English, Pale, livid envy, blind love: These adjectives are the epithets. Envy is always represented by the poets as pale, meagre, and pining away at other people's happiness.—Ovid says of Envy,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quod nil lacrymabile cernit.¹

Which means, that Envy can scarce help crying when she sees nothing to cry at; that is, she cries when she sees others happy. Envy is certainly one of the meanest and most tormenting of all passions, since there is hardly anybody that has not something for an envious man to envy: so that he can never be happy, while he sees anybody else so. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII

ISLEWORTH, 10th September, 1739.

DEAR BOY: Since you promise to give attention, and to mind what you learn, I shall give myself the trouble of writing to you again, and shall endeavour to instruct you in several things, that do not fall under Mr. Maittaire's province; and which, if they did, he could teach you much better than I can. I neither pretend nor propose to teach them you thoroughly; you are not yet of an age fit for it: I only mean to give you a general notion, at present, of some things that you must learn more particularly hereafter, and that will then be the easier to you, for having had a general idea of them now. For example, to give you some notion of History.

¹[Ovid, *Met.*, book ii., 796.]

History is an account of whatever has been done, by any country in general, or by any number of people, or by any one man; thus the Roman history is an account of what the Romans did as a nation; the history of Catiline's conspiracy is an account of what was done by a particular number of people; and the history of Alexander the Great, written by Quintus Curtius, is the account of the life and actions of one single man. History is, in short, an account or relation of anything that has been done.

History is divided into sacred and profane, ancient and modern.

Sacred history is the Bible, that is, the Old and New Testament.—The Old Testament is the history of the Jews, who were God's chosen people; and the New Testament is the history of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Profane history is an account of the Heathen Gods, such as you read in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and which you will know a great deal more of when you come to read Homer, Virgil, and the other ancient poets.

Ancient history is the account of all the kingdoms and countries in the world, down to the end of the Roman empire.

Modern history is the account of the kingdoms and countries of the world, since the destruction of the Roman empire.

The perfect knowledge of history is extremely necessary; because, as it informs us of what was done by other people, in former ages, it instructs us what to do in the like cases. Besides, as it is the common subject of conversation, it is a shame to be ignorant of it.

Geography must necessarily accompany history; for it would not be enough to know what things were done formerly, but we must know where they were done; and geography, you know, is the description of the earth, and shows us the situation of towns, countries, and rivers.—For example, geography shows that England is in the north of Europe, that London is the chief town of England, and that it is situated upon the river Thames, in the county of Middlesex; and the same of other towns and countries. Geography is likewise divided into ancient and modern; many countries and towns having now very different names from what they had formerly; and many towns, which made a great figure in ancient times, being now utterly de-

stroyed and not existing : as the two famous towns of Troy in Asia, and Carthage in Africa ; of both which there are not now the least remains.

Read this with attention, and then go to play with as much attention, and so farewell.

LETTER XXXIV

ISLEWORTH, 15th September, 1739.

DEAR BOY : History must be accompanied with chronology as well as geography, or else one has but a very confused notion of it ; for it is not sufficient to know what things have been done, which history teaches us ; and where they have been done, which we learn by geography ; but one must know when they have been done, and that is the particular business of chronology. I will therefore give you a general notion of it.

Chronology (in French *la Chronologie*) fixes the dates of facts ; that is, it informs us when such and such things were done ; reckoning from certain periods of time, which are called *æras* or *epochs* : for example, in Europe, the two principal *æras* or *epochs* by which we reckon, are from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, which was four thousand years ; and from the birth of Christ, to this time, which is one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine years ; so that when one speaks of a thing that was done before the birth of Christ, one says, it was done in such a year of the world ; as for instance, Rome was founded in the three thousand two hundred and twenty-fifth year of the world, which was about seven hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. And one says, that Charlemagne was made the first Emperor of Germany in the year eight hundred ; that is to say, eight hundred years after the birth of Christ. So that you see, the two great periods, *æras*, or *epochs*, from whence we date everything, are the creation of the world, and the birth of Jesus Christ.

There is another term in chronology, called *centuries*, which is only used in reckoning after the birth of Christ. A *century* means one hundred years ; consequently there have been seven-teen centuries since the birth of Christ, and we are now in the eighteenth century. When anybody says, then, for example,

that such a thing was done in the tenth century, they mean after the year nine hundred, and before the year one thousand, after the birth of Christ. When anybody makes a mistake in chronology, and says, that a thing was done some years sooner, or some years later, than it really was, that error is called an Anachronism. Chronology requires memory and attention ; both which you can have if you please ; and I shall try them both, by asking you questions about this letter, the next time I see you.

LETTER XXXV

ISLEWORTH, *17th September, 1739.*

DEAR BOY: In my two last letters, I explained to you the meaning and use of history, geography, and chronology, and showed you the connection they had with one another ; that is, how they were joined together, and depended each upon the other. We will now consider history more particularly by itself. The most ancient histories of all are so mixed with fables, that is, with falsehoods and invention, that little credit is to be given to them. All the heathen gods and goddesses that you read of in the poets were only men and women ; but as they had either found out some useful invention, or had done a great deal of good in the countries where they lived, the people, who had a great veneration for them, made them gods and goddesses when they died, addressed their prayers, and raised altars to them. Thus Bacchus, the god of wine, was only the first man who invented the making of wine, which pleased the people so much, that they made a god of him ; and may be they were drunk when they made him so. So Ceres, the goddess of plenty, who is always represented in pictures with wheat sheaves about her head, was only some good woman who invented ploughing and sowing, and raising corn ; and the people, who owed their bread to her, deified her, that is, made a goddess of her. The case is the same of all the other pagan gods and goddesses which you read of in profane and fabulous history.

The authentic, that is, the true ancient history, is divided into five remarkable periods or æras, of the five great empires of the world. The first empire of the world was the Assyrian, which

was destroyed by the Medes. The empire of the Medes was overturned by the Persians; and the empire of the Persians was demolished by the Macedonians, under Alexander the Great. The empire of Alexander the Great lasted no longer than his life; for, at his death, his generals divided the world among them, and went to war with one another; till at last the Roman empire arose, swallowed them all up, and Rome became the mistress of the world. Remember, then, that the five great empires that succeeded each other were these:—

1. The Assyrian Empire, first established.
2. The Empire of the Medes.
3. The Persian Empire.
4. The Macedonian Empire.
5. The Roman Empire.

If ever you find a word that you do not understand, either in my letters or anywhere else, I hope you remember to ask your Mamma the meaning of it. Here are but three in this letter which you are likely not to understand: these are,

CONNECTION, which is a noun substantive, that signifies a joining or tying together; it comes from the verb to connect, which signifies to join.

For example, one says of any two people that are intimate friends, and much together, there is a great connection between them, or, they are mightily connected. One says so also of two things that have a resemblance, or a likeness to one another, there is a connection between them; as for example, there is a great connection between poetry and painting, because they both express nature, and a strong and lively imagination is necessary for both.

DEIFY is a verb, which signifies to make a god; it comes from the Latin word *Deus*, God, and *Fio*, I become. The Roman emperors were always deified after their death, though most of them were rather devils when alive.

AUTHENTIC means *true*; something that may be depended upon, as coming from good authority. For example; one says, such a history is authentic, such a piece of news is authentic; that is, one may depend upon the truth of it.

I have just now received your letter, which is very well written.

LETTER XXXVI

A ISLEWORTH.

La politesse dont je vous ai parlé, mon cher, dans mes précédentes, ne regarde que vos égaux, et vos supérieurs ; mais il y a aussi une certaine politesse, que vous devez à vos inférieurs ; elle est différente à la vérité, mais aussi qui ne l'a pas n'a sûrement pas le cœur bon. On ne fait pas des complimens à des gens au-dessous de soi, et on ne leur parle pas de l'honneur qu'ils vous font ; mais en même tems il faut les traiter avec bonté, et avec douceur. Nous sommes tous de la même espèce, et il n'y a d'autre distinction que celle que le sort a faite ; par exemple, votre valet et Lisette seroient vos égaux, s'ils étoient aussi riches que vous ; mais étant plus pauvres ils sont obligés de vous servir, par conséquent vous ne devez pas ajouter à leur malheur, en les insultant, ou en les maltraitant ; et si votre sort est meilleur que le leur, vous devez en remercier Dieu sans les mépriser, ou en être plus glorieux vous-même. Il faut donc agir avec douceur et bonté envers tous ceux qui sont au-dessous de vous, et ne pas leur parler d'un ton brusque, ni leur dire des duretés, comme s'ils étoient d'une différente espèce. Un bon cœur, au lieu de faire sentir aux gens leur malheur, tâche de le leur faire oublier s'il est possible, au moins de l'adoucir. .

Voilà comme je suis persuadé que vous ferez toujours ; autrement, je ne vous aimerois pas tant que je fais. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII

A ISLEWORTH, ce 19^{ième} Sept., 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT : Je suis très content de votre dernière lettre ; l'écriture en étoit fort bonne, et votre promesse étoit fort belle. Il la faut bien tenir, car un honnête homme n'a que sa parole. Vous m'assurez donc que vous vous souviendrez des instructions que je vous donne ; cela suffit, car quoique vous ne les compreniez pas tout à fait à présent, l'âge et la réflexion vous les débrouilleront avec le tems. Par rapport au contenu de votre lettre, je crois que vous avez eu bon secours, et je ne m'attends pas encore que vous puissiez bien faire une lettre tout seul ; mais

il est bon pourtant d'essayer un peu, car il n'y a rien de plus nécessaire que de savoir bien écrire des lettres, et en effet il n'y a rien de plus facile ; la plupart de ceux qui écrivent mal, c'est parce qu'ils veulent écrire mieux qu'ils ne peuvent, moyennant quoi ils écrivent d'une manière guindée et recherchée : au lieu que pour bien écrire, il faut écrire aisément et naturellement. Par exemple, si vous voulez m'écrire une lettre, il faut seulement penser à ce que vous me diriez si vous étiez avec moi, et puis l'écrire tout simplement, comme si vous me parliez. Je suppose donc, que vous m'écrivez une lettre tout seul, et je m'imagine qu'elle seroit à peu près en ces termes :

MON CHER PAPA : J'ai été chez Monsieur Maittaire ce matin, où j'ai fort bien traduit de l'Anglois en Latin, et du Latin en Anglois, si bien qu'il a écrit à la fin, *Optimè*. J'ai aussi répété un verbe Grec, assez bien. Après cela j'ai couru chez moi comme un petit diable, et j'ai joué jusqu'à dîner ; mais alors l'affaire devint sérieuse, et j'ai mangé comme un loup, à quoi vous voyez que je me porte bien. Adieu.

Hé bien, voici une bonne lettre, et pourtant très facile à écrire, parce qu'elle est toute naturelle. Tâchez donc de m'écrire quelquefois de votre chef, sans vous embarrasser de la beauté de l'écriture, ou de l'exactitude des lignes ; pour vous donner le moins de peine qu'il est possible. Et vous vous accoutumerez peu à peu, de la sorte, à écrire parfaitement bien, et sans peine. Adieu. Vous n'avez qu'à venir chez moi demain à midi, ou Vendredi matin à huit heures.

LETTER XXXVIII

Thursday, ISLEWORTH.

DEAR BOY : As I shall come to town next Saturday, I would have you to come to me on Sunday morning about ten o'clock : and I would have you likewise tell Mr. Maittaire, that, if it be not troublesome to him, I should be extremely glad to see him at the same time. I would not have given him this trouble, but that it is uncertain when I can wait upon him in town ; I do not doubt but he will give me a good account of you, for I think you are now sensible of the advantages, the pleasure, and the necessity of learning well ; I think, too, you have an ambition to excel

in whatever you do, and therefore will apply yourself. I must also tell you, that you are now talked of as an eminent scholar for your age; and therefore your shame will be the greater, if you should not answer the expectations people have of you. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX

Monday.

DEAR BOY: It was a great pleasure to me, when Mr. Maittaire told me, yesterday, in your presence, that you began to mind your learning, and to give more attention. If you continue to do so, you will find two advantages in it: the one your own improvement, the other my kindness; which you must never expect, but when Mr. Maittaire tells me you deserve it. There is no doing anything well without application and industry. Industry (in Latin *Industria*, and in Greek *αγχινοια*) is defined (that is, described) to be *frequens exercitium circa rem honestam, unde aliquis industrius dicitur, hoc est studiosus, vigilans*. This I expect so much from you, that I do not doubt, in a little time, but that I shall hear you called Philip the industrious, or, if you like it better in Greek, *Φιλίππος αγχινοος*. Most of the great men of antiquity had some epithet added to their names, describing some particular merit they had; and why should not you endeavour to be distinguished by some honourable appellation? Parts and quickness, though very necessary, are not alone sufficient; attention and application must complete the business; and both together will go a great way.

Accipite ergo animis, atque hæc mea figite dicta.

Adieu.

We were talking yesterday of America, which I told you was first discovered by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, through the encouragement of Ferdinando and Isabella, king and queen of Spain, in 1491, that is, at the latter end of the fifteenth century; but I forgot to tell you, that it took its name of America from one Vesputius Americus of Florence, who discovered South America, in 1497. The Spaniards began their conquests in America by the islands of St. Domingo and Cuba; and soon

afterwards Ferdinando Cortez, with a small army, landed upon the continent, took Mexico, and beat Montezuma, the Indian emperor. This encouraged other nations to go and try what they could get in this new-discovered world. The English have got there, New York, New England, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and some of the Leeward Islands. The Portuguese have got the Brazils; the Dutch, Curaçoa and Surinam; and the French, Martinico and New France.

LETTER XL

Monday.

DEAR BOY : I have lately mentioned chronology to you, though slightly ; but, as it is very necessary you should know something of it, I will repeat it now a little more fully, in order to give you a better notion of it.

Chronology is the art of measuring and distinguishing time, or the doctrine of epochas, which you know are particular and remarkable periods of time.

The word chronology is compounded of the Greek words *χρονος*, which signifies *time*, and *λογος*, which signifies *discourse*. Chronology and geography are called the two eyes of history, because history can never be clear and well understood without them. History relates facts ; chronology tells us at what time, or when, those facts were done ; and geography shows us in what place or country they were done. The Greeks measured their time by Olympiads, which was a space of four years, called in Greek *Ολυμπιας*. This method of computation had its rise from the Olympic Games, which were celebrated the beginning of every fifth year, on the banks of the river Alpheus, near Olympia, a city in Greece. The Greeks, for example, would say that such a thing happened in such a year of such an Olympiad ; as, for instance, that Alexander the Great died in the first year of the 114th Olympiad. The first Olympiad was seven hundred and seventy-four years before Christ ; so, consequently, Christ was born in the first year of the 195th Olympiad.

The period, or *æra*, from whence the Romans reckoned their time, was from the building of Rome ; which they marked thus

that is, *ab Urbe conditâ*. Thus, the kings were expelled, the consular government established, the 244th *ab u. c.*, of Rome.

Europe now reckons from the great epocha of the birth of Christ, which was seventeen hundred and thirty-eight years ago; so that, when anybody asks, in what year did such a thing happen, they mean, in what year since the birth of Christ.

For example: Charlemain, in French Charlemagne, was made Emperor of the West in the year 800; that is, eight hundred years after the birth of Christ; but, if we speak of any event or other fact that happened before that time, we then say, it happened so many years before Christ. For instance, we say the Tower of Babel was built seven hundred and fifty years before Christ.

The Turks date from their Hegira, which was the year of the flight of their false prophet, Mahomet, from Mecca; and, as we do not know in what year of Christ such a thing was done, they do not date such a thing in such a year of Christ; they date it in such a year of the Hegira. Their Hegira begins in the 622nd year of Christ, that is, above eleven hundred years ago.

There are two great periods in Chronology, from which the events of Europe date events. The first is the creation of the world, the second, the birth of Jesus Christ.

All events that happened before the birth of Christ are dated from the creation of the world. Those events which have happened since the birth of Christ are dated from that time; as the year 1739. For example:—

	A. M.
flood happened in the year of the world	1656
Tower of Babel was built by Semiramis, in the year	1800
Christ was born in the year	2400
Christ was taken by the Greeks in the year	2800
Rome was founded by Romulus in the year	3225
Alexander the Great conquered Persia	3674
Christ was born in the year of the world	4000

The meaning of A.M. at the top of these figures, is *Anno Mundi*, the year of the world.

From the birth of Christ, all Christians date the events that follow. L. I.—4

have happened since that time ; and that is called *the Christian æra*. Sometimes we say, that such a thing happened in such a year of Christ, and sometimes we say in such a century. Now, a century is one hundred years from the birth of Christ ; so that at the end of every hundred years a new century begins : and we are, consequently, now in the eighteenth century.

For example, as to the Christian æra, or since the birth of Christ, Mahomet, the false prophet of the Turks, who established the Mahometan religion, and writ the Alcoran, which is the Turkish book of religion, died in the seventh century, that is, in the year of Christ 632

Charlemain was crowned emperor in the last year of the eighth century, that is, in the year 800

Here the old Roman empire ended.

William the Conqueror was crowned king of England in the eleventh century, in the year 1066

The Reformation, that is, the Protestant religion, begun by Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, in the year 1530

Gunpowder invented by one Bertholdus, a German monk, in the fourteenth century, in the year 1380

Printing invented, at Haerlem in Holland, or at Strasburg, or at Mentz in Germany, in the fifteenth century, about the year 1440

Adieu.

LETTER XLI

A BATH, *ce 8ième d'Octobre, 1739.*

MON CHER ENFANT : Je suis charmé de toutes vos lettres ; celle que vous avez écrit tout seule est très naturelle, et par conséquent très bonne. Votre traduction Angloise est aussi fort juste ; et pour celle en Latin, je ne la demande pas meilleure pour le peu de tems que vous avez appris cette langue. Enfin, jusqu'ici cela ne peut pas aller mieux, continuez seulement. Je vous fais surtout mon compliment à l'occasion de l'*accuratissimè* que Monsieur Maittaire a donné à vos derniers travaux : ce sont là de ces éloges qu'il est bien flatteur de mériter ; et je suis sûr que vous avez senti plus de plaisir à ce seul mot, que vous n'en auriez eu à

jouer deux heures de suite. En effet, quel plaisir-n'a-t'on pas, quand on a bien fait son devoir en quelque chose que ce puisse être ? Il n'y a rien de tel qu'une bonne conscience, c'est la seule chose qui peut rendre tranquille ou heureux. A propos, savez-vous ce que c'est que la conscience ? C'est ce que l'on sent en soi-même, de quelque chose qu'on a dit, ou qu'on a fait. Par exemple, si j'avois fait du mal à quelqu'un, ou si j'avois dit un mensonge, quoique je ne fusse pas découvert, pourtant je me sentirois coupable, et la conscience me tourmenteroit, et je serois malheureux. Vous aurez lu à coup sûr dans les *Métamorphoses* d'Ovide, la fable de Prométhée, qui pour former l'homme vola le feu du Ciel ; dont Jupiter le punit, en l'attachant sur le Mont Caucase, et en envoyant un Vautour qui lui ronge perpétuellement le foie. Cette fable est une allégorie ingénieuse pour marquer les tourmens perpétuels d'une mauvaise conscience. Prométhée avoit fait un vol ; et le Vautour qui lui ronge continuellement le foie, veut dire sa conscience qui lui reproche perpétuellement son crime. Voilà ce qui s'appelle une Allégorie, quand on représente une chose par le moyen d'une autre. Les Poètes se servent souvent de l'Allégorie. Adieu.

Traduisez cette lettre en Anglois :—

MON CHER PAPA : Il est vrai que vous me donnez des louanges : mais il est vrai aussi que vous me les faites payer ; car vous me faites travailler comme un forçat pour les acquérir. N'importe, on ne peut pas acheter la gloire trop cher. Voilà comme Alexandre le Grand a pensé ; et voilà comme pense aussi Philippe le Petit.

Forçat en Anglois est, *a galley-slave*.

Votre, etc.

LETTER XLII

A BATH, ce 17^{ième} Octobre, 1739.

MON CHER ENFANT : En vérité, je crois que vous êtes le premier garçon, à qui avant l'âge de huit ans, on ait jamais parlé des figures de la rhétorique, comme j'ai fait dans ma dernière :¹ mais aussi il me semble qu'on ne peut pas commencer trop jeune

¹ Not to be found. Note by Mrs. Stanhope.

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à y penser un peu ; et l'art de persuader à l'esprit, et de toucher le cœur, mérite bien qu'on y fasse attention de bonne heure.

Vous concevez bien qu'un homme qui parle et qui écrit élégamment, et avec grâce, qui choisit bien ses paroles, et qui orne et embellit la matière sur laquelle il parle ou écrit, persuadera mieux, et obtiendra plus facilement ce qu'il souhaite, qu'un homme qui s'explique mal, qui parle mal sa langue, qui se sert de mots bas et vulgaires, et qui enfin n'a ni grâce, ni élégance en tout ce qu'il dit. Or c'est cet art de bien parler que la Rhétorique enseigne ; et quoique je ne songe pas à vous y enfoncer encore, je voudrois pourtant bien vous en donner quelque idée convenable à votre âge.

La première chose à laquelle vous devez faire attention, c'est de parler la langue que vous parlez, dans sa dernière pureté, et selon les règles de la Grammaire ; car il n'est pas permis de faire des fautes contre la Grammaire, ou de se servir de mots, qui ne sont pas véritablement des mots. Mais ce n'est pas encore tout, car il ne suffit point de ne pas parler mal ; mais il faut parler bien, et le meilleur moyen d'y parvenir est de lire avec attention les meilleurs livres, et de remarquer comment les honnêtes gens et ceux qui parlent le mieux s'expriment ; car les bourgeois, le petit peuple, les laquais et les servantes, tout cela parle mal. Ils ont des expressions basses et vulgaires, dont les honnêtes gens ne doivent jamais se servir. Dans les Nombres, ils joignent le singulier et le pluriel ensemble ; dans les Genres, ils confondent le masculin avec le féminin ; et dans les Temps, ils prennent souvent l'un pour l'autre. Pour éviter toutes ces fautes, il faut lire avec soin ; remarquer le tour et les expressions des meilleurs auteurs ; et ne jamais passer un seul mot qu'on n'entend pas, ou sur lequel on a la moindre difficulté, sans en demander exactement la signification. Par exemple : quand vous lisez les Métamorphoses d'Ovide avec Monsieur Martin, il faut lui demander le sens de chaque mot que vous ne savez pas, et même si c'est un mot dont on peut se servir en prose aussi bien qu'en vers ; car, comme je vous ai dit autrefois, le langage poétique est différent du langage ordinaire, et il y a bien des mots, dont on se sert dans la poésie, qu'on feroit fort mal d'employer dans la prose. De même, quand vous lisez le François avec Monsieur Pelnote, demandez-

lui le sens de chaque nouveau mot que vous rencontrez chemin faisant, et priez-le de vous donner des exemples de la manière dont il faut s'en servir. Tout ceci ne demande qu'un peu d'attention, et pourtant il n'y a rien de plus utile. Il faut (dit-on) qu'un homme soit né Poète ; mais il peut se faire Orateur. *Nascitur Poeta, fit Orator.* C'est-à-dire, qu'il faut être né avec une certaine force et vivacité d'esprit pour être Poète ; mais que l'attention, la lecture, et le travail suffisent pour faire un Orateur. Adieu !

LETTER XLIII

BATH, 26th October, 1739.

DEAR BOY : Though Poetry differs much from Oratory in many things, yet it makes use of the same figures in Rhetoric ; nay, it abounds in metaphors, similes, and allegories ; and you may learn the purity of the language, and the ornaments of eloquence, as well by reading verse as prose. Poetical diction, that is, poetical language, is more sublime and lofty than prose, and takes liberties which are not allowed in prose, and are called Poetical Licences. This difference between verse and prose you will easily observe, if you read them both with attention. In verse, things are seldom said plainly and simply, as one would say them in prose ; but they are described and embellished : as, for example, what you hear the watchman say often in three words, *a cloudy morning* is said thus in verse, in the tragedy of *Cato* :—

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.¹

This is poetical diction, which would be improper in prose, though each word separately may be used in prose.

I will give you here a very pretty copy of verses of Mr. Waller's, which is extremely poetical and full of images. It is to a lady who played upon the lute. The lute, by the way, is an instrument with many strings, which are played upon by the fingers.

¹[The opening lines of Addison's *Cato*, already quoted in Letter XXVII.]

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch ;
 So little she concerned, and we so much.
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
 And tell their joy, for every kiss, aloud.
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
 Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too ?
 Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
 Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.
 Music so softens and disarms the mind,
 That not one arrow can resistance find.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
 His flaming Rome : and, as it burnt, he played.¹

Mind all the poetical beauties of these verses. He supposes the sounds of the strings, when she touches them, to be the expression of their joy for kissing her fingers. Then, he compares the trembling of the strings to the trembling of a lover, who is supposed to tremble with joy and awe, when touched by the person he loves. He represents Love (who, you know, is described as a little boy, with a bow, arrows, and a quiver) as standing by her, and shooting his arrows at people's hearts, while her music softens and disarms them. Then he concludes with that fine simile of Nero, a very cruel Roman emperor, who set Rome on fire, and played on the harp all the while it was burning : for, as love is represented by the poets as fire and flames, so she, while people were burning for love for her, played, as Nero did while Rome, which he had set on fire, was burning. Pray get these verses by heart, against I see you. Adieu.

You will observe that these verses are all long, or heroic verses, that is, of ten syllables, or five feet ; for a foot is two syllables.

LETTER XLIV

A BATH, *ce 29ième Octobre, 1739.*

MON CHER ENFANT : Si l'on peut être trop modeste, vous l'êtes, et vous méritez plus que vous ne demandez. Une canne

¹[Waller's poem quoted, not very exactly, by Lord Chesterfield is entitled *On My Lady Isabella Playing on the Lute*. The opening lines run as follows :—

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch,
 So unconcerned herself, and we so much.
 What art is this, that with so little pains
 Transports us thus, and o'er our spirit reigns ?
 The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
 And tell their joy, for every kiss, aloud.]

à pomme d'ambre, et une paire de boucles, sont des récompenses très modiques pour ce que vous faites, et j'y ajouterai bien quelque autre chose. La modestie est une très bonne qualité, qui accompagne ordinairement le vrai mérite. Rien ne gagne et ne prévient plus les esprits que la modestie ; comme, au contraire, rien ne choque et ne rebute plus que la présomption et l'effronterie. On n'aime pas un homme qui veut toujours se faire valoir, qui parle avantageusement de lui-même, et qui est toujours le héros de son propre roman. Au contraire, un homme qui cache, pour ainsi dire, son propre mérite, qui relève celui des autres, et qui parle peu et modestement de lui-même, gagne les esprits, et se fait estimer et aimer.

Mais il y a aussi bien de la différence entre la modestie et la mauvaise honte ; autant la modestie est louable, autant la mauvaise honte est ridicule. Il ne faut non plus être un nigaud qu'un effronté ; et il faut savoir se présenter, parler aux gens, et leur répondre sans être décontenancé ou embarrassé. Les Anglois sont pour l'ordinaire nigauds, et n'ont pas ces manières aisées et libres, mais en même tems polies, qu'ont les François. Remarquez donc les François, et imitez-les dans leur manière de se présenter, et d'aborder les gens. Un bourgeois ou un campagnard a honte quand il se présente dans une compagnie ; il est embarrassé, ne sait que faire de ses mains, se démonte quand on lui parle, et ne répond qu'avec embarras, et presque en bégayant ; au lieu qu'un honnête homme, qui sait vivre, se présente avec assurance et de bonne grâce, parle même aux gens qu'il ne connoît pas, sans s'embarrasser et d'une manière tout à fait naturelle et aisée. Voilà ce qui s'appelle avoir du monde et savoir vivre, qui est un article très important dans le commerce du monde. Il arrive souvent qu'un homme qui a beaucoup d'esprit, et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit, mais qui a du monde.

Cet objet mérite bien votre attention ; pensez-y donc, et joignez la modestie à une assurance polie et aisée. Adieu !

Je reçois dans le moment votre lettre du 27, qui est très bien écrite.

LETTER XLV

BATH, 1st November, 1739.

DEAR BOY: Let us return to oratory, or the art of speaking well; which should never be entirely out of your thoughts, since it is so useful in every part of life, and so absolutely necessary in most. A man can make no figure without it, in Parliament, in the church, or in the law; and even in common conversation, a man that has acquired an easy and habitual eloquence, who speaks properly and accurately, will have a great advantage over those who speak incorrectly and inelegantly.

The business of oratory, as I have told you before, is to persuade people; and you easily feel, that to please people is a great step towards persuading them. You must then, consequently, be sensible how advantageous it is for a man who speaks in public, whether it be in Parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar (that is, in the courts of law), to please his hearers so much as to gain their attention; which he can never do without the help of oratory. It is not enough to speak the language he speaks in, in its utmost purity, and according to the rules of grammar, but he must speak it elegantly, that is, he must use the best and the most expressive words, and put them in the best order. He should likewise adorn what he says by proper metaphors, similes, and other figures of rhetoric; and he should enliven it, if he can, by quick and sprightly turns of wit. For example, suppose you had a mind to persuade Mr. Maittaire to give you a holiday, would you bluntly say to him, Give me a holiday? That would certainly not be the way to persuade him to it. But you should endeavour first to please him, and gain his attention, by telling him, that your experience of his goodness and indulgence encouraged you to ask a favour of him; that, if he should not think proper to grant it, at least you hoped he would not také it ill that you asked it.

Then you should tell him what it was that you wanted; that it was a holiday, for which you should give your reasons, as that you had such or such a thing to do, or such a place to go to. Then you might urge some arguments, why he should not refuse you; as, that you have seldom asked the favour, and that you

seldom will ; and that the mind may sometimes require a little rest from labour as well as the body. This you may illustrate by a simile, and say, that as the bow is the stronger for being sometimes unstrung and unbent, so the mind will be capable of more attention for being now and then easy and relaxed.

This is a little oration, fit for such a little orator as you : but, however, it will make you understand what is meant by oratory and eloquence ; which is to persuade. I hope you will have that talent hereafter in greater matters.

LETTER XLVI

BATH, 5th November, 1739.

DEAR BOY : I am glad to hear that you went to see the Lord Mayor's Show, for I suppose it amused you, and besides I would have you to see everything. It is a good way of getting knowledge, especially if you inquire carefully (as I hope you always do) after the meaning and the particulars of everything you see. You know then, to be sure, that the Lord Mayor is the head of the city of London, and that there is a new Lord Mayor chosen every year ; that the city is governed by the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Common Council. There are six-and-twenty Aldermen, who are the most considerable tradesmen of the city. The Common Council is very numerous, and consists likewise of tradesmen ; who all belong to the several companies, that you saw march in the procession, with their colours and streamers. The Lord Mayor is chosen every year out of the Court of Aldermen. There are but two lord mayors in England ; one for the city of London, and the other for the city of York. The mayors of the other towns are only called mayors, not Lord mayors. People who have seen little, are apt to stare sillily, and wonder at every new thing they see ; but a man who has been bred in the world, looks at everything with coolness and sedateness, and makes proper observations upon what he sees.

You need not write to me any more after you receive this, for I shall go away from hence on Saturday or Sunday next. But you may come to me in Grosvenor Square, on Wednesday the 14th, at ten o'clock in the morning : where you shall find

the things you bespoke, and something much better, as an additional reward for your learning well: for though people should not do well for the sake of rewards, yet those who do well ought in justice to be rewarded. One should do well for the sake of doing well, and virtue is its own reward; that is, the consciousness of having done right makes one happy enough even without any other reward. Consciousness means that real and inward judgment that every man forms of his own actions. For example, one says, I am not conscious of any guilt; that is, my heart does not tell me that I am guilty, I feel myself innocent, or I am conscious that I deserve to be punished; that is, I feel that I have committed the fault for which I am to be punished. It comes from the Latin, *conscire*, and *consciūs*.—Horace says,

Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa :¹

which means to have nothing to reproach one's self with, and not to turn pale with the remorse of guilt. He says too,

Mens conscia recti :²

that is, a mind conscious of having done right; the greatest pleasure and happiness that any man can have. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII

20th November, 1739.

DEAR BOY: As you are now reading the Roman History, I hope you do it with that care and attention which it deserves. The utility of history consists principally in the examples it gives us of the virtue and vices of those who have gone before us; upon which we ought to make the proper observations. History animates and excites us to the love and the practice of virtue; by showing us the regard and veneration that was always paid to great and virtuous men in the times in which they lived, and the praise and glory with which their names are

¹[Horace, *Epistles*, book i., epistle i., 6x.]

²[Much search has not led to the discovery of this line in Horace. Was Lord Chesterfield perhaps thinking of Ovid, *Fasti*, iv., 311? That line runs as follows: *Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit.*]

perpetuated and transmitted down to our times. The Roman history furnishes more examples of virtue and magnanimity, or greatness of mind, than any other. It was a common thing to see their consuls and dictators (who, you know, were their chief magistrates) taken from the plough, to lead their armies against their enemies; and, after victory, returning to their plough again, and passing the rest of their lives in modest retirement; a retirement more glorious, if possible, than the victories that preceded it! Many of their greatest men died so poor, that they were buried at the expense of the public. Curius, who had no money of his own, refused a great sum of money that the Samnites offered him, saying, that he saw no glory in having money himself, but in commanding those that had. Cicero relates it thus: *Curio ad focum sedenti magnum auri pondus Samnites cum attulissent, repudiati ab eo sunt. Non enim aurum habere præclarum sibi videri, sed iis qui haberent aurum, imperare.* And Fabricius, who had often commanded the Roman armies, and as often triumphed over their enemies, was found by his fireside, eating those roots and herbs which he had planted and cultivated himself in his own field. Seneca tells it thus: *Fabricius ad focum cœnat illas ipsas radices, quas, in agro repurgando, triumphalis Senex, vulsit.* Scipio, after a victory he had obtained in Spain, found among the prisoners a young princess of extreme beauty, who, he was informed, was soon to have been married to a man of quality of that country. He ordered her to be entertained and attended with the same care and respect as if she had been in her father's house; and, as soon as he could find her lover, he gave her to him, and added to her portion the money that her father had brought for her ransom. Valerius Maximus says, *Eximie formæ virginem accersitis parentibus, et sponso inviolatam tradidit, et Juvenis, et Cælebs, et Victor.* This was a most glorious example of moderation, continence and generosity, which gained him the hearts of all the people of Spain; and made them say, as Eivy tells us, *Venisse Diis simillimum juvenem, vincentem omnia, cum armis, tum benignitate ac beneficiis.*

Such are the rewards that always crown virtue; and such the characters that you should imitate, if you would be a great and a good man, which is the only way to be a happy one! Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII

Monday.

DEAR BOY: I was very sorry that Mr. Maittaire did not give me such an account of you yesterday as I wished and expected. He takes so much pains to teach you, that he well deserves from you the returns of care and attention. Besides, pray consider, now that you have justly got the reputation of knowing much more than other boys of your age do, how shameful it would be for you to lose it, and to let other boys, that are now behind you, get before you. If you would but have attention, you have quickness enough to conceive, and memory enough to retain; but without attention while you are learning, all the time you employ at your book is thrown away; and your shame will be the greater, if you should be ignorant, when you had such opportunities of learning. An ignorant man is insignificant and contemptible; nobody cares for his company, and he can just be said to live, and that is all. There is a very pretty French epigram, upon the death of such an ignorant, insignificant fellow, the sting of which is, that all that can be said of him is, that he was once alive, and that he is now dead. This is the epigram, which you may get by heart.

Colas est mort de maladie,
 Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort,
 Que diable veux-tu que j'en die?
 Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.

Take care not to deserve the name of Colas; which I shall certainly give you if you do not learn well: and then that name will go about, and everybody will call you Colas; which will be much worse than Frisky.

You are now reading Mr. Rollin's Ancient History;¹ pray

¹[Charles Rollin (1661-1741) was son of a master-cutler in Paris. It was intended that he should follow his father's business, but a Benedictine, whom, as a boy, he served at Mass, discovered his turn for letters, and prevailed on his mother, who was left a widow, to give him a liberal education. After studying rhetoric in the College of Du Plessis, Rollin became professor there; and, in 1694, he was chosen rector of the university, and spoke the annual panegyric on Louis XIV. At the expiration of the rectorship, Cardinal Noailles engaged him as tutor to his nephews at the College of Laon. In 1715 Rollin published his edition of Quintilian, and in 1726 his treatise: *De la manière d'étudier et d'enseigner les Belles-Lettres*. His *Histoire Ancienne*, the book to which Lord Chesterfield refers, was published between 1730 and 1738. It was a history of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Greeks.]

remember to have your maps by you when you read it, and desire Monsieur Pelnote to show you, in the maps, all the places you read of. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX

Saturday.

DEAR BOY: Since you choose the name of Polyglot, I hope you will take care to deserve it; which you can only do by care and application. I confess the names of Frisky and Colas are not quite so honourable; but then, remember too, that there cannot be a stronger ridicule, than to call a man by an honourable name, when he is known not to deserve it. For example, it would be a manifest irony to call a very ugly fellow an Adonis (who, you know, was so handsome that Venus herself fell in love with him), or to call a cowardly fellow an Alexander, or an ignorant fellow Polyglot; for everybody would discover the sneer; and Mr. Pope observes very truly, that

“Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise”.¹

Next to the doing of things that deserve to be written, there is nothing that gets a man more credit, or gives him more pleasure, than to write things that deserve to be read. The younger Pliny (for there were two Plinys, the uncle and the nephew) expresses it thus: *Equidem beatos puto, quibus Deorum munere datum est, aut facere scribenda, aut legenda scribere; beatissimos vero quibus utrumque.*

Pray mind your Greek particularly; for to know Greek very well, is to be really learned: there is no great credit in knowing Latin, for everybody knows it; and it is only a shame not to know it. Besides that, you will understand Latin a great deal the better for understanding Greek very well; a great number of Latin words, especially the technical words, being derived from the Greek. Technical words mean such particular words as relate to any art or science; from the Greek word τέχνη, which signifies art, and τεχνικός, which signifies artificial. Thus, a dictionary that explains the terms of art is called a Lexicon Technicum, or a Technical Dictionary. Adieu.

¹[The line is from Broadhurst's *British Beauties*. Pope quotes it, but in exactly, in *Imitations of Horace* (ii., l., 413).]

LETTER L

LONGFORD, 9th June, 1740.

DEAR BOY: I write to you now, in the supposition that you continue to deserve my attention, as much as you did when I left London; and that Mr. Maittaire would commend you as much now, as he did the last time he was with me; for otherwise, you know very well that I should not concern myself about you. Take care, therefore, that when I come to town, I may not find myself mistaken in the good opinion I entertained of you in my absence.

I hope you have got the linnets and bullfinches you so much wanted; and I recommend the bullfinches to your imitation. Bullfinches, you must know, have no natural note of their own, and never sing unless taught, but will learn tunes better than any other birds. This they do by attention and memory; and you may observe that while they are taught, they listen with great care, and never jump about and kick their heels. Now, I really think it would be a great shame for you to be outdone by your own bullfinch.

I take it for granted that, by your late care and attention, you are now perfect in Latin verses; and that you may at present be called, what Horace desired to be called, *Romanæ fidicen Lyrae*. Your Greek, too, I dare say, keeps pace with your Latin, and you have all your paradigms *ad unguem*.

You cannot imagine what alterations and improvements I expect to find every day, now that you are more than *octennis*; and, at this age, *non progredi* would be *regredi*, which would be very shameful.

Adieu! Do not write to me, for I shall be in no settled place to receive letters while I am in the country.

LETTER LI

LONDON, 25th June, 1740.

DEAR BOY: As I know you love reading, I send you this book for your amusement, and not by way of task or study. It is an Historical, Chronological and Geographical Dictionary; in which you may find almost everything you can desire to know, whether

ancient or modern. As historical, it gives you the history of all remarkable persons and things ; as chronological, it tells you the time when those persons lived, and when those things were done ; and as geographical, it describes the situation of countries and cities. For example, would you know who Aristides the Just was, you will find there that he was of Athens ; that his distinguished honesty and integrity acquired him the name of Just ; the most glorious appellation a man can have. You will likewise find that he commanded the Athenian army at the battle of Plataea, where Mardonius, the Persian general, was defeated, and his army of three hundred thousand men utterly destroyed ; and that for all these virtues he was banished Athens by the Ostracism. You will then (it may be) be curious to know what the Ostracism is. If you look for it, you will find that the Athenians, being very jealous of their liberties, which they thought were the most in danger from those whose virtue and merit made them the most popular (that is, recommended them most to the favour of the people), contrived this ostracism ; by which, if six thousand people gave in the name of any one man, written upon a shell, that person was immediately banished for ten years.

As to chronology, would you know when Charlemain was made Emperor of the West : look for the article Charlemagne, and you will find that, being already master of all Germany, France, and great part of Spain and Italy, he was declared emperor in the year 800.

As to the geographical part, if you would know the situation of any town or country that you read of, as, for instance, Persepolis, you will find where it was situated, by whom founded, and that it was burned by Alexander the Great, at the instigation of his mistress, Thais, in a drunken riot. In short you will find a thousand entertaining stories to divert you, when you have leisure from your studies, or your play ; for one must always be doing something, and never lavish away so valuable a thing as time ; which, if once lost, can never be regained. Adieu.

LETTER LII

BATH, 1740.

PHILIPPUS CHESTERFIELD PARVULO SUO PHILIPPO STANHOPE, S.P.D.

Pergrata mihi fuit epistola tua, quam nuper accepi, eleganter enim scripta erat, et polliceris te summam operam daturum, ut veras laudes meritò adipisci possis. Sed, ut planè dicam; valde suspicor te, in eâ scribendâ, optimum et eruditissimum adiutorem habuisse; quo duce et auspice, nec elegantia, nec doctrina, nec quicquid prorsus est dignum sapiente bonoque, unquam tibi deesse poterit. Illum ergo ut quam diligenter colas, te etiam atque etiam rogo; et quo magis eum omni officio, amore, et obsequio persequeris, eo magis te me studiosum et observantem existimabo.

Duæ septimanæ mihi ad has aquas bibendas supersunt, antequam in urbem revertam; tunc cura, ut te in dies doctiorem inveniam. Animo, attentione, majore diligentia opus est. Præmia laboris et industriæ hinc afferam, si modo te dignum præbeas; sin aliter, segnitiei pœnas dabis. Vale!

LETTER LIII

TUNBRIDGE, July 18, 1740.

DEAR BOY: After Sparta and Athens, Thebes and Corinth were the most considerable cities in Greece. Thebes was in Bœotia, a province of Greece, famous for its thick, foggy air, and for the dulness and stupidity of its inhabitants, insomuch that calling a man a Bœotian was the same as calling him a stupid fellow: and Horace, speaking of a dull, heavy fellow, says, *Bœotum jures, crasso in aëre natum.*

However, Thebes made itself very considerable for a time, under the conduct of Epaminondas, who was one of the greatest and most virtuous characters of all antiquity. Thebes, like all the rest of Greece, fell under the absolute dominion of the kings of Macedon, Alexander's successors. Thebes was founded by Cadmus, who first brought letters into Greece. Œdipus was king of Thebes: whose very remarkable story is worth your reading.

The city of Corinth sometimes made a figure in defence of the

common liberties of Greece : but was chiefly considerable upon account of its great trade and commerce ; which enriched it so much, and introduced so much luxury, that, when it was burnt by Mummius, the Roman consul, the number of golden, silver, brass and copper statues and vases, that were then melted, made that famous metal, called Corinthian brass, so much esteemed by the Romans.

There were, besides, many other little kingdoms and republics in Greece, which you will be acquainted with when you enter more particularly into that part of ancient history. But to inform yourself a little, at present, concerning Thebes and Corinth, turn to the following articles in Moreri :—

Thebes,	Jocaste,	Pelopidas,
Cadmus,	Sphynx,	Corinth,
Œdipe,	Epaminondas,	Mummius.

LETTER LIV

TUNBRIDGE, *July 29, 1740.*

DEAR BOY : Since you are so ready at the measure of Greek and Latin verses, as Mr. Maittaire writes me word you are, he will possibly, before it is very long, try your invention a little, and set you to make some of your own composition ; you should therefore begin to consider, not only the measure of the verses you read, but likewise the thoughts of the poet, and the similes, metaphors, and allusions, which are the ornaments of poetry, and raise it above prose, and distinguish it from prose as much as the measure does. This attention to the thoughts and diction of other poets will suggest both matter, and the manner of expressing it, to you, when you come to invent, yourself. Thoughts are the same in every language, and a good thought in one language, is a good one in every other ; thus, if you attend to the thoughts and images in French and English poetry, they will be of use to you, when you compose in Latin or Greek. I have met lately with a very pretty copy of English verses, which I here send you to learn by heart ; but, first, I will give you the thought in prose, that you may observe how it is expressed and adorned by poetical diction.

The poet tells his mistress Florella, that she is so unkind to him, she will not even suffer him to look at her ; that, to avoid her cruelty, he addresses himself to other women, who receive him kindly ; but that, notwithstanding this, his heart always returns to her, though she uses him so ill : and then he concludes with his beautiful and apt simile, in which he compares his fate to that of exiles (that is, people who are banished from their own country) who, though they are pitied in whatever country they go to, yet long to return to their own, where they are sure to be used ill and punished.

Why will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And hide from them the only face
They can behold with love ?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And, while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentler usage find.

But oh ! how faint is every joy,
Where nature has no part !
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity everywhere ;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

} The simile.

You will observe, that these verses have alternate rhymes ; that is, the third line rhymes to the first, and the fourth line to the second ; the first and third lines having four feet each ; and the second and fourth having but three feet each. A foot, in English verse, is two syllables.

To use your ear a little to English verses, and to make you attend to the sense too, I have transposed the words of the following lines which I would have you put in their proper order, and send me in your next.

Life consider cheat a when 'tis all I
Hope with fool'd, deceit men yet the favour
Repay will to-morrow trust on think and
Falsar former day to-morrow's than the
Worse lies blest be shall when and we says it
Hope new some possess'd cuts off with we what.

Adieu.

LETTER LV

TUNBRIDGE, *August 3, 1740.*

DEAR BOY: You have done the verses I sent you very well, excepting the last line, in which you have not placed the words as the sense requires; but even there it appears that you have an ear for poetry, because the line runs as smoothly and as harmoniously, in the order you have put the words, as it does in the true order, which is necessary for the sense. There is likewise one fault in your letter, but such a one as many older persons than you are would have committed. It is where you say, that I may not accuse you *with* being one of the Tubs of the Danaids; whereas you should have said *of*, instead of *with*: *of* comes always after accuse, and *with* after reproach. Thus, suppose it were possible for me to suspect that you were ever giddy; I must either say, I accuse you *of* giddiness, or I reproach you *with* giddiness. In order to keep your ear in poetic tune, I send you a couple of stanzas of Mr. Waller's to a lady, who had sung a song to him of his own making, and who sung it so well, that he fell in love with her. The sense of it in prose is this. When you vouchsafe, Chloris, to sing the song I made, you do it so well, that I am caught, like a spirit, in my own spell (that is, enchantment). My fate is like that of an eagle, who, being shot with an arrow, observes his own feathers on the arrow that kills him. I give you notice that the rhyme is alternate.

So you excell self your Chloris,
 You when thought breathe my vouchsafe to
 Spirit with this that spell like a
 My teaching own caught am of my I.

Mine one are eagle's that fate and
 Who shaft made die that him on the
 Of feather own his a espied
 Us'd he which soar with to high so.

Shaft I should tell you is a poetical word for arrow; and *soar* signifies to rise high in the air. The poets often speak of Cupid's shafts, meaning his arrows; the fatal shaft, the deadly shaft, are poetical expressions for an arrow that has wounded or killed anybody. *Sagitta* is Latin for an arrow, and *arundo* is Latin for the iron point of the arrow. You will often find in the Latin

poets, *lethalis arundo*, that is, the deadly or the mortal point; *venenata sagitta*, that is, a poisoned arrow. Before gunpowder was invented, which is about three hundred years ago, people used to fight chiefly with bows and arrows.

Adieu, you are a very good boy.

LETTER LVI

TUNBRIDGE, August 14, 1740.

DEAR BOY: I am very glad to hear from Mr. Maittaire, that you are so ready at scanning both Greek and Latin verses; but I hope you mind the sense of the words, as well as the quantities. The great advantage of knowing many languages consists in understanding the sense of those nations, and authors, who speak and write those languages; but not in being able to repeat the words like a parrot, without knowing their true force and meaning. The poets require your attention and observation more than the prose authors; poetry being more out of the common way than prose compositions are. Poets have greater liberties allowed them than prose writers, which is called the *poetical licence*. Horace says, that poets and painters have an equal privilege of attempting anything. *Pictoribus atque poetis, quidlibet audendi, semper fuit æqua potestas*. Fiction, that is, invention, is said to be the soul of poetry. For example; the poets give life to several inanimate things; that is, to things that have no life; as, for instance, they represent the passions, as love, fury, envy, etc., under human figures; which figures are allegorical; that is, represent the qualities and effects of those passions. Thus the poet represents love as a little boy, called Cupid, because love is the passion of young people chiefly. He is represented blind likewise; because love makes no distinction, and takes away the judgment. He has a bow and arrows, with which he is supposed to wound people, because love gives pain; and he has a pair of wings to fly with, because love is changeable, and apt to fly from one object to another. Fury is likewise represented under the figures of three women, called the three Furies, Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They are described with lighted torches or flambeaux in their hands; because rage and fury is for setting fire to everything; they are likewise

drawn with serpents hissing about their heads ; because serpents are poisonous and destructive animals. Envy is described as a woman, melancholy, pale, livid, and pining ; because envious people are never pleased, but always repining at other people's happiness : she is supposed to feed upon serpents ; because envious people only comfort themselves with the misfortune of others. Ovid gives the following description of Envy :—

—Videt intus edentem
 Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum
 Invidiam ; visâque oculos avertit. At illa
 Surgit humo pigrâ : semesarumque relinquit
 Corpora serpentum ; passuque incedit inerti.
 Utque Deam vidit formâque armisque decoram ;
 Ingemuit : vultumque ima ad suspiria duxit.
 Pallor in ore sedet : macies in corpore toto :
 Nusquam recta acies : livent rubigine dentes :
 Pectora felle virent, lingua est suffusa veneno,
 Risus abest, nisi quem visi movere dolores.
 Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis :
 Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
 Successum hominum : carpitque et carpitur una :
 Suppliciumque suum est.¹

This is a beautiful poetical description of that wretched, mean passion of envy, which I hope you will have too generous a mind ever to be infected with ; but that, on the contrary, you will apply yourself to virtue and learning, in such a manner as to become an object of envy yourself. Adieu.

LETTER LVII

Monday.

DEAR BOY : Since, by Mr. Maittaire's care, you learn your Latin and Greek out of the best authors, I wish you would, at the same time that you construe the words, mind the sense and thoughts of those authors ; which will help your invention, when you come to compose yourself, and at the same time form your taste. Taste, in its proper signification, means the taste of the palate in eating or drinking ; but it is metaphorically used for the judgment one forms of any art or science. For example, if I say, such a man has a good taste in poetry, I mean that he judges well of poetry, and distinguishes rightly what is good and what is bad ; and finds out equally the beauties and the

¹[Ovid, *Met.*, book ii., 768.]

faults of the composition. Or if I say, that such a man has a good taste in painting I mean the same thing ; which is, that he is a good judge of pictures ; and will distinguish not only good ones from bad ones, but very good ones from others not quite so good, but yet good ones. *Avoir le goût bon*, means the same thing in French : and nothing forms so true a taste, as the reading the ancient authors with attention. Description is a beautiful part of poetry, and much used by the best poets : it is likewise called painting, because it represents things in so lively and strong a manner, that we think we see them as in a picture. Thus Ovid describes the palace of the Sun, or Apollo :—

Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
 Clara micante auro, flammisque imitante pyropo.
 Cujus ebur nitidum fastigia summa tenebat ;
 Argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvæ,
 Materiem superabat opus : nam Mulciber illic
 Ætuora cælarat medias cingentia terras,
 Tetrarumque orbem, cœlumque quod imminet orbi.¹

Afterwards he describes Phœbus himself sitting upon his throne :—

———Purpureâ velatus veste sedebat
 In Solio Phœbus, claris lucente smaragdis.
 A dextrâ lævâque Dies, et Mensis, et Annus,
 Sæculaque, et positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ ;
 Verque novum stabat, cinctum florente coronâ,
 Stabat nuda Æstas, et spiceaserta gerebat.
 Stabat et Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvis,
 Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.²

Observe the invention in this description. As the sun is the great rule by which we measure time ; and as it marks out the years, the months, the days and the seasons ; so Ovid has represented Phœbus upon his throne, as the principal figure, attended by the Years, Days, Months, and Seasons, which he likewise represents as so many persons. This is properly invention, and invention is the soul of poetry. Poets have their name upon that account, from the Greek word Ποιέω, which signifies, to make or invent. Adieu.

Translate these Latin verses, at your leisure, into English, and send your translation, in a letter, to my house in town. I mean English prose ; for I do not expect verse from you yet.

¹[Ovid, *Mét.*, book ii., 1.]

²[*Ibid.*, 23.]

LETTER LVIII

Friday.

DEAR BOY: I mentioned, in my last, description, or painting, as one of the shining marks or characteristics of Poetry. The likeness must be strong and lively; and make us almost think that we see the thing before our eyes. Thus, the following description of Hunger, or Famine, in Ovid, is so striking that one thinks one sees some poor famished wretch.

———Famem *lapidoso* vidit in agro,
 Unguibus et *raras* vellentem dentibus herbas.
Hirtus erat crinis, *cava* lumina, pallor in ore,
 Labra *incana* situ, *scabræ* rubigine fauces,
Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent;
 Ossa sub *iucurvis* extabant *arida* lumbis:
 Ventris erat pro ventre locus: pendere putares
 Pectus, et a spinæ tantummodo crate teneri.¹

Observe the propriety and significancy of the epithets. *Lapidoso* is the epithet to *agro*; because a stony ground produces very little grass. *Raras* is the epithet to *herbas*, to mark how few and how scare the herbs were, that Famine was tearing with her teeth and nails. You will easily find out the other epithets.

I will now give you an excellent piece of painting, or description, in English verse; it is in the Tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus. Phædra was the second wife of the famous Theseus, one of the first kings of Athens: and Hippolytus was his son by his former wife. Look for the further particulars of their story in your dictionary, under the articles *Phèdre* and *Hippolite*.

So when *bright* Venus yielded up her charms,
 The *blest* Adonis languish'd in her arms.
 His *idle* horn on *fragrant* myrtles hung;
 His arrows *scatter'd* and his bow *unstrung*.
 Obscure, in coverts, lie his *dreaming* hounds,
 And bay the *fancied* boar with *feeble* sounds.
 For nobler sports he quits the *savage* fields,
 And all the Hero to the Lover yields.

I have marked the epithets, that you may the better observe them.—Venus is called *bright*, upon account of her beauty; Adonis is called *blest*, because Venus was in love with him; his horn is said to be *idle*, because he then laid it by, and made no

¹[Ovid, *Met.*, book viii., 799.]

use of it ; the myrtles are called *fragrant*, because the myrtle is a sweet-smelling tree ; moreover, the myrtle is the particular tree sacred to Venus : *scattered arrows*, because laid by here and there, carelessly. The bow *unstrung* ; it was the custom to unstring the bow when they did not use it, and it was the stronger for it afterwards. *Dreaming hounds* : hounds that are used to hunt, often dream they are hunting ; as appears by their making the same noise, only not so loud, when they sleep, as they do when they are hunting some wild beast ; therefore the sounds are called *feeble*. *Savage fields* ; so called from the roughness of field sports, in comparison to the tenderness and softness of love.

Adonis was extremely handsome, and a great sportsman ; he used to employ his whole time in hunting boars, and other wild beasts. Venus fell in love with him, and used frequently to come down to him ; he was at last killed by a wild boar, to the great grief of Venus. Look for Adonis in your dictionary ; for, though you have read his story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, I believe that excellent memory of yours wants refreshing. From hence, when a man is extremely handsome, he is called, by metaphor, an Adonis. Adieu.

LETTER LIX

Saturday.

DEAR BOY : Your last translations were very well done ; and I believe you begin to apply yourself more. This you may depend upon, that the more you apply, the easier you will find your learning, and the sooner you will have done with it. But, as I have often told you before, it is not the words only that you should mind, but the sense and beauties of the authors you read ; which will furnish you with matter, and teach you to think justly upon subjects. For example, if you were to say, in poetry, that it was morning, you would not barely say it was morning ; that would not be poetical ; but you would represent the morning under some image, or by description, as thus :—

Lo ! from the *rosy* East, her *purple* doors
 The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with *blushing* flowers.
 The *lessen'd* stars draw off and disappear,
 Whose *bright* battalions, lastly, Lucifer
 Brings up, and quits his station in the rear. }

Observe, that the day always rises in the east ; and therefore it is said from the rosy east ; *rosy* is the epithet to east ; because the break of day, or the aurora, is of a reddish rosy colour. Observe, too, that Lucifer is the name of that star that disappears the last in the morning ; for the astronomers have given names to most of the stars. The three last lines, which have the same rhymes, are called a triplet, which is always marked as I have marked it. The original Latin is thus in Ovid :—

—Ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
Atria. Diffugiunt stellæ, quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer, et cœli statione novissimus exit.¹

Here is another way of saying that it is morning, as Virgil expresses it :—

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile ;
Jam sole infuso, jam rebus luce relectis.²

Thus in English verse :—

And now, Aurora, harbinger of day,
Rose from the *saffron* bed where Tithon lay,
And sprinkled o'er the world with *new-born* light ;
The sun now shining, all things brought to sight.

Look in your dictionary for the articles *Aurora* and *Tithon*, where you will find their story. Tithon was the husband of Aurora. Aurora, in poetical language, means the break of day, or the first part of the morning. Harbinger (by the way) means forerunner, or a person who is sent beforehand, by another, upon a journey, to prepare things for him. The king has several harbingers, that go before him upon the road, to prepare his lodging, and get everything ready. So Aurora, or the morning, is called, by a metaphor, the harbinger of day, because it foreruns the day.

I expect very good verses, of your making, by the time you are ten years old ; and then you shall be called *Poeta Decennis*, which will be a very uncommon, and consequently, a glorious title. Adieu.

¹[Ovid, *Met.*, book ii., 112.]

²[Virgil, *Æneid.*, ix., 459.]

LETTER LX

Wednesday.

DEAR BOY: In my last I sent you two or three poetical descriptions of the Morning; I here send you some other parts of the day. The Noon, or Midday, that is twelve o'clock, is thus described by Ovid:—

Fecerat exiguas jam Sol altissimus umbras.¹

and in another place,

Jamque dies rerum medias contraxerat umbras,
Et sol ex æquo, metâ distabat utrâque :²

because the sun at noon, is exactly in the middle of its course, and being then just perpendicular over our heads, makes the shadows very short; whereas, when the sun shines on either side of us (as it does mornings and evenings), the shadows are very long; which you may observe any sunshiny day that you please. The evening is described thus by Ovid:—

Jam labor exiguus Phœbo restabat; equique
Pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi :³

because the course of the sun, being supposed to be of one day, Phœbus (that is, the sun) is here said to have little more remaining business to do; and his horses are represented as going down hill; which points out the evening; the sun, in the evening, seeming to go downwards. In another place, he says,

Jamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
Quod tu nec tenebras, nec possis dicere lucem :⁴

for, in the dusk of the evening, one can neither call it day nor night.

Night is described by Virgil in this manner:—

Nox erat, et terras animalia fusa per omnes,
Alituum, pecudumque genus, sopor altus habebat.⁵

What I mean by sending and explaining these things to you, is to use you to think and reflect a little yourself; and not to

¹ [Ovid, *Met.*, book iii., 50.]

² [*Ibid.*, vi., 486.]

³ [Virgil, *Æneid.*, viii., 26.]

⁴ [*Ibid.*, 144.]

⁵ [*Ibid.*, iv., 399.]

repeat words only like a parrot, without minding or knowing the sense and import of them. For example, when you read a description of anything, compare it with your own observations ; and ask yourself this question, is this so ? Have I ever observed it before ? And if you have not observed it, take the first opportunity you can of doing it. For instance, if you have not already observed, that the shadows are long in the morning and evening, and short at noon, try it yourself, and see whether it is true or not. When you hear of the *rosy morn*, consider with yourself why it is so called, and whether it ought to be called so or not ; and observe the morning early, to see if it is not of a reddish, rosy colour. When you hear of Night's spreading its sable (that is black) wings over the world, consider whether the gradual spreading of the darkness does not extend itself in the sky like black wings. In short, use yourself to think and reflect upon everything you hear and see ; examine everything, and see whether it is true or not, without taking it upon trust. For example, if you should find in any author, *the blue or azure sun*, would you not immediately reflect, that could not be just, for the sun is always red ? and that he who would call it so must be either blind, or a fool ? When you read historical facts, think of them within yourself, and compare them with your own notions. For example, when you read of the first Scipio, who, when he conquered Spain, took a beautiful Spanish princess prisoner, who was soon to have been married to a prince of that country, and returned her to her lover, not only untouched, but giving her a fortune besides, are you not struck with the virtue and generosity of that action ? And can you help thinking with yourself, how virtuous it was in Scipio, who was a young man, unmarried, and a conqueror, to withstand the temptation of beauty ; and how generous it was to give her a fortune, to make amends for the misfortunes of war ? Another reflection too, that naturally occurs upon it, is how virtuous actions never fail to be rewarded by the commendation and applause of all posterity ; for this happened above eighteen hundred years ago ; it is still remembered with honour ; and will be so long as letters subsist ; not to mention the infinite pleasure Scipio must have felt himself, from such a virtuous and heroic action. I wish you more pleasure of that kind than ever man had. Adieu.

LETTER LXI

BATH, *October 14, 1740.*

DEAR BOY: Since I have recommended you to think upon subjects, and to consider things in their various lights and circumstances, I am persuaded you have made such a progress, that I shall sometimes desire your opinion upon difficult points, in order to form my own. For instance, though I have, in general, a great veneration for the manners and customs of the ancients, yet I am in some doubt whether the Ostracism of the Athenians was either just or prudent; and should be glad to be determined by your opinion. You know very well that the Ostracism was the method of banishing those whose distinguished virtue made them popular, and consequently (as the Athenians thought) dangerous to the public liberty. And, if six thousand citizens of Athens gave in the name of any one Athenian, written upon an oyster shell (from whence it is called Ostracism), that man was banished Athens for ten years. On one hand, it is certain, that a free people cannot be too careful or jealous of their liberty; and it is certain too, that the love and applause of mankind will always attend a man of eminent and distinguished virtue; and, consequently, they are more likely to give up their liberties to such a one, than to another of lesser merit. But then, on the other hand, it seems extraordinary to discourage virtue upon any account; since it is only by virtue that any society can flourish, and be considerable. There are many more arguments, on each side of this question, which will naturally occur to you; and, when you have considered them well, I desire you will write me your opinion, whether the Ostracism was a right or a wrong thing; and your reasons for being of that opinion. Let nobody help you; but give me exactly your own sentiments, and your own reasons, whatever they are.

I hope Mr. Pelnote makes you read Rollin with great care and attention, and recapitulate to him whatever you have read that day; I hope, too, that he makes you read aloud, distinctly, and observe the stops. Desire your Mamma to tell him so from me; and the same to Mr. Martin: for it is a shame not to read perfectly well.

Make my compliments to Mr. Maittaire ; and take great care that he gives me a good account of you, at my return to London, or I shall be very angry at you. Adieu.

LETTER LXII

BATH, *October 20, 1740.*

DEAR BOY : I have often told you already, that nothing will help your invention more and teach you to think more justly, than reading, with care and attention, the Ancient Greek and Latin Authors, especially the Poets : invention being the soul of poetry ; that is to say, it animates and gives life to poetry, as the soul does to the body. I have often told you, too, that Poets take the liberty of personifying inanimate things ; that is, they describe, and represent as persons, the passions, the appetites, and many other things, that have no figures nor persons belonging to them. For example, they represent Love as a little boy with wings, a bow and arrow, and a quiver. Rage and Fury they represent under the figures of three women, called the three Furies, with serpents hissing about their heads, lighted torches in their hands, and their faces red and inflamed. The description of Envy I have already sent you, and likewise the description of Hunger and Famine, out of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I now send you, out of the same book, the beautiful description of the House or Dwelling of Rumour, that is, common report. You will there find all the particularities of rumour ; how immediately it spreads itself everywhere ; how it adds falsehoods to truths ; how it imposes upon the vulgar ; and how credulity, error, joy and fear, dwell with it ; because credulous people believe lightly whatever they hear, and that all people in general are inclined to believe what they either wish or fear much. Pray translate these lines, at your leisure, into English, and send them me. Consider them yourself too, at the same time, and compare them with the observations you must already have made upon rumour, or common fame. Have not you observed how quickly a piece of news spreads itself all over the town ? how it is first whispered about, then spoken aloud ? how almost everybody, that repeats it, adds something to it ? how the vulgar, that is, the ordinary people, believe it immediately ?

and how other people give credit to it, according as they wish it true or not? All this you will find painted in the following lines; which I desire you will weigh well. *Hoc enim abs te rogo, oro, postulo, flagito. Jubeo te bene valere.*

Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque, fretumque,
 Coelestesque plagas, *triplicis* confinia * mundi;
 Unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
 Inspicitur; penetratque *cavas* vox omnis ad * aures.
 Fama tenet, summâque domum sibi legit in arce:
 Innumerosque aditus, ac mille foramina tectis
 Addidit, et nullis inclusit limina portis.
 Nocte dieque patent. Tota est ex * *ære sonanti*.
 Tota fremit: vocesque refert: iteratque quod audit.
 Nulla quies intus, nullaque silentia parte;
 Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis,
 Qualia de pelagi, si quis procul audiat, undis
 Esse solent: qualemve sonum; cum Jupiter *atras*
 Increpuit * nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
 ¶ Atria turba tenent: veniunt *leve* * vulgus, euntque,
 Mistaque cum veris, passim commenta vagantur
 Millia rumorum; confusaque verba volutant.
 E quibus hi *vacuas* implent sermonibus * auras:
 Hi narrata ferunt aliò: mensuraque ficti
 Crescit. Et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor:
 Illic Credulitas, illic *temerarius* * Error,
 Vanaque * Læstitia est *consternaticus* * Timores,
 * Seditioque *repens*, dubioque auctore Susurri.
 Ipsa quid in cœlo rerum, pelagoque geratur,
 Et tellure, videt; totumque inquiri in orbem.¹

N. B.—I have underlined the epithets and marked the substantives they belong to thus *.

LETTER LXIII

DEAR BOY: The shortest and best way of learning a language, is to know the roots of it; that is, those original, primitive words, of which many other words are made, by adding a letter, or a preposition to them, or by some such small variation, which makes some difference in the sense: thus, you will observe, that the prepositions, *a, ab, abs, e, ex, pro, præ, per, inter, circum, super, trans*, and many others, when added to the primitive verb, or noun, alter its signification accordingly; and when you have observed this in three or four instances, you will know it in all. It is likewise the same in Greek, where, when you once know

¹[Ovid, *Mét.*, book xii., 39.]

the roots, you will soon know the branches. Thus, in the paper I send you to get by heart, you will observe, that the verb *fero*, I carry, is the root of sixteen others, whose significations differ from the root, only by the addition of a letter or two, or a preposition; which letters or preposition make the same alteration to all words to which they are added: as, for example, *ex*, which signifies out, when joined to *eo*, I go, makes, I go out, *exeo*; when joined to *traho*, I draw, it makes, I draw out, *extraho*; and so in all other cases of the same nature. The preposition *per*, which signifies thoroughly or completely, as well as *by*, when joined to a verb or a noun, adds that signification to it; when added to *fero*, I carry, it makes *perfero*, I carry thoroughly; when added to *facio*, I do, it makes *perficio*, I finish, I do thoroughly, I complete: when added to nouns, it has the same effect; *difficilis*, hard; *perdifficilis*, thoroughly, completely hard; *jucundus*, agreeable; *perjucundus*, thoroughly agreeable. If you attend to these observations, it will save you a great deal of trouble in looking in the dictionary. As you are now pretty well master of most of the rules, what you chiefly want, both in Latin and Greek, is the words, in order to construe authors; and therefore I would advise you to write down, and learn by heart, every day, for your own amusement, besides what you do with Mr. Maittaire, ten words of Greek, Latin and English, out of a dictionary or vocabulary, which will go a great way in a year's time, considering the words you know already, and those you will learn besides in construing with Mr. Maittaire. Adieu.

LETTER LXIV

DEAR BOY: I send you here a few more Latin roots, though I am not sure that you will like my roots so well as those that grow in your garden; however, if you will attend to them, they may save you a great deal of trouble. These few will naturally point out many others to your own observation; and enable you, by comparison, to find out most derived and compound words, when once you know the original root of them. You are old enough now to make observations upon what you learn; which, if you would be pleased to do, you cannot imagine how

much time and trouble it would save you. Remember, you are now very near nine years old ; an age at which all boys ought to know a great deal, but you, particularly, a great deal more, considering the care and pains that have been employed about you ; and, if you do not answer those expectations, you will lose your character, which is the most mortifying thing that can happen to a generous mind. Everybody has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed : the difference is, that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken ambition ; and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance, the ambition of a silly boy of your age would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away in idle follies : which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only a folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him money to play the fool with. Whereas, a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in showing good nature and compassion, in learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition ; and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men as well as in boys ; the ambition of a silly fellow will be to have a fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes ; things which anybody that has as much money may have as well as he, for they are all to be bought ; but the ambition of a man of sense and honour is, to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue ; things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedemonians and the Romans, when they made the greatest figure ; and such I hope yours will always be. Adieu.

LETTER LXV

You know so much more, and learn so much better than any boy of your age, that you see I do not treat you like a boy, but write to you upon subjects fit for men to think and consider of.

When I send you examples of the virtues of the ancients, it is not only to inform you of those pieces of history, but to *animate* and excite you to follow those examples. You there see the advantages of virtue; how it is sure (sooner or later) to be rewarded, and with what praises and *encomiums* the virtuous actions of the great men of antiquity have been perpetuated, and transmitted down to us. Julius Cæsar, though a tyrant, and guilty of that great crime of enslaving his country, had, however, some virtues; and was distinguished for his clemency and humanity; of which there is this remarkable instance.—Marcellus, a man of *consideration* in Rome, had taken part with Pompey in the civil war between him and Cæsar and had even acted with *zeal* and *acrimony* against Cæsar. However, after Cæsar had conquered Pompey and was returned to Rome victorious, the Senate *interceded* with him in favour of Marcellus, whom he not only pardoned, but took into his friendship. Cicero made an oration on purpose to compliment Cæsar upon this act of good-nature and generosity; in which, among many other things, he tells him, that he looks upon his pardoning Marcellus as a greater action than all his victories: his words in Latin are these: *Domuisti gentes inmanitate barbaras, multitudine innumerabiles, locis infinitas, omni copiarum genere abundantes: sed tamen ea vicisti, quæ et naturam et conditionem ut vinci possent, habebant. Nulla est enim tanta vis, tanta copia, quæ non ferro ac viribus debilitari frangique possit. Verum animum vincere; iracundiam cohibere; victoriam temperare; adversarium nobilitate, ingenio, virtute præstantem non modo extollere jacentem, sed etiam amplificare ejus pristinam dignitatem: hæc qui faciat, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum Deo judico.*

It is certain that humanity is the particular *characteristic* of a great mind; little vicious minds are full of anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the *exalted* pleasure by forgiving their enemies, and of bestowing marks of favour and generosity upon those of whom they have gotten the better. Adieu.

I have underlined those words that I think you do not understand, to put you in mind to ask the meaning of them.

LETTER LXVI

Thursday.

MY DEAR CHILD: You are now reading the Historical Novel of Don Carlos, written by the Abbé de St. Réal.¹ The foundation of it is true; the Abbé has only embellished a little, in order to give it the turn of a novel; and it is prettily written. *A propos*, I am in doubt whether you know what a novel is: it is a little gallant history, which must contain a great deal of love, and not exceed one or two small volumes. The subject must be a love affair; the lovers are to meet with many difficulties and obstacles, to oppose the accomplishment of their wishes, but at last overcome them all; and the conclusion or catastrophe must leave them happy. A novel is a kind of abbreviation of a romance; for a romance generally consists of twelve volumes, all filled with insipid love nonsense, and most incredible adventures. The subject of a romance is sometimes a story entirely fictitious, that is to say, quite invented; at other times a true story, but generally so changed and altered, that one cannot know it. For example, in *Grand Cyrus*, *Clelia* and *Cleopatra*,² three celebrated romances, there is some true history; but so blended with falsities and silly love adventures, that they confuse and corrupt the mind, instead of forming and instructing it. The greatest heroes of antiquity are there represented in woods and forests, whining insipid love tales to their inhuman fair one, who answers them in the same style. In short, the reading of romances is a most frivolous occupation, and time merely thrown away. The old romances, written two or three hundred years

¹[This novel is *Dom Carlos: Nouvelle historique et galante*, which appeared in 1673, from the pen of César Vichard de Saint-Réal (1639-92). Some French critics maintain that Schiller himself was less successful than Saint-Réal in his treatment of the well-known story of the luckless Don Carlos. Writing in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* (ed. M. de la Hoefer) M. Colincamp says: *Schiller n'a eu qu'à se baisser, pour tirer de ce dramatique récit, son Don Carlos; et certains critiques trouvent et prouvent que le poète allemand a été moins heureux que Saint-Réal.*]

²[The romance of *Cleopatra* is by Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède. *Cyrus the Great* and *Clelia*, in ten volumes each, are by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who lived till 1701. *Clelia* is on the list of a lady's library given by Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 37.

See Steele's *Tender Husband*, Act i., Sc. 1:—

Clerimont: "Oh, let me alone—I have been a great traveller in fairy land myself. I know Oroondates; Cassandra, Astræa and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance."

ago, such as Amadis of Gaul, Orlando the Furious, and others, were stuffed with enchantments, magicians, giants, and such sort of impossibilities; whereas, the more modern romances keep within the bounds of possibility but not of probability. For I would just as soon believe, that the great Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins from Rome, was shut up by some magician in an enchanted castle, as imagine that he was making silly verses for the beautiful Clelia, as he is represented in the romance of that name.

Don Carlos, whose name is given in the novel you are now reading, was son to Philip II. king of Spain, who was himself son of the Emperor Charlequint, or Charles V. This Charles V. was, at the same time, emperor of Germany and king of Spain; he was, besides, master of all Flanders, and the greatest part of Italy. He reigned long; but two or three years before his death, he abdicated the crown, and retired as a private man to the convent of St. Just, in Spain. He ceded the empire to his brother Ferdinand; and Spain, America, Flanders and Italy to his son Philip II., who was very unlike him, for he was proud and cruel, even towards his son, Don Carlos, whom he put to death.

Don is a title which is given in Spain to every gentleman; as *Monsieur* in France, and *Signor* in Italy. For instance, if you were in Spain you would be called *Don Philip*. Adieu.

LETTER LXVII

Thursday.

DEAR BOY: You will seldom hear from me without an admonition to think. All you learn, and all you can read, will be of little use, if you do not think and reason upon it yourself. One reads to know other people's thoughts; but if we take them upon trust, without examining and comparing them with our own, it is really living upon other people's scraps, or retailing other people's goods. To know the thoughts of others is of use, because it suggests thoughts to one's self, and helps one to form a judgment; but to repeat other people's thoughts, without considering whether they are right or wrong, is the talent only of a parrot, or at most a player.

If *Night* were given you as a subject to compose upon, you would do very well to look what the best authors have said upon it, in order to help your own invention; but then you must think of it afterwards yourself, and express in your own manner, or else you would be at best but a plagiary. A plagiary is a man who steals other people's thoughts, and puts them off for his own. You would find, for example, the following account of Night in Virgil;

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras; sylvæque et sæva quierant
 Æquora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu;
 Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
 Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent; somno positæ sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.¹

Here you see the effects of night; that it brings rest to men when they are wearied with the labours of the day; that the stars move in their regular course; that flocks and birds repose themselves, and enjoy the quiet of the night. This, upon examination, you would find to be all true; but then, upon consideration too, you would find, that it is not all that is to be said upon night; and many more qualities and effects of night would occur to you. As, for instance, though night is in general the time of quiet and repose, yet it is often the time too for the commission and security of crimes, such as robberies, murders and violations which generally seek the advantage of darkness, as favourable for the escape of the guilty. Night too, though it brings rest and refreshment to the innocent and virtuous, brings disquiet and horror to the guilty. The consciousness of their crimes torments them, and denies them sleep and quiet. You might, from these reflections, consider what would be the proper epithets to give to night; as for example, if you were to represent night in its most pleasing shape, as procuring quiet and refreshment from labour and toil, you might call it the *friendly* night, the *silent* night, the *welcome* night, the *peaceful* night; but if, on the contrary, you were to represent it as inviting to the commission of crimes, you would call it the *guilty* night, the *conscious* night, the *horrid* night; with many other epithets, that carry

¹[Virgil, *Æneid*, iv., 522.]

along with them the idea of horror and guilt: for an epithet to be proper must always be adapted (that is, suited) to the circumstances of the person or thing to which it is given. Thus Virgil, who generally gives Æneas the epithet of pious, because of his piety to the gods, and his duty to his father, calls him *Dux Æneas*, where he represents him making love to Dido, as a proper epithet for him in that situation; because making love becomes a general much better than a man of singular piety.

Lay aside, for a few minutes the thoughts of play, and think of this seriously.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.¹

Adieu.

You may come to me on Saturday morning, before you go to Mr. Maittaire.

LETTER LXVIII

Sunday.

DEAR BOY: I shall not soon leave the subject of invention and thinking; which I would have you apply to, as much as your age and giddiness will permit. Use will make it every day easier to you, and age and observation will improve it. Virtue is a subject that deserves your and every man's attention; and suppose I were to bid you make some verses, or give me your thoughts in prose, upon the subject of Virtue, how would you go about it? Why, you would first consider what Virtue is, and then what are the effects and marks of it, both with regard to others and to one's self. You would find then, that Virtue consists in doing good, and in speaking truth; that the effects of it are advantageous to all mankind, and to one's self in particular. Virtue makes us pity and relieve the misfortunes of mankind; it makes us promote justice and good order in society; and in general, contributes to whatever tends to the real good of mankind. To ourselves it gives an inward comfort and satisfaction, which nothing else can do, and which nothing can rob us of. All other advantages depend upon others, as much as upon ourselves. Riches, power, and greatness may

¹[Horace, *Sat.*, i., 1, 27.]

be taken away from us by the violence and injustice of others, or by inevitable accidents, but Virtue depends only upon ourselves, and nobody can take it away from us. Sickness may deprive us of all the pleasure of the body ; but it cannot deprive us of our Virtue, nor of the satisfaction which we feel from it. A virtuous man, under all the misfortunes of life, still finds an inward comfort and satisfaction, which makes him happier than any wicked man can be, with all the other advantages of life. If a man has acquired great power and riches by falsehood, injustice, and oppression, he cannot enjoy them ; because his conscience will torment him, and constantly reproach him with the means by which he got them. The stings of his conscience will not even let him sleep quietly ; but he will dream of his crimes ; and in the day-time, when alone, and when he has time to think, he will be uneasy and melancholy. He is afraid of everything ; for, as he knows mankind must hate him, he has reason to think they will hurt him if they can. Whereas, if a virtuous man be ever so poor, or unfortunate in the world, still his virtue is its own reward, and will comfort him under all afflictions. The quiet and satisfaction of his conscience make him cheerful by day, and sleep sound of nights ; he can be alone with pleasure, and is not afraid of his own thoughts. Besides this, he is universally esteemed and respected ; for even the most wicked people themselves cannot help admiring and respecting Virtue in others. All these, and many other advantages, you would ascribe to Virtue, if you were to compose upon that subject. A poet says,

Ipsa quidem Virtus, sibimet pulcherrima merces.

And Claudian has the following lines upon that subject :—

*Ipsa quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solaque latè
Fortunæ secura nitet : nec fascibus ullis
Erigitur ; plausùque petit clarescere vulgi.
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis :
Divitiis animosa suis, immotaque cunctis
Casibus, ex altâ mortalia despicit arce.¹*

Adieu.

¹[*Cl. Claudiani De Mallii Theod. Cons.*, 1-6.]

LETTER LXIX

Wednesday.

✓ DEAR BOY: You behaved yourself so well at Mr. Boden's last Sunday, that you justly deserve commendation: besides, you encourage me to give you some rules of politeness and good breeding, being persuaded that you will observe them. Know then, that as learning, honour, and virtue, are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind; politeness and good-breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of the lesser talents such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner; because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing. Good sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding; because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise at another time, and to another person; but there are some general rules of good-breeding, that hold always true, and in all cases. As, for example, it is always extremely rude, to answer only yes, or no, to anybody, without adding sir, my lord, or madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to: as, in French, you must always say, *Monsieur, Milord, Madame, and Mademoiselle*. I suppose you know that every married woman is, in French, *Madame*, and every unmarried one is *Mademoiselle*. It is likewise extremely rude, not to give the proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, when they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is, to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others; as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with. Besides being

civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentleman-like manner. For this, you should observe the French people, who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right; you would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed if you were not civil; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and obliging thing, as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock it is? This kind of bashfulness, which is justly called by the French, *mauvaise honte*, is the distinguishing character of an English booby; who is frightened out of his wits when people of fashion speak to him; and, when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, and can hardly get out what he would say; and becomes really ridiculous, from a groundless fear of being laughed at: whereas a real well-bred man would speak to all the kings in the world, with as little concern, and as much ease, as he would speak to you.

Remember, then, that to be civil, and to be civil with ease (which is properly called good-breeding), is the only way to be beloved and well received in company; that to be ill-bred, and rude, is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company; and that to be bashful is to be ridiculous. As I am sure you will mind and practise all this, I expect that when you are *novennis*, you will not only be the best scholar, but the best-bred boy in England of your age. Adieu.

LETTER LXX

PHILIPPUS CHESTERFIELD PHILIPPO STANHOPE, ADHUC PUERULO, SED CRAS E PUERITIA EGRESSURO, S.D.

Hanc ultimam ad te, uti ad puerum, epistolam mitto; cras enim, ni fallor, fies novennis, ita ut abhinc mihi tecum quasi cum adolescentulo agendum erit. Alia enim nunc ratio vitæ et studiorum tibi suscipienda est; levitas et nugæ pueriles relin-

quendæ sunt; animusque ad seria intendendus est. Quæ enim puerum decebant, adolescentulo dedecori essent. Quare omnibus viribus tibi enitendum est, ut te alium præbeas, et ut eruditione, moribus, et urbanitate, aliisque animi dotibus, adolescentulos ejusdem ætatis æque superes, ac jam puerulus puerulos tui temporis superasti. Tecum obsecro reputa, quantum tibi erubescendum foret, si te nunc vinci patiaris ab iis quos adhuc vicisti. Exempli gratiâ; si adolescentulus Onslow scholæ Westmonasteriensis nunc alumnus, olim sodalis tuus, et novennis æque ac tu, si ille, inquam, locum tibi superiorem in scholâ meritò obtineret, quid ageres rogo? Quò tenderes? illinc enim discedendum foret, ubi cum dignitate manere non posses. Quare si tibi fama apud omnes, et gratia apud me, curæ est, fac omni studio et labore, ut adolescentulorum eruditorum facile princeps meritò dici possis. Sic te servet Pater Omnipotens, tibi detque ut omnibus ornatus excellas rebus. Addam etiam, quod Horatius¹ Tibullo suo optat, ut—

Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè,
Et mundus victus non deficiente crumena.

Vale!

Kalend. Maii 1741.

LETTER LXXI

Tuesday.

DEAR BOY: I wish I had as much reason to be satisfied with your remembering what you have once learned, as with your learning it; but what signifies your learning anything soon, if you forget it as soon? Memory depends upon attention, and your forgetfulness proceeds singly from a want of attention. For example, I dare say, if I told you that such a day next week you should have something that you liked, you would certainly remember the day, and call upon me for it. And why? only because you would attend to it. Now a Greek or a Latin verse is as easily retained as a day of the week, if you would give the same attention to it. I now remember, and can still repeat, all that I learnt when I was of your age; but it is

¹[*Epist.*, i. 4, 10, 11.]

because I then attended to it, knowing that a little attention would save me the trouble of learning the same things over and over again. A man will never do anything well, that cannot command his attention immediately from one thing to another, as occasion requires. If while he is at his business, he thinks of his diversions, or, if while he is at his diversions, he thinks of his business, he will succeed in neither, but do both very awkwardly. *Hoc age*, was a maxim among the Romans, which means, do what you are about, and do that only. A little mind is always hurried by twenty things at once ; but a man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it ; for whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Therefore remember to give yourself up entirely to the thing you are doing, be it what it will, whether your book or your play ; for if you have a right ambition, you will desire to excel all boys of your age, at cricket, or trap-ball, as well as in learning. You have one rival in learning, whom I am sure you ought to take particular care to excel, and that is your own picture. Remember what is written there, and consider what a shame it would be, if, when you are *decennis*, you should not have got farther than when you were *octennis*. Who would not take pains to avoid such a disgrace ?

Another thing I must mention to you, which, though it be not of the same consequence, is, however, worth minding ; and that is, the trick you have got of looking close to your book when you read, which is only a trick, for I am sure you are not short-sighted. It is an ugly trick, and has a dull look, and, over and above, will spoil your eyes ; therefore always hold your book as far off as you can when you read, and you will soon come to read at a great distance. These little things are not to be neglected ; for the very best things receive some addition, by a genteel and graceful manner of doing them. Demosthenes, the famous Grecian orator, being asked which were the three principal parts of an orator ; answered, action, action, action ; meaning, that the force and persuasion of an orator consisted a great deal in his graceful action, and good elocution. Adieu. You may come to me to-morrow morning, before you go to Mr. Maittaire.

LETTER LXXII

BRUSSELS, *May 30*, 1741.

DEAR BOY : I believe we are yet well enough together for you to be glad to hear of my safe arrival on this side of the water, which I crossed in four hours' time from Dover to Calais. By the way, Calais was the last town that the English kept in France, after it was conquered by Henry V. ; and it was yielded up to France in the reign of the popish Queen Mary, daughter to Henry VIII. From Calais I went to Dunkirk, which belonged formerly to the Spaniards, and was taken by Oliver Cromwell ; but afterwards shamefully sold to France, by King Charles II. From Dunkirk I went to Lisle, which is a very great, rich, and strong town, belonging to France, and the chief town of French Flanders. From Lisle I came to Ghent, which is the capital of that part of Flanders that belongs to the Queen of Hungary, as heiress of the House of Austria. It is a very large town, but neither rich nor strong. The Emperor Charles V. was born there, and his statue is upon a pillar in the middle of a great square. From Lisle, I came here to Brussels, which is the chief town of Brabant, and a very fine one. Here the best camlets are made, and most of the fine laces that you see worn in England. You may follow me through this journey upon your map ; till you take it sometime hence, in reality.

I expect you to make prodigious improvements in your learning, by the time I see you again ; for now that you are past nine years old, you have no time to lose : and I wait with impatience for a good account of you from Mr. Maittaire. I dare not buy anything for you till then, for fear I should be obliged to keep it myself. But if I should have a very good account, there shall be very good rewards brought over. Adieu.

Make my compliments to your Mamma ; and when you write to me send your letters to my house in town.

LETTER LXXIII

A AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *ce 8 Juin, N. S.* (1741).

MON CHER ENFANT : Me voici à Aix-la-Chapelle depuis quatre jours, d'où je prends la liberté de vous assurer de mes respects ;

ne doutant pas que vous n'avez la bonté de me pardonner si je vous importune trop souvent par mes lettres. Je sais combien votre tems est précieux, et que vous l'employez si utilement que je me ferois conscience d'interrompre le cours de vos études, que vous poursuivez, sans doute, avec tant de succès et d'attention. Mais raillerie à part, j'espère que vous apprenez comme il faut, et que Monsieur Maittaire est très content de vous, car autrement je vous assure que je serai très mécontent.

A propos d'apprendre ; je vous dirai, que j'ai vu à Bruxelles un petit garçon à peu près de votre âge, le fils du Comte de Lannoy, qui savoit le Latin parfaitement bien, jouoit la comédie, et déclamoit la tragédie Française, dans la dernière perfection. Mais c'est qu'il s'appliquoit, et retenoit ce qu'il avoit une fois appris. De plus il étoit très poli ; et dans une compagnie nombreuse, qu'il ne connoissoit pas, il n'étoit point du tout déconcerté, mais parloit et répondoit à un chacun avec manières et aisance.

Cette ville ici est assez grande, mais assez mauvaise ; elle s'appelle, en Latin, *Aquisgranum* ; c'est la première ville Impériale et libre de tout l'Empire, c'est-à-dire qu'elle est gouvernée par ses propres magistrats, qu'elle choisit elle-même, et qu'elle a ses droits auxquels l'Empereur ne peut pas donner atteinte. Charlemagne y fut couronné Empereur l'an 800 ; et l'on montre encore ici, dans l'église cathédrale, la couronne dont il fut couronné. Elle n'est d'ailleurs fameuse que par ses eaux minérales, qui y attirent beaucoup de monde ; elles sont fort chaudes, et fort dégoûtantes, sentant les œufs pourris.

Les villes Impériales ont voix à la Diète de l'Empire, qui se tient à Ratisbonne, c'est-à-dire à l'Assemblée de l'Empire ; c'est là où les Electeurs, les Princes, et les villes Impériales envoient leurs députés, pour régler les affaires de l'Empire, conjointement avec l'Empereur ; comme notre Parlement fait en Angleterre. De sorte que vous voyez, que l'Empire d'Allemagne est un état libre, dans lequel aucune loi ne peut être faite, sans le consentement de l'Empereur, des Electeurs, des Princes Souverains, et des villes Impériales. Il est bon que vous sachiez les différentes formes de gouvernement des différens pays de l'Europe ; et quand vous lisez leurs histoires faites-y une attention particulière. Adieu, pour cette fois !

LETTER LXXIV

SPA, July 25, N. S. 1741.

DEAR BOY : I have often told you in my former letters (and it is most certainly true), that the strictest and most scrupulous honour and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind ; that parts and learning can alone make you admired and celebrated by them ; but that the possession of lesser talents was most absolutely necessary, towards making you liked, beloved, and sought after in private life. Of these lesser talents, good breeding is the principal and most necessary one, not only as it is very important in itself, but as it adds great lustre to the more solid advantages both of the heart and the mind. I have often touched upon good breeding to you before ; so that this letter shall be upon the next necessary qualification to it, which is a genteel and easy manner and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardnesses, which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behaviour. However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women, which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing ; and I have known many a man, from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to be like you. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes ; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that ; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for everything else ; and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble, at least ; when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not ; there he soon lets his hat fall down, and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane ; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second

time, so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills either the tea or coffee in his breeches. At dinner, his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do; there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people, eats with his knife, to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint: but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in everybody's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole, and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he infallibly coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his finger in his nose, or blowing it and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as to make the company sick. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches: he does not wear his clothes, and in short does nothing, like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided, by whoever desires to please.

From this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do; and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion, and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example, if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, That what is one man's meat is another man's poison: or else, Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow; everybody would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this, and without attention nothing is to be done ; want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room, their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer. This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care ; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is thoughtlessness, and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that, for my part, I see no real difference. A fool never has thought ; a madman has lost it ; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

Adieu ! direct your next to me, *chez Monsieur Chabert, Banquier, à Paris* ; and take care that I find the improvements I expect at my return.

LETTER LXXV

SPA, August 6, 1741.

DEAR BOY : I am very well pleased with the several performances you sent me, and still more so with Mr. Maittaire's letter, that accompanied them, in which he gives me a much better account of you than he did in his former. *Laudari a laudato viro*, was always a commendable ambition ; encourage that ambition, and continue to deserve the praises of the praiseworthy. While you do so, you shall have whatever you will from me ; and when you cease to do so, you shall have nothing.

I am glad you have begun to compose a little ; it will give you a habit of thinking upon subjects, which is at least as necessary as reading them, therefore pray send me your thoughts upon this subject :—

Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.¹

It is part of Cato's character in Lucan ; who says, that Cato did not think himself born for himself only, but for all mankind. Let me know then, whether you think that a man is born only for his own pleasure and advantage, or whether he is not obliged

¹[*Pharsalia*, ii., 381.]

to contribute to the good of the society in which he lives, and of all mankind in general. This is certain, that every man receives advantages from society, which he could not have, if he were the only man in the world ; therefore, is he not in some measure in debt to society ? and is he not obliged to do for others what they do for him ? You may do this in English or Latin, which you please ; for it is the thinking part, and not the language, that I mind in this case.

I warned you, in my last, against those disagreeable tricks and awkwardnesses, which many people contract when they are young, by the negligence of their parents, and cannot get quit of them when they are old ; such as odd motions, strange postures, and ungenteel carriage. But there is likewise an awkwardness of the mind, that ought to be, and with care may be, avoided ; as, for instance, to mistake names ; to speak of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, or Mrs. Thingum, or How-d'ye-call-her, is excessively awkward and ordinary. To call people by improper titles and appellations is so too ; as, my Lord, for Sir ; and Sir, for my Lord. To begin a story or narration when you are not perfect in it, and cannot go through with it, but are forced, possibly, to say, in the middle of it, " I have forgotten the rest," is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear and perspicuous, in everything one says, otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them. The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected : some people almost shut their mouths when they speak, and mutter so, that they are not to be understood ; others speak so fast, and sputter, that they are not to be understood neither ; some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people ; and others so low that one cannot hear them. All these habits are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention ; they are the distinguishing marks of the ordinary people, who have had no care taken of their education. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things ; for I have seen many people with great talents ill received for want of having these talents too ; and others well received, only from their little talents, and who have had no great ones. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI

SPA, August 8, 1741.

MY DEAR BOY : I always write to you with pleasure, when I can write to you with kindness ; and with pain, when I am obliged to chide. You should, therefore, for my sake as well as your own, apply and behave yourself in such a manner, that I might always receive good account of you. The last I had from Mr. Maittaire was so good a one, that you and I are at present extremely well together ; and I depend upon your taking care, that we shall continue so.

I am sure you now hear a great deal of talk about the Queen of Hungary, and the wars which she is and will be engaged in ; it is therefore right that you should know a little of that matter. The last Emperor, Charles the Sixth, who was father to this Queen of Hungary, was the last male of the House of Austria ; and fearing that, as he had no sons, his dominions might, at his death, be divided between his daughters, and consequently weakened, he settled them all upon his eldest daughter, the Queen of Hungary, by a public act, which is called the Pragmatic Sanction. So that, at the death of the Emperor, she succeeded to Austria, Bohemia, Silesia, Hungary, Transylvania, Stiria, Carinthia, and the Tyrol, in Germany ; to all Flanders ; and to Parma, Placentia, Milan, and Mantua, in Italy, besides Tuscany, which is her husband's.¹ The House of Austria is descended from Rodolph, Count of Hapsbourg, who, about seven hundred years ago, acquired the Duchy of Austria. His descendants, partly by conquest, and partly by advantageous marriages, increased their dominions so considerably, that Charles the Fifth, who was Emperor about two hundred years ago, was at once in possession of the Empire, Spain, the West Indies, almost all Italy, and the Seventeen Provinces, which before that time composed the Duchy of Burgundy. When he grew old, he grew weary of government, retired into a monastery in Spain, and divided his dominions between his son Philip the Second, King of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand, who was elected Emperor in his room. To his son Philip, he gave Spain and

¹ Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Tuscany.

the West Indies, Italy and the Seventeen Provinces. To his brother, all he had in Germany. From that time to this, the Emperors have constantly been elected out of the house of Austria, as the best able to defend, and support the dignity of the Empire. The Duke of Tuscany, who by his wife the Queen of Hungary is now in possession of many of those dominions, wants to be chosen Emperor: but France, that was always jealous of the power of the House of Austria, supports the Elector of Bavaria, and wants to have him get some of those dominions from the Queen of Hungary, and be chosen Emperor: for which purpose they have now sent an army into Bavaria to his assistance. This short account may enable you to talk the politics now in fashion; and if you have a mind to be more particularly informed about the House of Austria, look into your Historical Dictionary for Rodolph de Hapsbourg, Autriche, and Charlequin. As Charles the Fifth inherited Spain by his mother, and the Seventeen Provinces by his grandmother, who, being only daughter of the last Duke of Burgundy, brought them in marriage to his grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian; the following distich was made upon the good fortune of the House of Austria in their marriages:—

*Bella gerant alii: tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.*

And so good-night to you, my young politician.

LETTER LXXVII

DEAR BOY: Since my last, I have changed considerably for the better: from the deserts of Spa to the pleasures of Paris; which, when you come here, you will be better able to enjoy than I am. It is a most magnificent town, not near so big as London, but much finer; the houses being much larger, and all built of stone. It was not only much enlarged, but embellished, by the magnificence of the last king, Louis XIV.; and a prodigious number of expensive buildings, and useful and charitable foundations, such as libraries, hospitals, schools, etc., will long remain the monuments of the magnificence, humanity and good government of that prince. The people here are well bred, just

as I would have you be : they are not awkwardly bashful, and ashamed, like the English : but easily civil, without ceremony. Though they are very gay and lively, they have attention to everything, and always mind what they are about. I hope you do so too now, and that my highest expectations of your improvement will be more than answered, at my return ; for I expect to find you construe both Greek and Latin, and likewise translate into those languages pretty readily ; and also to make verses in them both, with some little invention of your own. All this may be, if you please ; and I am persuaded you would not have me disappointed. As to the genius of Poetry, I own, if nature has not given it you, you cannot have it ; for it is a true maxim, that *Poeta nascitur, non fit* ; but then, that is only as to the invention, and imagination of a Poet ; for everybody can, by application, make themselves masters of the mechanical part of poetry ; which consists in the numbers, rhymes, measures, and harmony of verse. Ovid was born with such a genius for poetry, that, he says, he could not help thinking in verse, whether he would or not : and that very often he spoke verses without intending it. It is much otherwise with oratory ; and the maxim there is, *Orator fit* ; for it is certain, that, by study and application, every man can make himself a pretty good orator ; eloquence depending upon observation and care. Every man, if he pleases, may choose good words instead of bad ones, may speak properly instead of improperly, may be clear and perspicuous in his recitals, instead of dark and muddy ; may have grace instead of awkwardness in his motions and gestures ; and, in short, may be a very agreeable, instead of a very disagreeable speaker, if he will take care and pains. And surely it is very well worth while to take a great deal of pains to excel other men in that particular article in which they excel beasts.

Demosthenes, the celebrated Greek orator, thought it so absolutely necessary to speak well, that, though he naturally stuttered, and had weak lungs, he resolved by application and care, to get the better of those disadvantages. Accordingly, he cured his stammering, by putting small pebbles into his mouth ; and strengthened his lungs gradually, by using himself every day to speak aloud and distinctly for a considerable time. He likewise went often to the sea-shore, in stormy weather, when

the sea made most noise, and there spoke as loud as he could, in order to use himself to the noise and murmurs of the popular assemblies of the Athenians, before whom he was to speak. By such care, joined to the constant study of the best authors, he became at last the greatest orator of his own or any other age or country, though he was born without any one natural talent for it. Adieu! Copy Demosthenes.

LETTER LXXVIII

LYONS, *September 1, N. S. 1741.*

DEAR BOY: I have received your Polyglott letter, with which I am very well pleased; and for which it is reasonable you should be very well rewarded. I am glad to see invention and languages go together; for the latter signify very little without the former; but, well joined, they are very useful. Language is only to express thoughts; and if a man is heedless, and does not give himself time to think, his words will be very frivolous and silly.

I left Paris five days ago; and (that you may trace me, if you please, upon your map) I came here through Dijon, the capital of Burgundy: I shall go from hence to Vienne, the second city in Dauphiné (for Grenoble is the capital), and from thence, down the Rhône, to Avignon, the chief town of the *Comtat Venaissin*, which belongs to the Pope; then to Aix, the principal town of Provence; then to Marseilles; then to Nîmes and Montpellier; and then back again. This is a very great and rich town, situated upon two fine rivers that join here, the Rhône and the Saône. Here is the great manufacture of gold, silver, and silk stuffs, which supplies almost all Europe. It was famous in the time of the Romans, and was called, in Latin, *Lugdunum*.

My rambling makes me both a less frequent, and a shorter correspondent, than otherwise I should be; but I am persuaded, that you are now so sensible how necessary it is to learn and apply yourself, that you want no spur nor admonition to it. Go on then, with diligence, to improve in learning, and, above all, in virtue and honour; and you will make both me and yourself happy. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIX

MARSEILLES, *September 22, N. S. 1741.*

DEAR BOY : You find this letter dated from Marseilles, a sea-port town in the Mediterranean Sea. It has been famous and considerable, for these two thousand years at least, upon account of its trade and situation. It is called *Massilia* in Latin, and distinguished itself in favour of the Roman liberty against Julius Cæsar. It was here, too, that Milo was banished for killing Clodius. You will find the particulars of these facts, if you look in your dictionary for the articles *Marseilles* and *Milon*. It is now a very large and fine town, extremely rich from its commerce ; it is built in a semicircle round the port, which is always full of merchant ships of all nations. Here the king of France keeps his galleys, which are very long ships, rowed by oars, some of forty, some of fifty, and threescore oars. The people who row them are called galley slaves ; and are either prisoners taken from the Turks on the coast of Africa, or criminals, who, for various crimes committed in France, are condemned to row in the galleys, either for life, or for a certain number of years. They are chained by the legs with great iron chains, two and two together.

The prospect, for two leagues round this place, is the most pleasing that can be imagined ; consisting of high hills, covered with vineyards, olive-trees, fig-trees, and almond-trees ; with about six thousand little country houses interspersed, which they all call here *des Bastides*.

Within about ten leagues of this place, as you will find in the map, is Toulon, another sea-port town upon the Mediterranean, not near so big as this, but much stronger ; there most of the French men-of-war are built and kept ; and likewise most of the naval stores, such as ropes, anchors, sails, masts, and whatever belongs to shipping.

If you look into your geographical dictionary for *Provence*, you will find the history of this country, which is worth your reading ; and when you are looking in your dictionary, look for *Dauphiné* too, which is the next province to this ; and there you will find when *Dauphiné* was united to the crown of France,

upon condition that the king of France's eldest son should always be called *le Dauphin*. You should, in truth, omit no one opportunity of informing yourself of modern history and geography, which are the common subjects of all conversation, and, consequently, it is a shame to be ignorant of them.

Since you have begun composition, I send you here another subject to compose a few lines upon :

Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.¹

Whoever observes that rule, will always be very happy. May you do it! Adieu.

LETTER LXXX

PARIS, Nov. 4, N. S. 1741.

DEAR BOY : Our correspondence has been for some time suspended, by the hurry and dissipation of this place, which left me no time to write ; and it will soon cease entirely by my return to England, which will be, I believe, in about a fortnight. I own I am impatient to see the great progress which I am persuaded you have made, both in your learning and behaviour, during my six months' absence. I join behaviour with learning, because it is almost as necessary ; and they should always go together, for their mutual advantage. Mere learning without good breeding is pedantry, and good breeding without learning is but frivolous ; whereas learning adds solidity to good breeding, and good breeding gives charms and graces to learning.

This place is, without dispute, the seat of true good breeding ; the people here are civil without ceremony, and familiar without rudeness. They are neither disagreeably forward, nor awkwardly bashful and shamefaced ; they speak to their superiors with as little concern, and as much ease, though with more respect, as to their inferiors ; and they speak to their inferiors with as much civility, though less respect, as to their superiors. They despise us, and with reason, for our ill breeding : on the other hand, we despise them for their want of learning, and we are in the right of it ; so that you see the sure way to be admired

¹[Horace, *Epistles*, book i., ep. 1, 61. Line already quoted in Letter XLVI.]

by both nations, is to join learning and good breeding. As to learning, consider that you have now but one year more with Mr. Maittaire, before you go to Westminster School, and that your credit will depend upon the place you are in there at first; and if you can, at under eleven years old, be put in the fourth form, above boys of thirteen or fourteen, it will give people very favourable impressions of you, and be of great advantage to you for the future. As to good breeding, you cannot attend to it too soon, or too much; it must be acquired while young, or it is never quite easy; and if acquired young, will always last and be habitual. Horace says, *quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem testa diu*:¹ to show the advantage of giving people good habits and impressions in their youth. I say nothing to you now as to honour, virtue, truth, and all moral duties, which are to be strictly observed at all ages and all times; because I am sure you are convinced of the indispensable necessity of practising them all; and of the infamy, as well as the guilt of neglecting, or acting contrary to any of them. May you excel in them all, that you may be loved by everybody as you are hitherto by your, etc.

LETTER LXXXI

DEAR BOY: Since you are now in modern history, it is necessary you should have a general notion of the origin of all the present kingdoms and governments of Europe, which are the objects of modern history.

The Romans, as you very well know, were masters of all Europe, as well as of a great part of Asia and Africa, till the third and fourth centuries, that is, about fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago; at which time the Goths broke in upon them, beat them, made themselves masters of all Europe, and founded the several kingdoms of it.

These Goths were originally the inhabitants of the northern part of Europe, called Scandinavia, north of Sweden; part of which is to this day called Gothland, and belongs to Sweden. They were extremely numerous, and extremely poor; and finding

¹[Horace, *Epistles*, book i, ep. 2, 69.]

that their own barren, cold country was unable to support such great numbers of them, they left it, and went out in swarms to seek their fortunes in better countries. When they came into the northern parts of Germany, they beat those who opposed them, and received those who were willing to join them, as many of those northern people did; such as the Vandals, the Huns, the Franks, who are all comprehended under the general name of Goths. Those who went westward were called the Visigoths; and those who went eastward the Ostrogoths. Thus increasing in numbers and strength, they entirely subverted the Roman empire, and made themselves masters of all Europe: and from hence modern history begins. That part of the Goths who were called the Franks settled themselves in Gaul and called it France; the Angli, another set of them, came over here into Britain, since which time it is called England.

The Goths were a brave but barbarous nation. War was their whole business, and they had not the least notion of arts, sciences and learning; on the contrary, they had an aversion to them, and destroyed, wherever they went, all books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, and all records and monuments of former times; which is the cause that we have so few of those things now remaining; and, at this time, a man that is ignorant of, and despises arts and sciences, is proverbially called a Goth or a Vandal.

The Gothic form of government was a wise one; for though they had kings, their kings were little more than generals in time of war, and had very little power in the civil government; and could do nothing without the consent of the principal people, who had regular assemblies for that purpose: from whence our parliaments are derived.

Europe continued, for many centuries, in the grossest and darkest ignorance, under the government of the Goths; till at last, in the fifteenth century, that is, about three hundred years ago, learning, arts, and sciences, revived a little; and soon afterwards flourished under Pope Leo X. in Italy, and under Francis I. in France: what ancient Greek and Latin manuscripts had escaped the fury of the Goths and Vandals were then recovered and published; and painting and sculpture were carried to their highest perfection. What contributed the most to the im-

provement of learning was the invention of printing, which was discovered at Haerlem, in Holland, in the fifteenth century, in the year 1440, which is just three hundred years ago. Adieu !

Look in your dictionary for the following articles :—

Goths,	Vandales,
Visigoths,	Alaric.
Ostrogoths,	

LETTER LXXXII

FRANCE

France, take it all in all, is the finest country in Europe ; for it is very large, very rich, and very fertile : the climate is admirable ; and never either too hot, as in Italy and in Spain, nor too cold, as in Sweden and in Denmark. Towards the north, it is bounded by the Channel ; and, towards the south, by the Mediterranean Sea ; it is separated from Italy by the Alps, which are high mountains, covered with snow the greatest part of the year ; and divided from Spain by the Pyrenean Mountains, which are also very high. France is divided into twelve governments or provinces, which are :—

Picardy,	Burgundy,
Normandy,	Lyonnois,
The Isle of France,	Guienne, or Gascony,
Champagne,	Languedoc,
Brittany,	Dauphiné,
Orléannois,	Provence.

The French are generally very sensible and agreeable, with a great deal of vivacity and politeness. It is true, they are sometimes rather volatile ; but it is a brilliant sort of volatility. They are very brave. The government of France is an absolute monarchy, or rather despotism—that is to say, the king does whatever he pleases, and the people are absolutely slaves.

Desire your Mamma to show you the twelve provinces upon the map. Another time we will talk of the towns of France, which she will show you afterwards.

Picardy

Picardy is the most northern province of all France. It is an open country, and produces hardly anything but corn. The capital town is Amiens. Abbeville is another town in that province, considerable for the manufactory of woollen cloths established there. Calais is also another good town, and a sea-port: there we usually land in our passage from hence to France.

Normandy

Normandy joins Picardy; its largest towns are Rouen and Caen.—This province produces vast quantities of apples, with which they make cider. As for wine, there, as well as in Picardy, they make but little; because, being so far northward, grapes will not ripen. The Normans are reckoned litigious, and fond of law-suits; if they are asked a question they never return a direct answer; so that when a man gives an evasive answer, it is become a proverb to say, He answers like a Norman.

The Isle of France

Paris, the capital of the whole kingdom, is in the Isle of France; its situation is upon the Seine: a small and even a muddy river. It is a large town, but not, by a great deal, so big as London.

Champagne

Rheims is the principal town of Champagne; in that town the kings of France are crowned. This province produces the best wine in France, Champagne.

Brittany

Brittany is divided into High and Low. In High Brittany is the town of Nantz, where the best brandy is made. Here is also St. Malo, a very good sea-port. In Lower Brittany they speak a kind of language, which has less similitude to French than it has to Welsh.

Orléannois

Orléannois contains several great and fine towns ; Orléans, rendered famous by Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orléans, who drove the English out of France ; Blois, the situation of which is charming, and where the best French is spoken ; Tours, that contains a manufactory of thick lutestring, called *Gros de Tours*.

Burgundy

Dijon is the capital of this province : the wine called Burgundy is one of the best wines in France.

Lyonnois

Lyons is the capital ; it is a very large fine town, and extremely rich, on account of the manufactures established here, of silks, and gold and silver stuffs, with which it supplies almost all Europe. Your fine silver waistcoat comes from thence.

Guienne, or Gascony

There are many considerable towns in Guienne ; as the town of Bordeaux, which is very large and rich. Most of the wine drank at London, and called in English *Claret*, comes from thence. It is an excellent place for good eating ; you have there ortolans and red partridge, in great abundance. In this province is the town of Perigueux, where they make delicious pasties of red partridges and truffles : Bayonne, from whence come excellent hams. The Gascons are the most lively people of France, but rather inclined to lying and boasting : particularly upon the articles of sense and courage ; so that it is said of a man who boasts, and is presumptuous, He is a Gascon.

Languedoc

Languedoc is the most southern province of France, and consequently the warmest. It contains a great number of fine towns ; among others, Narbonne, famous for its excellent honey ; and Nîmes, celebrated on account of the ancient Roman Amphitheatre, which is still to be seen. In this province is also situated

the town of Montpellier, the air of which is so pure, and the climate so fine, that sick people, even from hence, are often sent thither for the recovery of their health.

Dauphiné

Grenoble is the capital town. The King of France's eldest son, who is always called *Dauphin*, takes his title from this province.

Provence

Provence is a very fine province, and extremely fertile. It produces the best oil, with which it supplies other countries. The fields are full of orange, lemon, and olive trees. The capital is called Aix. In this province is, likewise, the town of Marseilles, a large and fine city, and celebrated seaport, situated upon the Mediterranean: here the King of France's galleys are kept. Galleys are large ships with oars; and those who row are people condemned to it, as a punishment for some crime.

LETTER LXXXIII

GERMANY

Germany is a country of vast extent; the southern parts are not unpleasant; the northern exceedingly bad and desert.

It is divided into ten districts, which are called the ten circles of the Empire. The Emperor is head, but not master of the empire; for he can do but little without the consent of the Electors, Princes, and imperial free towns; which all together, form what is called the Diet of the Empire, that assembles in the town of Ratisbon.

There are nine Electors, which are—the Electors of Mentz, Trèves, Cologne, Bohemia, Bavaria, Saxony, Brandenburg, Palatine, Hanover.

These nine elect the Emperor, for the empire is not hereditary; that is to say, the son does not succeed his father; but when an Emperor dies, these nine Electors assemble and choose another. The Electors are sovereign princes; those of Mentz, Trèves, and

Cologne, are ecclesiastics, being Archbishops. The Elector of Bohemia is King of Bohemia, and his capital town Prague. The Elector of Bavaria's capital is Munich. The Elector of Saxony is the most considerable of all the Electors, and his electorate the finest; Dresden is the capital, and a beautiful town. The Elector of Brandenburg is also King of Prussia, and master of a great extent of country; the capital town of Brandenburg is Berlin. The two most considerable towns belonging to the Elector Palatine are Manheim and Dusseldorp. The Elector of Hanover is also King of England; the capital town of that Electorate is Hanover, a miserable capital of a miserable country.

Besides the Electors there are other sovereign princes and powerful ones, as the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, the Duke of Wirtemberg, etc.¹

LETTER LXXXIV

MY DEAR BOY: Let us now resume the subject upon Spain, and treat of some particulars of which it is proper you should be informed.

Spain is a very fine country, and of great extent, nor above half peopled, nor above half cultivated; for the reasons which I mentioned to you in my last letter.²

It is divided into several provinces, which formerly were so many distinct kingdoms. Valencia, of all of them, is the most beautiful and fertile, producing excellent wines and delicious fruit.

The province of Andalusia is celebrated for its horses, the finest shaped and the best of any in Europe. It likewise produces the very best wool, which we make use of here in manufacturing our superfine cloths.

The town of Gibraltar, which belongs to us, was called in the time of the Romans, *Gades*; and that small strait, which you see on the map between Gibraltar and Africa, was named *Fretum Gaditanum*. Fable has rendered that town famous; for it is

¹[The rest of this geographical description of Germany is unfortunately lost.]

²[This letter is missing.]

pretended that Hercules terminated there his excursions, and that he erected two pillars, on which he wrote, that there was no going any further, *Ne plus ultra* ; thinking himself at the end of the world.

Spain had anciently many gold and silver mines, out of which the Romans extracted prodigious sums ; but they have been long since exhausted ; those of Peru and Mexico compensate for them abundantly.

The Spaniards are haughty and pompous in everything. The king always signs himself, I the King, *Yo el Rey*, as if he were the only king in the world ; and the king's children are stiled the *Infants*, as if there were no other infants in the world. The king's council is called *Junta*. The capital city of Spain is Madrid.

Spain was formerly a free country. Assemblies used to be held there of the most considerable people, who enjoyed great privileges ; something like our parliaments. These assemblies were named *las Cortes*, but they are of little authority at present: the king is absolute.

Give attention to all these things, and try to remember them.

They are seldom learned at school, and are acquired mostly by reading and conversation when we are become men ; but if you will only apply yourself, you will know more of them at your leaving school, than other young gentlemen do at twenty years of age. Farewell, work hard. Cæsar could not bear an equal at Rome ; why should you bear an equal at school ?

LETTER LXXXV

ASIA

Asia was the largest and most celebrated part of the ancient world. Adam, the first man, was created there ; and in it the first great monarchies had their rise, namely, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians. The arts and sciences were also invented there. Asia is at present divided into six great parts :—

Turkey,	China,
Persia,	Tartary,
The Empire of the Mogul, or Indostan,	The Asiatic Islands.

Turkey in Asia contains an infinite number of countries formerly of great celebrity; but now of note only on account of the merchandise which comes from thence. Almost every place mentioned in the Bible makes a part of Turkey; among the rest Palestine, of which the capital is the famous city of Jerusalem, the seat of the ancient kings of Judah; there, by God's command, Solomon built the Temple of the Jews. The city of Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus, the Roman emperor.

Persia is also a part of Asia, and a very great empire: the capital city is Ispahan; the present emperor's name, Thamas Kouli Kan: he, from a private station, raised himself to the empire by skill and courage.

The empire of the great Mogul, otherwise called Indostan, is contiguous to Persia. It is a very great and extremely rich country, with which we carry on a considerable trade. The capital city is Agra. Here are also two rivers, famous in antiquity, the Indus and the Ganges.

China, a vast empire, is another part of Asia: it has two capital towns; one in the northern parts, called Pekin: the other towards the south, called Nankin. Tartary, which is an immense country, belongs to China. The Tartars conquered China not an hundred years ago.

The Asiatic islands are very numerous; the most considerable are those of Japan, which are extremely rich.

LETTER LXXXVI

MY DEAR CHILD: As, in the description which I sent you of Italy,¹ I have mentioned the Pope, I believe you will wish to know who that person is. The Pope, then, is an old cheat, who calls himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ; that is to say, the person who represents Jesus Christ upon earth, and has the power of saving people or of damning them. By virtue of this pretended power, he grants indulgencies; that is to say, pardon for sins; or else he thunders out excommunications; this means sending people to the devil. The Catholics, otherwise called Papists, are silly enough to believe this. Besides which, they believe

¹[The description is not to be found.]

the Pope to be infallible: that is, that he never can mistake; that whatever he says is true, and whatever he does is right. Another absurdity: the Pope pretends to be the greatest prince in Christendom; and takes place of all kings. The Protestant kings, however, do not allow this.

The Pope creates the Cardinals, who are seventy-two in number; and higher in rank than Bishops and Archbishops. The title given to a Cardinal is, your Eminence: and to the Pope, your Holiness. When a Pope dies, the Cardinals assemble to elect another; and that assembly is called a Conclave. Whenever a person is presented to the Pope, they kiss his foot, and not his hand, as we do to other princes. Laws made by the Pope are called Bulls. The palace he inhabits at Rome is called the Vatican, and contains the finest library in the world.

The Pope is, in reality, nothing more than Bishop of Rome; but on the one side, weakness and superstition, and, on the other, the artifice and ambition of the clergy, have made him what he is; that is to say, a considerable prince, and head of the Catholic Church.

We Protestants are not weak enough to give in to all this nonsense. We believe, and with reason, that God alone is infallible; and that He alone can make people happy or miserable.

Adieu! Divert yourself and be merry; there is nothing like it.

LETTER LXXXVII

Monday.

DEAR BOY: When I wrote to you last, we were in Egypt.¹ Now, if you please, we will travel a little to the north-east of Egypt, and visit the famous city of Jerusalem, which we read so much of both in the Old and New Testament. It is the chief town of Judea, or Palestine, a country in the Kingdom of Syria; as you will find, if you look into the map of Asia. It was anciently a very great and considerable city; where the kings of Judea resided, and where Solomon built the famous temple of the Jews. It was often taken and plundered by neighbouring

¹[This letter is missing.]

princes ; but the Babylonians were the first that utterly destroyed it. Both the town and the temple was afterwards rebuilt by the Jews, under Esdras and Zorobabel ; but, at last, was entirely burnt and ruined by the Roman emperor Titus. The emperor Adrian rebuilt it, in the year 132 ; since when it has been taken and plundered by the Saracens, retaken by the Christians, and now, at last, belongs to the Turks. It is a very inconsiderable place at present, and only famous upon account of what it has been formerly ; for Jesus Christ preached the Christian religion there, and was crucified by the Jews upon Mount Calvary. In the eighth century the Saracens got possession of it ; and in the eleventh century many Christian princes in Europe joined, and went with a considerable army to take it from the Saracens. The war was called the Holy War ; and, as all those who went to it wore a cross upon their breasts, it was called a Croisado. The ignorance and superstition of those times made them think it meritorious to take the land, where Jesus Christ lived and died, out of the hands of Infidels ; that is, those who did not believe in Christ ; but it was, in truth, a notorious piece of injustice, to go and attack those who did not meddle with them.

Not far from Judea, you will find, in the map, the vast country of Arabia ; which is divided into three parts : Arabia Deserta, or the Desert, so called because it is hardly inhabited, and has immense deserts, where you see nothing but sand : Arabia Petræa, or the Stony ; and Arabia Felix, or the Happy : because it is a fine fruitful country, and produces gums and aromatics of all kinds. Hence comes the common saying, “ All the sweets of Arabia,”¹ when you would say that anything has a very fine smell. Arabia Felix has two famous towns : Medina and Mecca ; because the famous impostor Mahomet, the great prophet of the Turks, was born at Medina, and buried at Mecca, where his tomb is now, to which the Turks often go in pilgrimage. Pilgrimage is a journey that people take to any place, on a religious account ; and the person who takes that journey is called a pilgrim.

¹[“ All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.”—*Macbeth*, Act v., Sc. i.]

The Roman Catholics often go pilgrimages to our Lady of Loretto in Italy, and sometimes even to Jerusalem, in order to pray before a cross, or the figure of some saint or other; but these are all follies of weak and ignorant people. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII

DEAR BOY: In my last letter we travelled no further than Arabia, but now we will go still more eastward, and visit Persia; which is at present a very great and rich country, though it does not now make the same figure in the world that it did in antiquity. It was then the greatest kingdom in the known world, and the enemy that Greece dreaded the most, till it was conquered by Alexander the Great, in the reign of Darius. It had then four famous great cities, Ecbatana, Susa, Persepolis, and Babylon. Persepolis was burned to ashes, by Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit, at the instigation of his mistress Thais, who prevailed with him to go with a lighted flambeau in his hand, and set fire to the town himself. The chief town of Persia at present is Ispahan; and the king of Persia is called the Sophy of Persia, who is now Thamas Kouli Kan. Persia produces great quantities of silk and cotton; the cotton grows upon shrubs or bushes, of about three feet high. The Persian horses are the best in the world, even better than the Arabians. The Persians have likewise great numbers of camels, which are animals much taller and stronger than horses, with great lumps upon the middle of their backs; they can bear vast burdens, and can live without drinking. We bring a great many silks, and cotton stuffs here, from Persia, and particularly carpets for floors, which are much finer than the Turkey carpets. The Persians are of the Mahometan, that is, the Turkish religion; with this difference only, that the Persians look upon Hali, a disciple of Mahomet's, as the greatest prophet, whereas the Turks hold Mahomet to be the greatest. The ancient Persians worshipped the Sun. The government of Persia, like all the eastern kingdoms, is absolute and despotic; the people are slaves; and the kings tyrants. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIX

DEAR BOY : On the east of Persia, you will find in the map Indostan, or the country of the Great Mogul ; which is a most extensive, fruitful, and rich country. The two chief towns are Agra and Delhi ; and the two great rivers are the Indus and the Ganges. This country, as well as Persia, produces great quantities of silks and cottons ; we trade with it very much, and our East India Company has a great settlement at Fort St. George. There are also great mines of diamonds, of which the Mogul takes the best for himself, and the others are sold, and most of them brought into Europe. There are likewise many elephants, whose teeth make the ivory that you see here. The Sophy of Persia, Thamas Kouli Kan, has lately conquered this country, and carried off many millions in jewels and money. The great empire of China joins on the east to Indostan ; the two principal towns of which are, Pekin in the north, and Nankin in the south, as you will see in the map. We carry on a great trade with China, at the sea-port town of Canton, from whence we bring all our tea and china. China was conquered about a hundred years ago by the Tartars, who have settled in China, and made it the seat of empire. The Chinese are a very ingenious, polite people. China is reckoned the most populous country in the world. Beyond China, to the east, you will find the kingdom of Japan, which is an island, or rather a great number of islands together, which are called Japan : Jedo is the chief town. It produces gold and silver, and that fine wood, of which you see screens, cabinets, and tea-tables. It also produces a fine coloured china, which is called Japan china, to distinguish it from the Chinese china. Adieu.

LETTER XC

North of Persia, Indostan, and China, you will find, at the top of the map of Asia, Tartary, which is a country of prodigious extent. The northern parts of it are extremely barren, and full of deserts : some of the southern parts of it are tolerably good. The people are extremely rude and barbarous, living chiefly upon

raw flesh, and lying generally upon the ground, or at best in tents. This vast country is divided into several principalities; but all those princes are dependent upon one, who is called the Great Cham of Tartary. The commodities that are brought from thence into Europe are furs, flax, musk, manna, rhubarb, and other physical plants.

Another part of Asia, and the only one which we have not yet mentioned, is Turkey in Asia, which comprehends all those provinces in Asia that are under the empire of the Great Turk. They are only considerable at present from their extent; for they are poor, and little inhabited, upon account of the tyranny of the Turkish government.

Having done with Asia for the present, we will return to Africa, where hitherto we have only examined Egypt. Africa is, as you know, one of the four quarters of the world; and is divided into nine principal parts, which are Egypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Zaara, Nigritia, Guinea, Nubia, and Ethiopia. The Africans are the most ignorant and unpolished people in the world, little better than the lions, tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts, which that country produces in great numbers.

The most southern part of Africa is the Cape of Good Hope, where the Dutch have a settlement, and where our ships stop always in their way to the East Indies. This is in the country of the Hottentots, the most savage people in the whole world. The Africans that lie near the Mediterranean Sea sell their children for slaves to go to the West Indies; and likewise sell all those prisoners that they take in war. We buy a great many of them to sell again to advantage in the West Indies.

LETTER XCI

BATH, *June 28, 1742.*

DEAR BOY: Your promises give me great pleasure; and your performance of them, which I rely upon, will give me still greater. I am sure you know that breaking of your word is a folly, a dishonour, and a crime. It is a folly, because nobody will trust you afterwards; and it is both a dishonour and a crime, truth being the first duty of religion and morality; and whoever has not truth, cannot be supposed to have any one good quality,

and must become the detestation of God and man. Therefore I expect, from your truth and your honour, that you will do that, which, independently of your promise, your own interest and ambition ought to incline you to do ; that is to excel in everything you undertake. When I was of your age, I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did ; and I would not have rested a moment till I had got before him. Julius Cæsar, who had a noble thirst of glory, used to say, that he would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome ; and he even cried when he saw the statue of Alexander the Great, with the reflection of how much more glory Alexander had acquired, at thirty years old, than he had at a much more advanced age. These are the sentiments to make people considerable ; and those who have them not, will pass their lives in obscurity and contempt ; whereas, those who endeavour to excel all, are at least sure of excelling a great many. The sure way to excel in anything is only to have a close and undissipated attention while you are about it ; and then you need not be half the time that otherwise you must be ; for long plodding, puzzling application, is the business of dulness : but good parts attend regularly, and take a thing immediately. Consider, then, which you would choose ; to attend diligently while you are learning, and thereby excel all other boys, get a great reputation, and have a great deal more time to play ; or else not mind your book, let boys even younger than yourself get before you, be laughed at by them for a dunce, and have no time to play at all ; for, I assure you, if you will not learn, you shall not play. What is the way, then, to arrive at that perfection which you promise me to aim at ? It is, first, to do your duty towards God and man ; without which everything else signifies nothing : secondly, to acquire great knowledge ; without which you will be a very contemptible man, though you may be a very honest one ; and, lastly, to be very well bred ; without which you will be a very disagreeable, unpleasing man, though you should be an honest and a learned one.

Remember then these three things, and resolve to excel in them all ; for they comprehend whatever is necessary and useful for this world or the next ; and in proportion as you improve in them you will enjoy the affection and tenderness of, Yours.

LETTER XCII

BATH, July 24, 1742.

DEAR BOY : If you have as much pleasure in deserving and receiving praise, as I have in giving it you, when you do deserve it, this letter will be very agreeable to you, for I write it merely to give you your just commendations for your theme, which I received this morning. The diction, in all the three languages, is better than I could have expected : the English, particularly, is not inelegant ; the thoughts are just and sensible : and the historical examples with which you illustrate them are apt and pertinent. I showed your performance to some men of letters here, and at the same time told them your age ; at both which, considered together, they expressed great satisfaction, and some surprise ; and said, that if you went on at this rate, but for five or six years longer, you would distinguish yourself extremely, and become very considerable ; but then they added (for I must tell you all) that they observed many forward boys stop short on a sudden, from giddiness and inattention, and turn out great blockheads at last. I answered for you, that this would not happen to you, for that you were thoroughly sensible of the usefulness and necessity of knowledge : that you knew it could not be acquired without pains and attention, and that you knew, too, that the next four or five years were the only time in your life in which you could acquire it. Of this, I must confess, they doubted a little, and desired that I would remember to show them some of your exercises a year hence, which I promised I would do ; so, pray take care to advance, lest what is so much to your honour now, should then prove to your disgrace. *Non progredi est regredi*, is a very true maxim in most things, but is particularly true with regard to learning. I am very glad Mr. Maittaire puts you upon making themes, for that will use you to think ; and your writing them in English, as well as in Latin and Greek, will improve you in your own language, and teach you both to write and speak it with purity and elegance, which it is most absolutely necessary to do ; for though indeed the justness and strength of the thoughts are the most material points, and words are but the dress of thoughts, yet, as a very handsome man, or woman, may be disfigured, and rendered even disagreeable, by an awkward, slovenly, and ragged dress,

so good thoughts may lose great part of their beauty, if expressed in low, improper, and inelegant words. People mistake very much, who imagine that they must of course speak their own language well, and that therefore they need not study it, or attend to it; but you will soon find how false this way of reasoning is, if you observe the English spoken by almost all English people who have no learning. Most women, and all the ordinary people in general, speak in open defiance of all grammar, use words that are not English, and murder those that are; and though indeed they make themselves understood, they do it so disagreeably, that what they say seldom makes amends for their manner of saying it. I have this day received a letter from Mr. Maittaire, in which he gives me a better account of you than usual; which pleases me so much, that you shall be well rewarded for it when I see you; that will be before it is very long, so you need not write to me any more. Adieu.

As you are now in a way of themes, I send you this to exercise your thoughts upon against I come to town.

Sapere, et fari quæ sentiat.

It is in an epistle from Horace to Tibullus; if you read the whole epistle, which is a short and an easy one, with Mr. Maittaire, you will see how those words are introduced;¹ then you will consider what are the advantages, and the means of acquiring them. If you can illustrate them by the examples of some who possess those talents eminently, it will do well. And if you can find out a simile, very applicable to the possession, or the want of those talents, it will adorn the composition.

LETTER XCIII

England was originally called Britain, when the Romans, under Julius Cæsar, first invaded it; the Romans continued in Britain about four hundred years.

¹[In the epistle "Ad Albium Tibullum" (*Epist.*, lib. i., 4) occur the following lines:—

Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederunt artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere et fari possit quæ sentiat.]

The Romans quitted Britain of themselves; and then the Scotch, who went by the name of the Picts (from *pingere*, to paint), because they painted their skins, attacked the Britons, and beat them; upon which the Britons called over the Angli, a people of Saxony, to their assistance against the Picts. The Angli came and beat the Picts; but then beat the Britons too, and made themselves masters of the kingdom, which from their own name they called Anglia, from whence it was called England.

These Saxons divided England into seven kingdoms; which were the Saxon Heptarchy, from *ἑπτα*, seven, and *αρχων*, chief.

Afterwards the Danes invaded England, and made themselves masters of it; but were soon driven out again, and the Saxon government restored.

The last invasion of England was by the Normans, under William the Conqueror, in 1066; that is, about seven hundred years ago.

Though William came in by conquest, he did not pretend to govern absolutely as a conqueror, but thought it the safest way to conform himself to the constitution of this country. He was a great man.

His son, William Rufus, so called because he had red hair, succeeded him. He was killed accidentally by one of his own people as he was hunting. He died without children, and was succeeded by his younger brother, Henry the First.

Henry the First was a great king. As he had no sons he was succeeded by his nephew Stephen.

Stephen was attacked by the Empress Maud, who was daughter to Henry the First, and had consequently a better right to the Crown than Stephen. He agreed to a treaty with her, by which she let him reign for his life, and he obliged himself to settle the Crown after his death upon her son, Henry the Second, who in effect succeeded him.

Henry the Second was a very great king; he conquered Ireland, and annexed it to the Crown of England. He was succeeded by his son Richard the First.

Richard the First was remarkable by nothing, but by his playing the fool in a Croisado to Jerusalem; a prevailing folly of

those times, when the Christians thought to merit Heaven, by taking Jerusalem from the Turks. He was succeeded by John.

King John was oppressive and tyrannical ; so that the people rose against him, and obliged him to give them a charter, confirming all their liberties and privileges ; which charter subsists to this day, and is called Magna Charta. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Third.

Henry the Third had a long but troublesome reign, being in perpetual disputes with the people and the nobles ; sometimes beating, sometimes beaten. He was succeeded by his son, Edward the First.

Edward the First was one of the greatest kings of England. He conquered the principality of Wales, and annexed it to the Crown of England : since which time the eldest son of the king of England has always been Prince of Wales. He beat the Scotch several times. Many of our best laws were made in his reign. His son, Edward the Second, succeeded him.

Edward the Second was a wretched, weak creature, and always governed by favourites ; so that he was deposed, put into prison, and soon afterwards put to death.

His son, Edward the Third, succeeded him ; and was one of the greatest kings England ever had. He declared war with France ; and with an army of thirty thousand men beat the French army of sixty thousand men, at the famous battle of Crecy, in Picardy, where above thirty thousand French were killed. His son, who was called the Black Prince, beat the French again at the battle of Poitiers, and took the king of France prisoner. The French had above threescore thousand men ; and the Black Prince had but eight thousand. This king founded the order of the Garter. His son, the Black Prince, died before him, so that he was succeeded by his grandson, Richard the Second, son to the Black Prince.

This Richard the Second had none of the virtues of his father, or grandfather ; but was governed by favourites ; was profuse, necessitous, and endeavoured to make himself absolute ; so that he was deposed, put into prison, and soon after put to death by Henry the Fourth, who succeeded him, and who was the first of the House of Lancaster.

Henry the Fourth was descended from Edward the Third, by

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and had consequently no hereditary right to the Crown. He beat both the Scotch and the Welsh. He was a considerable man.

Henry the Fifth, his son, succeeded him ; and was, without dispute, one of the greatest kings of England ; though he promised little while he was Prince of Wales, for he had led a dissolute and riotous life, even robbing sometimes upon the highway. But, as soon as he came to the throne, he left those shameful courses, declared war to France, and entirely routed the French army, six times more numerous than his own, at the famous battle of Agincourt, in Picardy. He died before he had completed the conquest of France, and was succeeded by his son, Henry the Sixth, a minor who was left under the guardianship of his uncles, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester.

Henry the Sixth was so little like his father, that he soon lost all that his father had got ; and though crowned king of France, at Paris, was driven out of France ; and of all his father's conquests, retained only Calais. It was a remarkable accident that gave the first turn to the successes of the English, in France. They were besieging the town of Orleans, when an ordinary girl, called Joanne d'Arques, took it into her head that God had appointed her to drive the English out of France. Accordingly she attacked, at the head of the French troops, and entirely beat the English. The French call her, *La Pucelle d'Orléans*. She was afterwards taken by the English, and shamefully burned for a witch. Henry had not better success in England ; for being a weak man himself, and entirely governed by his wife, he was deposed by Edward the Fourth, of the House of York, who had the hereditary right to the Crown.

Edward the Fourth did nothing considerable, except against the Scotch, whom he beat. He intended to have attempted the recovery of France ; but was prevented by his death. He left two sons under age ; the eldest of which was proclaimed king, by the name of Edward the Fifth. But the Duke of Gloucester, their uncle and guardian, murdered them both, to make way for himself to the throne. He was Richard the Third, commonly called Crook-Back Richard, because he was crooked.

Richard the Third was so cruel and sanguinary, that he soon became universally hated. Henry the Seventh, of the House of

Lancaster, profited of the general hatred of the people to Richard, raised an army, and beat Richard at the battle of Bosworth-field, in Leicestershire, where Richard was killed.

Henry the Seventh was proclaimed king, and soon after married the daughter of Edward the Fourth ; re-uniting thereby the pretensions of both the Houses of York and Lancaster ; or, as they were then called, the White Rose and the Red ; the White Rose being the arms of the House of York ; and the Red Rose, the arms of the House of Lancaster. Henry the Seventh was a sullen, cunning, and covetous king, oppressing his subjects to squeeze money out of them ; and accordingly died unlamented, and immensely rich.

Henry the Eighth succeeded his father. His reign deserves your attention ; being full of remarkable events, particularly that of the Reformation.

He was as profuse as his father was avaricious, and soon spent in idle show and pleasures the great sums his father left him. He was violent and impetuous in all his passions, in satisfying which he stopped at nothing. He had married, in his father's life-time, Catherine, princess of Spain, the widow of his elder brother, Prince Arthur ; but growing weary of her, and being in love with Anne Boleyn, he was resolved to be divorced from his wife, in order to marry Anne. The Pope would not consent to this divorce ; at which Henry was so incensed, that he threw off the Pope's authority in England, declared himself head of the Church, and divorced himself. You must know, that in those days of popery and ignorance, the Pope pretended to be above all kings, and to depose them when he thought proper. He was universal head of the Church, and disposed of bishoprics and ecclesiastical matters in every country in Europe ; to which unreasonable pretensions all princes had been fools enough more or less to submit. But Henry put an end to those pretensions in England, and resolved to retain no part of popery that was inconsistent either with his passions, or his interest ; in consequence of which, he dissolved the monasteries and religious houses in England, took away their estates, kept some for himself, and distributed the rest among the considerable people of this country. This was the beginning of the Reformation in England, and happened about two hundred years ago. As it

is necessary you should know what the Reformation is, I must tell you, that a little more than two hundred years ago, all Europe were Papists, till one Martin Luther, a German Augustine monk, began in Germany to reform religion from the errors, absurdities, and superstitions of Popery. Many German princes, particularly the Elector of Saxony, embraced his doctrines, and protested against the Church of Rome, from whence they were called Protestants. Read the article Luther in your Dictionary.

To return to Henry the Eighth; he married six wives, one after another, two of which he beheaded for adultery, and put away two because he did not like them. He was for some time governed absolutely by his first minister, Cardinal Wolsey, who was at last disgraced, and broke his heart.

He was succeeded by his son, Edward the Sixth, who was but nine years old; but his guardians being Protestants, the Reformation was established in England. He died at fifteen years old, and was succeeded by his half-sister, Mary.

Queen Mary was daughter of Henry the Eighth, by his first wife, Catherine of Spain. She was a zealous and cruel Papist, imprisoned and burnt the Protestants, and did all she could to root out the Reformation in England; but did not reign long enough to do it. She was married to Philip the Second of Spain, but having no children, was succeeded by her sister, Queen Elizabeth.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is, without dispute, the most glorious in the English history. She established the Reformation, encouraged trade and manufactures, and carried the nation to a pitch of happiness and glory it had never seen before, and has never seen since. She defeated the fleet which Philip the Second of Spain sent to invade England, and which he called the Invincible Armada. She assisted the Dutch, who had revolted from the tyranny of the same king's government; and contributed to the establishment of the Republic of the United Provinces. She was the support of the Protestant cause in Europe. In her reign we made our first settlement in America, which was Virginia, so called from her, because she was a virgin, and never married. She beheaded her cousin Mary Queen of Scotland, who was continually forming plots to dethrone her, and usurp the kingdom. She reigned four-and-forty years,

with glory to herself, and advantage to her kingdom. Lord Burleigh was her wise and honest minister during almost her whole reign. As she died without children, she was succeeded by her nearest relation, King James the First, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded.

With King James the First the family of the Stuarts came to the throne, and supplied England successively with four very bad kings. King James had no one of the virtues of his predecessor Queen Elizabeth; but had all the faults and vices that a man, or even a king, can have. He was a most notorious coward and liar, a formal pedant; thinking and calling himself wise, without being so in any degree; wanting always to make himself absolute, without either parts or courage to compass it. He was the bubble of his favourites, whom he enriched, and always in necessity himself. His reign was inglorious and shameful, and laid the foundation of all the mischief that happened under the reign of his son and successor, King Charles the First.

Observe, that until King James the First, Scotland had its own kings, and was independent of England; but he being king of Scotland when Queen Elizabeth died, England and Scotland have from that time been united under the same king.

King Charles the First succeeded his father King James the First; and, though he was nothing very extraordinary, was still much better than his father, having both more sense and more courage. He married a princess of France, daughter to Henry the Great; who, being a zealous Papist, and a busy, meddling woman, had an influence over him, which contributed much to his misfortunes. He had learned from his father to fancy that he had a right to be absolute; and had the courage that his father wanted, to try for it. This made him quarrel with parliaments, and attempt to raise money without them, which no king has a right to do: but there was then spirit and virtue enough in the nation to oppose it. He would likewise, by the advice of a hot-headed parson (Archbishop Laud), establish the Common Prayer through the whole kingdom by force, to which the Presbyterians would not submit. These, and many other violences, raised a civil war in the nation, in which he was beaten and taken prisoner. A high court of justice was erected on purpose for his trial, where he was tried and condemned for high treason

against the constitution ; and was beheaded publicly, about one hundred years ago, at Whitehall, on the 30th of January. This action is much blamed ; but, however, if it had not happened, we had had no liberties left.

After Charles's death, the parliament governed for a time, but the army soon took the power out of their hands : and then Oliver Cromwell, a private gentleman of Huntingdonshire, and a colonel in that army, usurped the government, and called himself the Protector. He was a very brave and a very able man ; and carried the honour of England to the highest pitch of glory ; making himself both feared and respected by all the powers in Europe. He got us the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards, and Dunkirk, which Charles the Second shamefully sold afterwards to the French. He died in about ten years after he had usurped the government, which he left to his son Richard, who, being a blockhead, could not keep it ; so that King Charles the Second was restored, by the means of General Monk, who was then at the head of the army.

King Charles the Second, who, during the life of Cromwell, had been wandering about from one country to another, instead of profiting by his adversities, had only collected the vices of all the countries he had been in. He had no religion, or, if any, was a Papist ; and his brother, the Duke of York, was a declared one. He gave all he had to whores and favourites ; and was so necessitous, that he became a pensioner to France. He lived uneasily with his people and his parliament ; and was at last poisoned. As he died without children, he was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, then

King James the Second ; who was of a sour, cruel, and tyrannical disposition, and a zealous Papist. He resolved at once to be above the laws, make himself absolute, and establish popery ; upon which the nation very wisely and justly turned him out, before he had reigned quite four years ; and called the Prince of Orange from Holland, who had married King James's eldest daughter, Mary.

The Prince and Princess of Orange were then declared by parliament King and Queen of England, by the title of King William the Third, and Queen Mary ; and this is called the Revolution.

Queen Mary was an excellent princess ; but she died seven years before King William, without children. King William was a brave and warlike king : he would have been glad of more power than he ought to have ; but his parliaments kept him within due bounds against his will. To the Revolution we again owe our liberties. King William, dying without children, was succeeded by Queen Anne, the second daughter of King James the Second.

The reign of Queen Anne was a glorious one, by the success of her arms against France, under the Duke of Marlborough. As she died without children, the family of the Stuarts ended in her, and the Crown went to the House of Hanover, as the next Protestant family ; so that she was succeeded by King George the First, father of the present king.

LETTER XCIV

Saturday.

SIR : The fame of your erudition, and other shining qualifications, having reached to Lord Orrery,¹ he desired me, that you might dine with him and his son, Lord Boyle, next Sunday ; which I told him you should. By this time, I suppose, you have heard from him ; if you have not, you must however go there between two and three to-morrow, and say, that you came to wait upon Lord Boyle, according to his Lordship's orders, of which I informed you. As this will deprive me of the honour and pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow, I will hope for it at breakfast, and shall take care to have your chocolate ready.

Though I need not tell one of your age, experience, and knowledge of the world, how necessary good breeding is, to

¹ [John Boyle, fifth Earl of Cork, fifth Earl of Orrery, and second Baron Marston (1707-62), was the only son of Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery, whom he followed as fifth earl in 1731. On the death, in 1753, of his kinsman, Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork and Burlington, he succeeded, as fifth Earl of Cork, thus uniting the Orrery peerage to the older Cork peerage. His father, through some grudge, left his library to Christ Church, Oxford, assigning as his reason his son's want of taste for literature. Lord Orrery (the subject of this note) wrote, however, papers in the *World* and the *Connoisseur*, as well as *A Translation of the Works of Pliny the Younger*, *An Essay on the Life of Pliny*, *Memoirs of Robert Carey Earl of Monmouth*, and other works.]

recommend one to mankind ; yet as your various occupations of Greek and cricket, Latin and pitch-farthing, may possibly divert your attention from this subject, I take the liberty of reminding you of it, and desiring you to be very well-bred at Lord Orrery's. It is good-breeding alone that can prepossess people in your favour at first sight, more time being necessary to discover greater talents. This good-breeding, you know, does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony ; but in an easy, civil and respectful behaviour. You will take care, therefore, to answer with complaisance, when you are spoken to ; to place yourself at the lower end of the table, unless bid to go higher ; to drink first to the lady of the house, and next to the master ; not to eat awkwardly or dirtily ; not to sit when others stand : and to do all this with an air of complaisance, and not with a grave, sour look, as if you did it all unwillingly. I do not mean a silly, insipid smile, that fools have when they would be civil ; but an air of sensible good-humour. I hardly know anything so difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good-breeding ; which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, and impertinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is often necessary ; a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so ; and an outward modesty is extremely becoming ; the knowledge of the world, and your own observations, must, and alone can, tell you the proper quantities of each.

Mr. Fitzgerald was with me yesterday, and commended you much ; go on to deserve commendations, and you will certainly meet with them. Adieu.

LETTER XCV

Tuesday.

DEAR BOY : Good-breeding is so important an article in life, and so absolutely necessary for you, if you would please, and be well received in the world, that I must give you another lecture upon it, and possibly this will not be the last neither.

I only mentioned in my last the general rules of common civility, which whoever does not observe will pass for a bear, and be as unwelcome as one, in company ; and there is hardly anybody brutal enough not to answer when they are spoke to,

or not to say, sir, my lord, or madam, according to the rank of the people they speak to. But it is not enough not to be rude ; you should be extremely civil, and distinguished for your good breeding. The first principle of this good breeding is never to say anything that you think can be disagreeable to anybody in company ; but, on the contrary, you should endeavour to say what will be agreeable to them ; and that in an easy and natural manner, without seeming to study for compliments. There is likewise such a thing as a civil look, and a rude look ; and you should look civil as well as be so ; for if, while you are saying a civil thing, you look gruff and surly, as most English bumpkins do, nobody will be obliged to you for a civility that seemed to come so unwillingly. If you have occasion to contradict anybody, or to set them right from a mistake, it would be very brutal to say, *That is not so ; I know better ;* or, *You are out ;* but you should say with a civil look, *I beg your pardon, I believe you mistake ;* or, *If I may take the liberty of contradicting you, I believe it is so and so ;* for though you may know a thing better than other people, yet it is very shocking to tell them so directly, without something to soften it ; but remember particularly, that whatever you say or do, with ever so civil an intention, a great deal consists in the manner and the look, which must be genteel, easy, and natural, and is easier to be felt than described.

Civility is particularly due to all women ; and remember, that no provocation whatsoever can justify any man in not being civil to every woman ; and the greatest man in England would justly be reckoned a brute, if he were not civil to the meanest woman. It is due to their sex, and is the only protection they have against the superior strength of ours ; nay, even a little flattery is allowable with women ; and a man may, without meanness, tell a woman that she is either handsomer or wiser than she is. I repeat it again to you, observe the French people, and mind how easily and naturally civil their address is, and how agreeably they insinuate little civilities in their conversation. They think it so essential, that they call an honest man and a civil man by the same name, of *honnête homme* ; and the Romans called civility *humanitas*, as thinking it inseparable from humanity. As nobody can instruct you in good breeding better than your Mamma, be sure you mind all she says to you upon

that subject, and depend upon it, that your reputation and success in the world will, in a great measure, depend upon the degree of good breeding you are master of. You cannot begin too early to take that turn, in order to make it natural and habitual to you; which it is to very few Englishmen, who, neglecting it while they are young, find out too late, when they are old, how necessary it is, and then cannot get it right. There is hardly a French cook that is not better bred than most Englishmen of quality, and that cannot present himself with more ease, and a better address, in any mixed company. Remember to practise all this, and then, with the learning which I hope you will have, you may arrive at what I reckon almost the perfection of human nature, English knowledge with French good breeding. Adieu!

LETTER XCVI

Friday Morning.

DEAR BOY: I am very well pleased with the substance of your letter; and as for the inaccuracies with regard to style and grammar, you could have corrected them all yourself, if you had taken time. I return it to you here corrected, and desire that you will attend to the difference, which is the way to avoid the same faults for the future.

I would have your letter, next Thursday, be in English, and let it be written as accurately as you are able; I mean with respect to the language, grammar, and stops; for, as to the matter of it, the less trouble you give yourself, the better it will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we would say to those persons, if we were with them. You may as well write it on the Wednesday, at your leisure, and leave it to be given to my man, when he comes for it on Thursday.

Monsieur Coudert will go to you three times a week; Tuesdays and Saturdays, at three of the clock, and Thursdays at five. He will read modern history with you; and, at the same time, instruct you in geography and chronology; without both which, the knowledge of history is very imperfect, and almost useless. I beg, therefore, that you will give great attention to them; they will be of the greatest use to you.

As I know you do not love to stay long in the same place, I flatter myself, that you will take care not to remain long in that you have got, in the middle of the third form. It is in your own power to be soon out of it, if you please : and I hope the love of variety will tempt you.

Pray be attentive and obedient to Mr. Fitzgerald ; I am particularly obliged to him for undertaking the care of you ; and if you are diligent, and mind your business when with him, you will rise very fast in the school. Every remove (you know) is to be attended by a reward from me, besides the credit you will gain for yourself ; which, to so great a soul as yours, I presume, is a stronger inducement than any other reward can be : but, however, you shall have one. I know very well you will not be easy till you are got above Master Onslow ; but as he learns very well, I fear you will never be able to do it, at least not without taking more pains than, I believe, you will care to take ; but, should that ever happen, there shall be a very considerable reward for you, besides fame.

Let me know, in your next, what books you read in your place at school, and what you do with Mr. Fitzgerald. Adieu.

LETTER XCVII

CHELTENHAM, *June 25, 1743.*

DEAR BOY : This morning I received your letter of the 23d of June, and not of July as you had dated it. I am very glad you have had that troublesome tooth drawn ; you will now, I daresay, be perfectly easy, and have no interruptions, I hope, from school. I send you back your theme, the sense of which I am very well satisfied with ; I have corrected the English of it, which corrections I desire you will observe and remember. Though propriety and accuracy are commendable in every language, they are particularly necessary in one's own ; and distinguish people of fashion and education from the illiterate vulgar. Those who speak and write a language with purity and elegance, have a great advantage over even those who are free from faults, but have yet no beauty nor happiness of style and expression. Cicero says, very truly, that it is a very great ornament and advantage to excel other men in the particular quality in which men excel

beasts, Speech. Direct your next to me here, and after that to Bath. Adieu! and, in proportion as you deserve it, I shall always be, Yours.

LETTER XCVIII

BATH, July 16, 1743.

DEAR BOY: I received, this morning, your letter and theme, both which were so much better written than the former, that I almost read them at sight. It is therefore plain that you could do better than you did, and I am sure you can do better still, and desire that you will be pleased to do so. I send you back your letter for the sake of two gross faults in orthography, which I have corrected, and which it is fit you should observe. Those things, which all people can do well if they please, it is a shame to do ill. As, for example, writing and spelling well only require care and attention. There are other things which people are not obliged to do at all; but, if they do them at all, are obliged to do them well, or they make themselves very ridiculous by attempting them. As, for instance, dancing, music, painting; which a man is not obliged to know at all; but then he is obliged by common sense not to do them at all, unless he does them well. I am very glad to hear that you have increased your fortune, by the acquisition of two silver pence. In that article (in spite of the old proverb) I recommend to you, to be *penny wise*, and to take a great deal of pains to get more. Money so got brings along with it, what seldom accompanies money, honour. As you are now got into sense-verses, remember, that it is not sufficient to put a little common sense into hexameters and pentameters; that alone does not constitute poetry; but observe, and endeavour to imitate the poetical diction, the epithets, and the images of the poets; for, though the Latin maxim is a true one, *Nascitur poeta, fit orator*; that relates only to the genius, the fire, and the invention of the poet, which is certainly never to be acquired, but must be born with him. But the mechanical parts of the poetry, such as the diction, the numbers, and the harmony, they are to be acquired by care. Many words, that are very properly used in prose, are much below the dignity of verse. Frequent epithets would be

very improper and affected in prose, but are almost necessary in verse. Thus you will observe, that Ovid, the poet you now read, adds an epithet to almost every substantive : which epithet is to point out some particular circumstance or peculiarity of the substantive. Virgil commonly gives the epithet of *Pius* to his hero Æneas, on account of his remarkable piety, both to his father Anchises, and to the gods ; but then, when he represents him fighting, or making love, he judiciously changes the epithet, and calls him *Dux Æneas*, a more proper epithet in those situations. Ovid, in his epistle from Penelope to Ulysses, makes her give him the epithet of *lentus*, because he was so long coming home,

Hanc tua Penelope *lento* tibi mittit Ulyssi.¹

When you read the poets, attend to all these things, as well as merely to the literal construction of the language, or the feet of the verse.

I hope you take pains with Mr. Fitzgerald, and improve much in Greek ; for that, I am sure, is in your power. I will give you Horace's advice upon that subject.

————— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.²

Everybody knows Latin, but few people know Greek well ; so that you will distinguish yourself much more by Greek, than you can by Latin, and, considering how long you have learned it, you ought to know it as well.

If you would have me bring you anything from hence, let me know what, and you shall have it ; provided that, at my return, I hear an equally good account of you from Dr. Nichols, Mr. Fitzgerald, and Monsieur Coudert. Adieu.

LETTER XCIX

BATH, August 8, 1743.

DEAR BOY : I am very sorry to hear from London that you have got a rash, which I suppose proceeds from an immense

¹[*Heroides*, ep. i., Penelope Ulyxi.]

²[Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 268.]

quantity of bad fruit you have eaten ; however, it is well for you that the distemper discharges itself in this way, and you will be the better for it afterwards. But pray, let all fruit, for some time, be forbidden fruit to you ; and let no Westminster Eve, with either stall or basket, tempt you to taste. Health, in my mind, deserves more attention than life ; and yet one would think that few people knew the value of it, by their way of living. Fruit is yet the only irregularity your age exposes you to ; and you see the consequences of it ; but they are not to compare to the ill consequences which attend the irregularities of manhood. Wine and women give incurable distempers. Fevers, the gout, the stone, the pox, are the necessary consequences of debauchery ; and can rational creatures then wilfully bring such misfortunes upon themselves ? I am sure you never will. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the truest description of human happiness ; I think you have them both at present ; take care to keep them ; it is in your power to do it.

If I should not be in town before the silly breaking-up for Bartholomew-tide, I would have you then go as usual to Mr. Maittaire, to amuse yourself with Greek. I have wrote to him about it ; and I expect a much better account of you from him this breaking-up, than I had the last. Do not write to me after next Thursday, for I leave this place next Saturday. You need not send me any theme, since you have not been well, and I will be satisfied with hearing of your recovery ; but you may get the two themes I sent you ready against I come to town. You will observe, they are direct contrary subjects, and I shall be glad to know what you can urge on each side of the question. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, is what Ovid says of Phaeton,¹ to excuse his attempting what he could not perform ; and implies that there is some degree of merit in attempting great things, even though one fails. The other, *Aut nunquam tentes, aut perforce*, recommends prudence in all we undertake, and to attempt nothing that we are not sure to be able to go through with. Adieu !²

¹[*Metam.*, lib. ii., 328.]

²[Lord Chesterfield was at the Hague in 1744, and there are not any letters to his son in that year. In 1745 he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

LETTER C

DUBLIN, *January 25, 1745.*

DEAR BOY : As there are now four mails due from England, one of which, at least, will, I suppose, bring me a letter from you, I take this opportunity of acknowledging it beforehand, that you may not accuse me (as you once or twice have done) of negligence. I am very glad to find by your letter which I am to receive, that you are determined to apply yourself seriously to your business ; to attend to what you learn, in order to learn it well ; and to reflect and reason upon what you have learned, that your learning may be of use to you. These are very good resolutions, and I applaud you mightily for them. Now for your last letter, which I have received : You rebuke me very severely for not knowing, or at least not remembering, that you have been some time in the fifth form. Here, I confess, I am at a loss what to say for myself ; for, on the one hand, I own it is not probable that you would not, at the time, have communicated an event of that importance to me ; and, on the other hand, it is not likely, that, if you had informed me of it, I could have forgotten it. You say that it happened six months ago ; in which, with all due submission to you, I apprehend you are mistaken, because that must have been before I left England, which I am sure it was not ; and it does not appear, in any of your original manuscripts, that it happened since. May not this possibly proceed from the oscitancy of the writer ? To this oscitancy of the librarians we owe so many mistakes, hiatuses, lacunæ, etc., in the ancient manuscripts. It may here be necessary to explain to you the meaning of the *oscitantes librarii* ; which I believe you will easily take. These persons (before printing was invented) transcribed the works of authors, sometimes for their own profit, but oftener (as they were generally slaves) for the profit of their masters. In the first case, despatch more than accuracy was their object, for the faster they wrote, the more they got ; in the latter case (observe this) as it was a task imposed upon them, which they did not dare to refuse, they were *idle, careless, and incorrect, not giving themselves the trouble to read over what they had written.* The celebrated Atticus

kept a great number of these transcribing slaves, and got great sums of money by their labours.

But, to return now to your fifth form, from whence I have strayed, it may be, too long: Pray what do you do in that country? Be so kind as to give me a description of it. What Latin and Greek books do you read there? Are your exercises exercises of invention? or do you still put the bad English of the Psalms into bad Latin, and only change the shape of Latin verse, from long to short, and from short to long? People do not improve, singly, by travelling, but by the observations they make, and by keeping good company where they do travel. So, I hope, in your travels through the fifth form, you keep company with Horace and Cicero, among the Romans; and Homer and Xenophon, among the Greeks; and that you are got out of the worst company in the world, the Greek epigrams. Martial has wit, and is worth your looking into sometimes; but I recommend the Greek epigrams to your supreme contempt. Good-night to you.

LETTER CI

HAGUE, *April 16, N. S. 1745.*

DEAR BOY: Give the enclosed to Monsieur Coudert: 'tis in answer to one I received from him lately, in which he commends you and consequently pleases me. If your praises give me so much pleasure, how much more must they give you, when they come round to you, and are consequently untainted with flattery! To be commended by those, who themselves deserve to be commended, and for things commendable in themselves, is in my mind the greatest pleasure anybody can feel. Tacitus expresses it with great strength, in three words, when he relates that Germanicus used to go about his camp in disguise to hear what his soldiers and officers said of him; and overhearing them always speak well of him, adds, *Fruitur fama sui: He enjoys his own reputation.* No man deserves reputation, who does not desire it, and whoever desires it may be sure, to a certain degree, to deserve it, and to have it. Do you therefore win it, and wear it: I can assure you that no man is well dressed who does not wear it: he had better be in rags.

Next to character, which is founded upon solid merit, the most pleasing thing to one's self is to please, and that depends upon the manner of exerting those good qualities that form the character. Here the graces are to be called in, to accompany and adorn every word and action; the look, the tone of voice, the manner of speaking, the gestures, must all conspire to form that *Je ne sçai quoi*, that everybody feels, although nobody can exactly describe. The best way of acquiring it, I believe, is to observe by what particular circumstances each person pleases you the best, and imitate that person in that particular; for what pleases you will probably please another.

Monsieur Dunoyers will come to you this breaking-up, not so much to teach you to dance, as to walk, stand, and sit well. They are not such trifles as they are commonly thought, and people are more influenced by them than they imagine; therefore, pray mind them, and let genteel and graceful motion and attitudes become habitual to you. Adieu! I shall see you before it is very long.

LETTER CII

April 30, N.S. 1745.

DEAR BOY: You rebuke me very justly for my mistake, between Juno and Venus, and I am very glad to be corrected by you. It is Juno's speech to Æolus, in the first book of Virgil, that I meant, and if I said Venus's, I said very wrong. What led me into the error at the time might possibly be, that in that speech (if I remember right) Juno assumes a little of Venus's character, and offers to procure for Æolus by way of bribe.

Your Easter breaking-up is, by good luck, but short, and I hope I shall see you in England before your Whitsuntide idleness; though I flatter myself you will not make it a time of idleness, at least I will do my endeavours to prevent it.

I am sure you are now old enough, and I hope and believe that you are wise enough, to be sensible of the great advantage you will receive for the rest of your life, from application in the beginning of it. If you have regard for your character, if you would be loved and esteemed hereafter, this is your time, and your only time, to get the materials together, and to lay the

foundation of your future reputation ; the superstructure will be easily finished afterwards. One year's application now is worth ten to you hereafter ; therefore pray take pains now, in order to have pleasure afterwards : and mind always what you are about, be it what it will ; it is so much time saved. Besides, there is no one surer sign in the world of a little frivolous mind, than to be thinking of one thing while one is doing another ; for whatever is worth doing is worth thinking of while one is doing it. Whenever you find anybody incapable of attention to the same object for a quarter of an hour together, and easily diverted from it by some trifle, you may depend upon it that person is frivolous, and incapable of anything great. Let nothing *detourn* you from the thing you are about, unless it be of much greater consequence than that thing.

You will be thirteen by the time I shall see you ; and considering the care I have taken of you, you ought to be at thirteen what other boys are at sixteen ; so that I expect to find you about sixteen at my return. Good-night to you.

LETTER CIII

DUBLIN CASTLE, *November 12, 1745.*

DEAR BOY : I have received your two letters, of the 26th October and 2d November, both which were pretty correct ; excepting that you make use of the word *disaffection*, to express want of affection ; in which sense it is seldom or never used, but with regard to the Government. People who are against the Government are said to be *disaffected* ; but one never says such a person is *disaffected* to his father, his mother, etc., though in truth it would be as proper ; but usage alone decides of language ; and that usage, as I have observed before, is the usage of people of fashion and letters. The common people in every country speak their own language very ill ; the people of fashion (as they are called) speak it better, but not always correctly, because they are not always people of letters. Those who speak their own language most accurately are those who have learning, and are at the same time in the polite world ; at least their language will be reckoned the standard of the language of that

country. The grammatical rules of most languages are pretty nearly the same, and your Latin grammar will teach you to speak English grammatically. But every language has its particular idioms and peculiarities, which are not to be accounted for, but, being established by usage, must be submitted to; as for instance, *How do you do?* is absolute nonsense, and has no meaning at all; but is used by everybody, for *What is the state of your health?* There are a thousand expressions of this kind in every language, which, though infinitely absurd, yet being universally received, it would be still more absurd not to make use of them. I had a letter by last post from Mr. Maittaire, in which he tells me, that your Greek grammar goes pretty well, but that you do not retain Greek words; without which your Greek rules will be of very little use. This is not want of memory, I am sure, but want of attention; for all people remember whatever they attend to. They say that "great wits have short memories"; but I say that only fools have short ones; because they are incapable of attention, at least to anything that deserves it, and then they complain of want of memory.

It is astonishing to me that you have not the ambition to excel in everything you do; which, by attention to each thing, and to no other at that time, you might easily bring about. Can anything be more flattering than to be acknowledged to excel in whatever one attempts? and can idleness and dissipation afford any pleasure equal to that? *Qui nil molitur ineptè*, was said of Homer; and is the best thing that can be said of anybody. Were I in your place, I protest I would be melancholy and mortified, if I did not both construe Homer, and play at pitch, better than any boy of my own age, and in my own form. I like the epigram you sent last very well, and would have you in every letter transcribe ten or a dozen lines out of some good author; I leave the choice of the subject, and of the language, to you. What I mean by it is, to make you retain so many shining passages of different authors, which writing them is the likeliest way of doing, provided you will but attend to them while you write them. Adieu! Work hard, or you will pass your time very ill at my return.

LETTER CIV

DUBLIN CASTLE, *November 29, 1745.*

DEAR BOY : I have received your last Saturday's performance, with which I am very well satisfied. I know nor have heard of no Mr. St. Maurice here ; and young Pain, whom I have made an ensign, was here upon the spot, as were every one of those I have named in these new levies.

Now that the Christmas breaking-up draws near, I have ordered Mr. Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms ; which, with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing ; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform ; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet, when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do everything you do well. There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well ; and I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance, dress is a very foolish thing, and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life ; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with : the difference in this case between a man of sense and a fop, is, that the fop values himself upon his dress, and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it. There are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which, not being criminal, must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them ; but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people, if you can ; but do not tell them so.

It is a very fortunate thing for Sir Charles Hotham,¹ to have

¹[Sir Charles Hotham, Lord Chesterfield's nephew, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1737. He was son of Sir Charles and Lady Gertrude Hotham.]

fallen into the hands of one of your age, experience, and knowledge of the world : I am persuaded you will take infinite care of him. Good-night.

LETTER CV

DUBLIN CASTLE, *February 8, 1746.*

SIR : I have been honoured with two letters from you, since I troubled you with my last ; and I have likewise received a letter from Mr. Morel, containing a short, but beautiful manuscript, said to be yours ; but, I confess, I can hardly believe it, because it is so very different from your common writing : and I will not suppose that you do not always write as well as you can ; for to do anything ill that one can do well, is a degree of negligence which I can never suspect you of. I always applauded your laudable ambition of excelling in everything you attempted, and therefore make no doubt but that you will, in a little time, be able to write full as well as the person (whenever he was) that wrote that manuscript which is said to be yours. People like you have a contempt for mediocrity, and are not satisfied with escaping censure ; they aim at praise, and, by desiring, seldom fail deserving and acquiring it.

You propose, I find, Demosthenes for your model ; and you have chosen very well ; but remember the pains he took to be what he was. He spoke near the sea, in storms, both to use himself to speak aloud and not to be disturbed by the noise and tumult of public assemblies ; he put stones in his mouth, to help his elocution, which naturally was not advantageous : from which facts I conclude, that, whenever he spoke, he opened both his lips and his teeth : and that he articulated every word and every syllable distinctly, and full loud enough to be heard the whole length of my library.

As he took so much pains for the graces of oratory only, I conclude he took still more for the more solid parts of it. I am apt to think he applied himself extremely to the propriety, the purity, and the elegance of his language ; to the distribution of the parts of his oration ; to the force of his arguments ; to the strength of his proofs ; and to the passions, as well as the judgments of his audience. I fancy he began with an *exordium*, to

gain the good opinion and the affections of his audience ; that afterwards he stated the point in question, briefly, but clearly ; that he then brought his proofs, afterwards his arguments, and that he concluded with a *peroratio*, in which he recapitulated the whole succinctly, enforced the strong parts, and artfully slipped over the weak ones ; and at last made his strong push at the passions of his hearers. Wherever you would persuade or prevail, address yourself to the passions ; it is by them that mankind is to be taken. Cæsar bade his soldiers, at the battle or Pharsalia, aim at the faces of Pompey's men ; they did so, and prevailed. I bid you strike at the passions ; and if you do, you too will prevail. If you can once engage people's pride, love, pity, ambition (or whichever is their prevailing passion) on your side, you need not fear what their reason can do against you.

I am, with the greatest respect, Your, etc.

LETTER CVI

DUBLIN, *February* 18, 1746.

DEAR-BY : I received your letter, of the 11th, with great pleasure, it being well written in every sense. I am glad that you begin to taste Horace ; the more you read him the better you will like him. His *Art of Poetry* is, in my mind, his master-piece ; and the rules he there lays down are applicable to almost every part of life. To avoid extremes, to observe propriety, to consult one's own strength, and to be consistent from beginning to end, are precepts as useful for the man as for the poet. When you read it, have this observation in your mind, and you will find it holds true throughout. You are extremely welcome to my Tacitus, provided you make a right use of it ; that is, provided you read it ; but I doubt it is a little too difficult for you yet. He wrote in the time of Trajan, when the Latin language had greatly degenerated from the purity of the Augustan age. Besides, he has a peculiar conciseness of style, that often renders him obscure. But he knew, and describes mankind perfectly well ; and that is the great and useful knowledge. You cannot apply yourself too soon, nor too carefully to it. The more you know men, the less you will

trust them. Young people have commonly an unguarded openness and frankness; they contract friendships easily, are credulous to professions, and are always the dupes of them. If you would have your secret kept, keep it yourself; and, as it is possible that your friend may one day or other become your enemy, take care not to put yourself in his power, while he is your friend. The same arts and tricks that boys will now try upon you, for balls, bats, and halfpence, men will make use of with you when you are a man, for other purposes.

Your French epigram is a pretty one. I send you another in return, which was made upon a very insignificant, obscure fellow, who left a sum of money in his will, for an epitaph to be left upon him.

Colas est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort ;
Que diable veux-tu que j'en die ?
Colas vivoit ! Colas est mort.

It exposes perfectly well the silly vanity of a fellow, who, though he had never done anything to be spoken of in his life-time, wanted to have something said of him after his death. I will give you, into the bargain, a very good English epitaph, upon a virtuous and beautiful young lady :—

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die ;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.¹

Adieu ! Work hard ; for your day of trial draws near.

LETTER CVII

DUBLIN, *February* 26, 1746.

Sunt quibus in Satira videar nimis acer.²

I find, Sir, you are one of those ; though I cannot imagine why you think so, unless something that I have said, very innocently, has happened to be very applicable to somebody or other of your acquaintance. He makes the satire who applies it, *qui*

¹[Jonson, On Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.]

²[Horace, *Sat.*, ii., i., i.]

capit ille facit: I hope you do not think I meant you, by anything I have said; because, if you do, it seems to imply a consciousness of some guilt, which I dare not presume to suppose in your case. I know my duty too well, to express, and your merit too well, to entertain such a suspicion. I have not lately read the satirical authors you mention, having very little time here to read. But, as soon as I return to England, there is a book that I shall read over carefully; a book that I published not quite fourteen years ago; it is a small quarto, and, though I say it myself, there is something good in it; but at the same time it is so incorrect, so inaccurate, and has so many faults, that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally read than it has been yet; and therefore it is necessary that it should *prodire in lucem, multò emendatior*. I believe you have seldom dipped into this book; and, moreover, I believe it will be the last book that you will read with proper attention; otherwise, if you would take the trouble, you could help me in this new edition more than anybody. If you will promise me your assistance I will tell you the book; till then I shall not name it.

You will find all the *Spectators* that are good, that is, all Addison's, in my library, in one large quarto volume of his works; which is perfectly at your service.

Pray tell Monsieur Coderc (who you, with grammatical purity, say has been *to* General Cornwall) that I do not doubt, but that whole affair will be set right in a little time. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII

DUBLIN CASTLE, *March 10, 1746.*

SIR: I most thankfully acknowledge the honour of two or three letters from you, since I troubled you with my last; and am very proud of the repeated instances you give me of your favour and protection, which I shall endeavour to deserve.

I am very glad that you went to hear a trial in the Court of King's Bench; and still more so, that you made the proper animadversions upon the inattention of many of the people in

the Court. As you observed very well the indecency of that inattention, I am sure you will never be guilty of anything like it yourself. There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well ; and nothing can be well done without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about anything that was said or done where he was present, that "truly he did not mind it". And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there, but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains, everything that passes where he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory. Mind, not only what people say, but how they say it ; and if you have any sagacity, you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look just as they will ; and their looks frequently discover what their words are calculated to conceal. Observe, therefore, people's looks carefully, when they speak not only to you, but to each other. I have often guessed, by people's faces, what they were saying, though I could not hear one word they said. The most material knowledge of all, I mean the knowledge of the world, is never to be acquired without great attention ; and I know many old people, who, though they have lived long in the world, are but children still as to the knowledge of it, from their levity and inattention. Certain forms, which all people comply with, and certain arts, which all people aim at, hide, in some degree, the truth, and give a general exterior resemblance to almost everybody. Attention and sagacity must see through that veil, and discover the natural character. You are of an age now, to reflect, to observe and compare characters, and to arm yourself against the common arts, at least, of the world. If a man, with whom you are but barely acquainted, and to whom you have made no offers nor given any marks of friendship, makes you, on a sudden, strong professions of his, receive them with civility, but do not repay them with confidence : he certainly means to deceive you ; for one man does not fall in love with another at sight. If a man uses strong protestations or oaths, to make you believe a thing, which is of itself so likely and probable that the bare saying of it would be sufficient,

depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it ; or else he would not take so much pains.

In about five weeks, I propose having the honour of laying myself at your feet : which I hope to find grown longer than they were when I left them. Adieu.

LETTER CIX

DUBLIN, *March 23, 1746.*

DEAR BOY : You are a mere Œdipus, and I do not believe a Sphynx could puzzle you ; though, to say the truth, consciousness is a great help to discoveries of that kind. I am glad you are sensible the book I mentioned requires more than one new edition before it can be correct ; but as you promise to co-operate with me, I am in great hopes of publishing a pretty good edition of it in five or six years' time. I must have the text very correct, and the character very fair, both which must be chiefly your care : as for the notes, which I fancy you will desire should be bank-notes, I believe I must provide them ; which I am very willing to do, if the book deserves them.

You call upon me for the partiality of an author to his own works ; but take this along with you, that the worst authors are always the most partial to their own works ; but a good author is the severest critic of his own compositions ; therefore, as I hope that, in this case, I am a good author, I can tell you I shall always be correcting, and never think my work perfect enough. To leave allegory, which should never be long (and, it may be, this has been too long), I tell you very seriously, that I both expect and require a great deal from you, and if you should disappoint me, I would not advise you to expect much from me. I ask nothing of you but what is entirely in your own power ; to be an honest, a learned, and a well-bred man. As for the first, I cannot, I will not doubt it ; I think you know already the infamy, the horrors, and the misfortunes that always attend a dishonest and dishonourable man. As to learning, that is wholly in your own power ; application will bring it about ; and you must have it. Good breeding is the natural result of common sense and common observation. Common sense points

out civility, and observation teaches you the manner of it, which makes it good breeding. To tell you the truth, I do not know anything you fail in so much as in this last; and a very great failing it is. Though you have not yet seen enough of the world to be well-bred, you have sense enough to know what it is to be civil; but I cannot say that you endeavour much to be so. It is with difficulty that you bring yourself to do the common offices of civility, which should always seem willing and natural.

Pray tell your mamma, that I really have not had time to answer her letter; but that I will see what I can do about it when I return to England; and tell her too that she is extremely welcome to send as many letters as ever she pleases, under my cover.

Send me, in your next, that Ode of Horace that begins with *Mater sæva Cupidinum*. Good-night, Sir!

LETTER CX

April 5, 1746.

DEAR BOY: Before it is very long, I am of opinion that you will both think and speak more favourably of women than you do now. You seem to think that from Eve downwards they have done a great deal of mischief. As for that lady, I give her up to you: but since her time, history will inform you, that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and, to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either, more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind; for, besides that all general rules have their exceptions, you unnecessarily make yourself a great number of enemies, by attacking a *corps* collectively. Among women, as among men, there are good as well as bad; and it may be full as many, or more, good than among men. This rule holds as to lawyers, soldiers, parsons, courtiers, citizens, etc. They are all men, subject to the same passions and sentiments, differing only in the manner, according to their several educations; and it would be as imprudent as unjust to attack any of them by the lump. Individuals forgive sometimes; but bodies and societies never do.

Many young people think it very genteel and witty to abuse the clergy ; in which they are extremely mistaken : since, in my opinion, parsons are very like men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown. All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite, thread-bare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place. Judge of individuals from your own knowledge of them, and not from their sex, profession, or denomination.

Though at my return, which I hope will be very soon, I shall not find your feet lengthened, I hope I shall find your head a good deal so, and then I shall not much mind your feet. In two or three months after my return, you and I shall part for some time ; you must go to read men as well as books, of all languages and nations. Observation and reflection will then be very necessary to you. We will talk this matter over fully when we meet ; which I hope will be in the last week of this month ; till when, I have the honour of being,

Your most faithful servant.

LETTER CXI

BATH, *Sept. 29, O. S. 1746.*

DEAR BOY : I received by the last mail your letter of the 23d N. S. from Heidelberg ; and am very well pleased to find that you inform yourself of the particulars of the several places you go through. You do mighty right to see the curiosities in those several places ; such as the Golden Bull¹ at Frankfort, the Tun at Heidelberg, etc. Other travellers see and talk of them : it is very proper to see them too ; but, remember, that seeing is the least material object of travelling ; hearing and knowing are the essential points. Therefore, pray let your inquiries be chiefly directed to the knowledge of the constitution and particular customs of the places where you either reside at, or

¹[The Golden Bull, so called from the seal of gold affixed to it, was granted by the Emperor Charles the Fourth. By this act the right of election to the Germanic Empire was confirmed by three spiritual and four temporal Electors, the Archbishops of Mentz, Cologne, and Treves, the King of Bohemia, the Count Palatine, the Duke of Saxony and the Margrave of Brandenburg.—Butler's *Revolutions of the Germanic Empire*, p. 105. M.]

pass through, whom they belong to, by what right and tenure, and since when ; in whom the supreme authority is lodged ; and by what magistrates, and in what manner the civil and criminal justice is administered. It is likewise necessary to get as much acquaintance as you can, in order to observe the characters and manners of the people ; for though human nature is in truth the same through the whole human species, yet it is so differently modified and varied, by education, habit and different customs, that one should, upon a slight and superficial observation, almost think it different.

As I have never been in Switzerland myself, I must desire you to inform me, now and then, of the constitution of that country. As, for instance, Do the Thirteen Cantons, jointly and collectively, form one government, where the supreme authority is lodged ; or, is each canton sovereign in itself, and under no tie or constitutional obligation of acting in common concert with the other cantons ? Can any one canton make war or form an alliance with a foreign power without the consent of the other twelve, or at least a majority of them ? Can one canton declare war against another ? If every canton is sovereign and independent in itself, in whom is the supreme power of that canton lodged ? Is it in one man, or in a certain number of men ? If in one man, what is he called ? If in a number, what are they called, senate, council, or what ? I do not suppose that you can yet know these things yourself ; but a very little inquiry of those who do, will enable you to answer me these few questions in your next. You see, I am sure, the necessity of knowing these things thoroughly, and consequently the necessity of conversing much with the people of the country, who alone can inform you rightly ; whereas most of the English who travel, converse only with each other, and consequently know no more, when they return to England, than they did when they left it. This proceeds from a *mauvaise honte*, which makes them ashamed of going into company ; and frequently too, from the want of the necessary language (French) to enable them to bear their part in it. As for the *mauvaise honte*, I hope you are above it. Your figure is like other people's : I suppose you will take care that your dress shall be so too, and to avoid any singularity. What then should you be ashamed of ; and why not go

into a mixed company, with as much ease and as little concern, as you would go into your own room? Vice and ignorance are the only things I know, which one ought to be ashamed of; keep but clear of them, and you may go anywhere without fear or concern. I have known some people, who from feeling the pain and inconveniences of this *mauvaise honte*, have rushed into the other extreme, and turned impudent, as cowards sometimes grow desperate from the excess of danger; but this too is carefully to be avoided; there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence. The medium between these two extremes marks out the well-bred man: he feels himself firm and easy in all companies; is modest without being bashful, and steady without being impudent: if he is a stranger, he observes, with care, the manners and ways of the people most esteemed at that place, and conforms to them with complaisance. Instead of finding fault with the customs of that place, and telling the people that the English ones are a thousand times better (as my countrymen are very apt to do), he commends their table, their dress, their houses, and their manners, a little more, it may be, than he really thinks they deserve. But this degree of complaisance is neither criminal nor abject; and is but a small price to pay for the good-will and affection of the people you converse with. As the generality of people are weak enough to be pleased with these little things, those who refuse to please them so cheap are, in my mind, weaker than they. There is a very pretty little French book, written by l'Abbé de Bellegarde,¹ entitled, *L'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*; and, though I confess that it is impossible to reduce the art of pleasing to a system, yet this book is not wholly useless: I dare say you may get it at Geneva, if not at Lausanne, and I would advise you to read it. But this principle I will lay down, that

¹[Père de Bellegarde—Jean-Baptiste Morvan—(1648-1734) is known rather as a voluminous than as a distinguished writer. He was a Jesuit for about seventeen years, but left the Order owing, it is said, to his attachment to the Cartesian philosophy. His translations of the Fathers (St. John Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, etc.) are more elegant than exact; his works on morals are worthier of commendation. Père de Bellegarde retired into the community of the priests of St. Francis de Sales, and died in 1734. He is sometimes called the *Abbé* de Bellegarde, but it may be more convenient to speak of him as the *Père* de Bellegarde, so as to distinguish him from the Abbé de Bellegarde (Gabriel du Parc) Canon and Count of Lyons, who has also a place in Literature.]

the desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it : the rest depends only upon the manner ; which attention, observation, and frequenting good company, will teach. But if you are lazy, careless, and indifferent whether you please or not, depend upon it you never will please.

This letter is insensibly grown too long ; but, as I always flatter myself that my experience may be of some use to your youth and inexperience, I throw out, as it occurs to me, and shall continue to do so, everything that I think may be of the least use to you in this important and decisive period of your life. God preserve you !

P. S. I am much better, and shall leave this place soon.

LETTER CXII

BATH, *October 4, O. S. 1746.*

DEAR BOY : Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess I have often my doubts whether it is to any purpose. I know how unwelcome advice generally is ; I know that those who want it most, like it and follow it least ; and I know too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, and the imperiousness, or the garrulity of old age. But then, on the other hand, I flatter myself, that as your own reason (though too young as yet to suggest much to you of itself) is, however, strong enough to enable you both to judge of, and receive plain truths ; I flatter myself (I say) that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you, that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you ; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well ; in which case, some of it will, I hope, have its desired effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent ; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too ; and do not apprehend that I mean to check your pleasures, of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way, in the progress of your youth, of those thorns and briars which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine. I do not, therefore, so much as hint to you, how absolutely dependent you are upon

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me : that you neither have, nor can have a shilling in the world but from me ; and that, as I have no womanish weakness for your person, your merit must and will be the only measure of my kindness. I say, I do not hint these things to you, because I am convinced that you will act right, upon more noble and generous principles ; I mean for the sake of doing right, and out of affection and gratitude to me.

I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties ; but I point them out to you, as conducive, nay, absolutely necessary to your pleasures ; for can there be a greater pleasure, than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life ? And, consequently, can there be anything more mortifying, than to be excelled by them ? In this latter case, your shame and regret must be greater than anybody's, because everybody knows the uncommon care which has been taken of your education, and the opportunities you have had of knowing more than others of your age. I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others (though that is a very sensible pleasure and a very warrantable pride) ; but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself ; for in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of anything, gives neither satisfaction nor credit ; but often brings disgrace or ridicule. Mr. Pope says, very truly,

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or taste not the Castalian spring,¹

And what is called a smattering of everything infallibly constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself at that age, without them ? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sitting away the evenings ; or, by wasting them frivolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women ; or, lastly, I

¹[*Essay on Criticism*, 215.]

must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. My books, and only my books, are now left me: and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true: *Hæc studia* (says he) *adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*

I do not mean, by this, to exclude conversation out of the pleasures of an advanced age; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleasure, at all ages, but the conversation of the ignorant is no conversation, and gives even them no pleasure: they tire of their own sterility, and have not matter enough to furnish them with words to keep up a conversation.

Let me, therefore, most earnestly recommend to you, to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge; for though, during the dissipation of your youth, you may not have occasion to spend much of it; yet, you may depend upon it, that a time will come, when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years; not that it is known that the next, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one; but because it is known that, sooner or later, such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

I will say no more to you upon this subject; you have Mr. Harte¹ with you to enforce it; you have reason to assent to the truth of it; so that, in short, "you have Moses and the prophets: if you will not believe them, neither will you believe though one rose from the dead". Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I so much recommend to you, is confined to books; pleas-

¹[Walter Harte (1709-74) was son of Walter Harte, who at the time of the Revolution was Vicar of St. Mary's, Taunton, Prebendary of Wells, and Canon of Bristol, but who, as a non-juror, lost all his preferments. The son was educated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford. In 1727 he published *Poems on Several Occasions* (printed for Bernard Lintot). In 1730 appeared Harte's *Essay on Satire, Particularly the Dunciad*. Pope says of it: "It is writ by Mr. Harte of Oxford, a very valuable young man, but it compliments me overmuch". Lord Mahon (afterwards Earl Stanhope) says that the choice of Harte as tutor to Lord Chesterfield's son was "not judicious, or, at least, not successful"; and Sir William Stanhope, on hearing of the earl's disappointment at his son's want of polish, remarked, "What could Chesterfield expect? The boy's mother was a Dutchwoman; he was sent to Leipsic to learn manners, and that under the direction of an Oxford pedant." Harte's *History of the Life of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden*, was published in 1759. In his last illness he prepared a volume called *The Amaranth, or Religious Poems, Consisting of Fables, Versions, Emblems, etc.*]

ing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is : but I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another reciprocally ; and no man will have either perfectly, who has not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it you ; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might otherwise escape you ; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with those which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

To know mankind well, requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now, than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies ; no, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree ; but almost every man has one prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion ;¹ pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people ; and when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you please ; but be upon your guard yourself against it, whatever professions he may make you.

I would desire you to read this letter twice over, but that I much doubt whether you will read once to the end of it. I will trouble you no longer now ; but we will have more upon this subject hereafter. Adieu.

I have this moment received your letter from Schaffhausen : in the date of it, you forgot the month.

¹[Search thou the ruling passion ; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

—Pope, *Moral Essays*, i., 274.]

LETTER CXIII

BATH, October 9, O. S. 1746.

DEAR BOY: Your distresses in your journey from Heidelberg to Schaffhausen, your lying upon straw, your black bread, and your broken *berline*, are proper seasonings for the greater fatigues and distresses, which you must expect in the course of your travels; and, if one had a mind to moralise, one might call them the samples of the accidents, rubs, and difficulties, which every man meets with in his journey through life. In this journey, the understanding is the *voiture* that must carry you through; and in proportion as that is stronger or weaker, more or less in repair, your journey will be better or worse; though at best you will now and then find some bad roads, and some bad inns. Take care, therefore, to keep that necessary *voiture* in perfect good repair; examine, improve, and strengthen it every day: it is in the power, and ought to be the care, of every man to do it; he that neglects it, deserves to feel, and certainly will feel, the fatal effects of that negligence.

A propos of negligence; I must say something to you upon that subject. You know I have often told you, that my affection for you was not a weak, womanish one; and, far from blinding me, it makes me but more quicksighted as to your faults; those it is not only my right, but my duty to tell you of; and it is your duty and your interest to correct them. In the strict scrutiny which I have made into you, I have (thank God) hitherto not discovered any vice of the heart, or any peculiar weakness of the head: but I have discovered laziness, inattention, and indifference; faults which are only pardonable in old men, who, in the decline of life, when health and spirits fail, have a kind of claim to that sort of tranquillity. But a young man should be ambitious to shine, and excel; alert, active, and indefatigable in the means of doing it; and, like Cæsar, *Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*. You seem to want that *vivida vis animi*, which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel. Without the desire and the pains necessary to be considerable, depend upon it, you never can be so; as, without the desire and attention necessary to please, you never can please. *Nullum*

numen abest, si sit prudentia, is unquestionably true, with regard to everything except poetry ; and I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by proper culture, care, attention, and labour, make himself whatever he pleases, except a good poet. Your destination is the great and busy world ; your immediate object is the affairs, the interests, and the history, the constitutions, the customs, and the manners of the several parts of Europe. In this, any man of common sense may, by common application, be sure to excel. Ancient and modern history are, by attention, easily attainable. Geography and chronology the same ; none of them requiring any uncommon share of genius or invention. Speaking and writing clearly, correctly, and with ease and grace, are certainly to be acquired, by reading the best authors with care, and by attention to the best living models. These are the qualifications more particularly necessary for you, in your department, which you may be possessed of, if you please ; and which, I tell you fairly, I shall be very angry at you, if you are not ; because, as you have the means in your hands, it will be your own fault only.

If care and application are necessary to the acquiring of those qualifications, without which you can never be considerable, nor make a figure in the world ; they are not less necessary with regard to the lesser accomplishments, which are requisite to make you agreeable and pleasing in society. In truth, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well ; and nothing can be done well without attention : I therefore carry the necessity of attention down to the lowest things, even to dancing and dress. Custom has made dancing sometimes necessary for a young man ; therefore mind it while you learn it, that you may learn to do it well and not be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act. Dress is of the same nature ; you must dress ; therefore attend to it ; not in order to rival or to excel a fop in it, but in order to avoid singularity, and consequently ridicule. Take great care always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age, in the place where you are ; whose dress is never spoken of one way or another, as either too negligent or too much studied.

What is commonly called an absent man, is commonly either a very weak, or a very affected man ; but be he which he will, he is, I am sure, a very disagreeable man in company. He fails

in all the common offices of civility ; he seems not to know those people to-day, whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy with. He takes no part in the general conversation ; but, on the contrary, breaks into it from time to time, with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream. This (as I said before) is a sure indication, either of a mind so weak that it is not able to bear above one object at a time ; or so affected, that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by, and directed to, some very great and important objects. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, and (it may be) five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have had a right to absence, from that intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man, and a man of the world, who has no such avocations to plead, will claim and exercise that right of absence in company, his pretended right should, in my mind, be turned into an involuntary absence, by his perpetual exclusion out of company. However frivolous a company may be, still, while you are among them, do not show them, by your inattention, that you think them so ; but rather take their tone, and conform in some degree to their weakness, instead of manifesting your contempt for them. There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt ; and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult. If therefore you would rather please than offend, rather be well than ill spoken of, rather be loved than hated ; remember to have that constant attention about you, which flatters every man's little vanity ; and the want of which, by mortifying his pride, never fails to excite his resentment, or at least his ill-will. For instance ; most people (I might say all people) have their weaknesses ; they have their aversions and their likings, to such or such things ; so that, if you were to laugh at a man for his aversion to a cat, or cheese (which are common antipathies), or, by inattention and negligence, to let them come in his way, where you could prevent it, he would, in the first case, think himself insulted, and, in the second, slighted, and would remember both. Whereas your care to procure for him what he likes, and to remove from him what he hates, shows him, that he is at least an object of your attention ; flatters his vanity, and makes him possibly more your friend, than a more important service would have done. With regard to women,

attentions still below these are necessary, and, by the custom of the world, in some measure due, according to the laws of good breeding.

My long and frequent letters, which I send you in great doubt of their success, put me in mind of certain papers, which you have very lately, and I formerly, sent up to kites, along the string, which we called messengers; some of them the wind used to blow away, others were torn by the string, and but few of them got up and stuck to the kite. But I will content myself now, as I did then, if some of my present messengers do but stick to you. Adieu!

LETTER CXIV

DEAR BOY: You are by this time (I suppose) quite settled and at home at Lausanne; therefore pray let me know how you pass your time there, and what your studies, your amusements, and your acquaintances are. I take it for granted, that you inform yourself daily of the nature of the government and constitution of the Thirteen Cantons; and, as I am ignorant of them myself, must apply to you for information. I know the names, but I do not know the nature of some of the most considerable offices there; such as the *Avoyers*, the *Seizeniers*, the *Banderets*, and the *Gros Sautier*. I desire, therefore, that you will let me know what is the particular business, department, or province of these several magistrates. But as I imagine that there may be some, though, I believe, no essential difference, in the governments of the several Cantons, I would not give you the trouble of informing yourself of each of them; but confine my inquiries, as you may your informations, to the Canton you reside in, that of Berne, which I take to be the principal one. I am not sure whether the Pays de Vaud, where you are, being a conquered country, and taken from the Dukes of Savoy, in the year 1536, has the same share in the government of the Canton, as the German part of it has. Pray inform yourself and me about it.

I have this moment received yours from Berne, of the 2nd October, N. S., and also one from Mr. Harte, of the same date, under Mr. Burnaby's cover. I find by the latter, and indeed I thought so before, that some of your letters, and some of Mr.

Harte's, have not reached me. Wherefore, for the future, I desire, that both he and you will direct your letters for me, to be left *chez Monsieur Wolters, Agent de S. M. Britannique, à Rotterdam*, who will take care to send them to me safe. The reason why you have not received letters, either from me or from Grevenkop,¹ was, that we directed them to Lausanne, where we thought you long ago : and we thought it to no purpose to direct to you upon your *route*, where it was little likely that our letters would meet with you. But you have, since your arrival at Lausanne, I believe, found letters enough from me ; and it may be more than you have read, at least with attention.

I am glad that you like Switzerland so well ; and am impatient to hear how other matters go, after your settlement at Lausanne. God bless you !

LETTER CXV

LONDON, *December 2, O. S. 1746.*

DEAR BOY : I have not, in my present situation,² time to write to you, either so much or so often as I used, while I was in a place of much more leisure and profit ;³ but my affection for you must not be judged of by the number of my letters ; and, though the one lessens, the other, I assure you, does not.

I have just now received your letter of the 25th past, N. S., and, by the former post, one from Mr. Harte ; with both which I am very well pleased : with Mr. Harte's, for the good account which he gives me of you ; with yours, for the good account which you gave of what I desired to be informed of. Pray continue to give me farther information of the form of government of the country you are now in ; which I hope you will know most minutely before you leave it. The inequality of the town of Lausanne seems to be very convenient in this cold weather ; because going up hill and down will keep you warm.

¹[Mr. Grevenkop was a Danish gentleman, who had been Page of Honour to Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, during his mission to Denmark, and who remained attached to his family (Note to the Marchmont Papers, vol. i., p. 187). His services were afterwards, it would appear, transferred to Lord Chesterfield, who observes in his last letter to his son, "Writing to Grevenkop or myself is the same thing" (October 17, 1768). M.]

²[Secretary of State.]

³[Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.]

You say there is a good deal of good company ; pray, are you got into it ? Have you made acquaintances, and with whom ? Let me know some of their names. Do you learn German yet, to read, write, and speak it ?

Yesterday, I saw a letter from Monsieur Bochat to a friend of mine ; which gave me the greatest pleasure that I have felt this great while ; because it gives so very good an account of you. Among other things which Monsieur Bochat says to your advantage, he mentions the tender uneasiness and concern that you showed during my illness, for which (though I will say that you owe it to me) I am obliged to you : sentiments of gratitude not being universal, nor even common. As your affection for me can only proceed from your experience and conviction of my fondness for you (for to talk of natural affection is talking nonsense), the only return I desire is, what it is chiefly your interest to make me ; I mean your invariable practice of virtue, and your indefatigable pursuit of knowledge. Adieu ! and be persuaded that I shall love you extremely, while you deserve it ; but not one moment longer.

LETTER CXVI

LONDON, *December 9, O. S. 1746.*

DEAR BOY: Though I have very little time, and though I write by this post to Mr. Harte, yet I cannot send a packet to Lausanne without a word or two to yourself. I thank you for your letter of congratulation which you wrote me, notwithstanding the pain it gave you. The accident that caused the pain was, I presume, owing to that degree of giddiness, of which I have sometimes taken the liberty to speak to you. The post I am now in, though the object of most people's views and desires, was in some degree inflicted upon me ; and a certain concurrence of circumstances obliged me to engage in it. But I feel that to go through with it requires more strength of body and mind than I have : were you three or four years older, you should share in my trouble, and I would have taken you into my office ; but I hope you will employ these three or four years so well, as to make yourself capable of being of use to me, if I should continue in it so long. The reading, writing, and speaking the

modern languages correctly; the knowledge of the laws of nations, and the particular constitution of the empire; of history, geography, and chronology, are absolutely necessary to this business, for which I have always intended you. With these qualifications you may very possibly be my successor, though not my immediate one.

I hope you employ your whole time, which few people do; and that you put every moment to profit of some kind or other. I call company, walking, riding, etc., employing one's time, and, upon proper occasions, very usefully; but what I cannot forgive in anybody is sauntering, and doing nothing at all, with a thing so precious as time, and so irrecoverable when lost.

Are you acquainted with any ladies at Lausanne? and do you behave yourself with politeness enough to make them desire your company?

I must finish: God bless you!

LETTER CXVII

A LONDRES, ce 24 Fév. N.S. 1747.

MONSIEUR: Pour entretenir réciproquement notre François, que nous courons risque d'oublier tous deux, faute d'habitude, vous permettrez bien, que j'aie l'honneur de vous assurer de mes respects dans cette langue, et vous aurez aussi la bonté de me répondre dans la même. Ce n'est pas que je craigne que vous oubliiez de parler François, puisque apparemment les deux tiers de votre caquet quotidien sont dans cette langue; mais c'est que si vous vous désaccoutumiez d'écrire en François, vous pourriez, un jour, manquer à cette pureté grammaticale et à cette orthographe exacte, par où vous brillez tant dans les autres langues; et au bout du compte, il vaut mieux écrire bien que mal, même en François. Au reste, comme c'est une langue faite pour l'enjouement et le badinage, je m'y conformerai, et je réserverai mon sérieux pour l'Anglois. Je ne vous parlerai donc pas à présent de votre Grec, votre Latin, votre Droit, soit de la Nature ou des Gens, soit public ou particulier; mais parlons plutôt de vos amusemens et de vos plaisirs: puisqu'aussi bien il en faut avoir. Oserois-je vous demander quels sont les vôtres? Est-ce un

petit jeu de société en bonne compagnie ? Est-il question de petits soupers agréables où la gaieté et la bienséance se trouvent réunies ? Or, en contez-vous à quelque Belle, vos attentions pour laquelle contribueroient à vous décrotter ? Faites-moi votre confident sur cette matière, vous ne me trouverez pas un censeur sévère ; au contraire, je sollicite l'emploi de ministre de vos plaisirs ; je vous en indiquerai, et même j'y contribuerai.

Nombre de jeunes gens se livrent à des plaisirs qu'ils ne goûtent point, parce que, par abus, ils ont le nom de plaisirs. Ils s'y trompent même souvent, au point de prendre la débauche pour le plaisir. Avouez que l'ivrognerie, qui ruine également la santé et l'esprit, est un beau plaisir. Le gros jeu, qui vous cause mille mauvaises affaires, qui ne vous laisse pas le sol, et qui vous donne tout l'air et les manières d'un possédé, est un plaisir bien exquis ; n'est-ce pas ? La débauche des femmes à la vérité n'a guères d'autre suite, que de faire tomber le nez, ruiner la santé, et vous attirer, de tems en tems, quelques coups d'épée. Bagatelles que cela ! Voilà, cependant, le catalogue des plaisirs de la plupart des jeunes gens, qui ne raisonnent pas par eux-mêmes, et qui adoptent, sans discernement, ce qu'il plaît aux autres d'appeler du beau nom de Plaisir. Je suis très persuadé que vous ne tomberez pas dans ces égaremens, et que dans le choix de vos plaisirs vous consulterez votre raison et votre goût.

La société des honnêtes gens, la table dans les bornes requises, un petit jeu qui amuse sans intérêt, et la conversation enjouée et galante des femmes de condition et d'esprit, sont les véritables plaisirs d'un honnête homme ; qui ne causent ni maladie, ni honte, ni repentir. Au lieu que tout ce qui va au-delà, devient crapule, débauche, fureur, qui, loin de donner du relief, décrédite et déshonore. Adieu.

LETTER CXVIII

LONDON, *March 6, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: Whatever you do will always affect me very sensibly, one way or another ; and I am now most agreeably affected, by two letters, which I have lately seen from Lausanne, upon your subject ; the one from Madame St. Germain, the

other from Monsieur Pampigny : they both give so good an account of you, that I thought myself obliged, in justice both to them and to you, to let you know it. Those who deserve a good character, ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that they have it, both as a reward and as an encouragement. They write, that you are not only *décrotté*, but tolerably well-bred ; and that the English crust of awkward bashfulness, shyness, and roughness (of which, by-the-bye, you had your share) is pretty well rubbed off. I am most heartily glad of it ; for, as I have often told you, those lesser talents, of an engaging, insinuating manner, an easy good-breeding, a genteel behaviour and address, are of infinitely more advantage than they are generally thought to be, especially here in England. Virtue and learning, like gold, have their intrinsic value : but if they are not polished, they certainly lose a great deal of their lustre ; and even polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold. What a number of sins does the cheerful easy good-breeding of the French frequently cover ! Many of them want common sense, many more common learning ; but, in general, they make up so much by their manner for those defects, that frequently they pass undiscovered. I have often said, and do think, that a Frenchman who, with a fund of virtue, learning and good sense, has the manners and good-breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature. This perfection you may, if you please, and I hope you will, arrive at. You know what virtue is : you may have it if you will ; it is in every man's power ; and miserable is the man who has it not. Good sense, God has given you. Learning you already possess enough of, to have, in a reasonable time, all that a man need have. With this, you are thrown out early into the world, where it will be your own fault if you do not acquire all the other accomplishments necessary to complete and adorn your character. You will do well to make your compliments to Madame St. Germain and Monsieur Pampigny ; and tell them, how sensible you are of their partiality to you, in the advantageous testimonies which, you are informed, they have given of you here.

Adieu. Continue to deserve such testimonies ; and then you will not only deserve, but enjoy my truest affection.

LETTER CXIX

LONDON, *March 27, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: Pleasure is the rock which most young people split upon: they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at pleasure, like a Stoic, or to preach against it, like a parson; no, I mean to point it out, and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean: I wish you a great deal; and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

The character which most young men first aim at is, that of a man of pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and instead of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those with whom they chiefly converse, are pleased to call by the name of pleasure; and a *man of pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptance of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, an abandoned whore-master, and a profligate swearer and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own, that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being what I heard called a man of pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drunk, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman, and a man of pleasure.

The same as to gaming. I did not want money, and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a man of pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it without desire, at first; sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it; and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty the best years of my life.

I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and completing the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it.

Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures, I lost real ones; and my fortune impaired, and my constitution shattered, are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors.

Take warning then by them: choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature and not fashion: weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice.

Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, not of imaginary pleasures. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table, and of wine; but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess of either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them for it; but I would be most firmly resolved not to destroy my own faculties and constitution; in complaisance to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain; that is, I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums which, if I won, I should not be the better for; but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay; and when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me; and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, which, though often frivolous, yet they unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they certainly polish and soften the manners.

These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and, moreover, I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones; for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who only call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk among them? Or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming,

for having lost, at play, more than he is able to pay? Or a whore-master with half a nose, and crippled by coarse and infamous debauchery? No; those who practise, and much more those who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwillingly, if ever, admitted into it. A real man of fashion and pleasures observes decency: at least neither borrows nor affects vices; and if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy, and secrecy.

I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind (which are the solid and permanent ones), because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning, is true and lasting pleasure; with which I hope you will be well and long acquainted. Adieu!

LETTER CXX

LONDON, April 3, O. S. 1747.

DEAR BOY: If I am rightly informed, I am now writing to a fine gentleman, in a scarlet coat laced with gold, a brocade waistcoat, and all other suitable ornaments. The natural partiality of every author for his own works makes me very glad to hear, that Mr. Harte has thought this last edition of mine worth so fine a binding; and as he has bound it in red, and gilt it upon the back, I hope he will take care that it shall be *lettered* too. A showish binding attracts the eyes, and engages the attention of everybody; but with this difference, that women, and men who are like women, mind the binding more than the book; whereas men of sense and learning immediately examine the inside; and if they find that it does not answer the finery on the outside, they throw it by with the greater indignation and contempt. I hope that, when this edition of my works shall be opened and read, the best judges will find connection, consistency, solidity, and spirit in it. Mr. Harte may *recensere* and *emendare*, as much as he pleases; but it will be to little purpose, if you do not co-operate with him. The work will be imperfect.

I thank you for your last information of our success in the

Mediterranean,¹ and you say very rightly, that a secretary of state ought to be well informed. I hope, therefore, you will take care that I shall. You are near the busy scene in Italy; and I doubt not but that, by frequently looking at the map, you have all that theatre of the war very perfect in your mind.

I like your account of the salt-works; which shows that you gave some attention while you were seeing them. But notwithstanding that, by your account, the Swiss salt is (I dare say) very good, yet I am apt to suspect that it falls a little short of the true Attic salt, in which there was a peculiar quickness and delicacy. That same Attic salt seasoned almost all Greece, except Bœotia; and a great deal of it was exported afterwards to Rome, where it was counterfeited by a composition called Urbanity, which in some time was brought to very near the perfection of the original Attic salt. The more you are powdered with these two kinds of salt, the better you will keep, and the more you will be relished.

Adieu! My compliments to Mr. Harte and Mr. Eliot.²

LETTER CXXI

LONDON, April 14, O. S. 1747.

DEAR BOY: If you feel half the pleasure from the consciousness of doing well, that I do from the informations I have lately received in your favour from Mr. Harte, I shall have

¹[Of this year, and the preceding, Coxe observes that "the British flag rode triumphant in the Mediterranean" (*Memoirs of the Pelham Administration*, 1829, i., 363). Our cruisers not only intercepted the French trading vessels, but co-operated with the Austrian armies on shore. M.]

²[Edward Eliot (1727-1804) was the eldest son of Richard Eliot of Port Eliot, Cornwall. He was possessed of very great borough influence in his native county, and, according to Bentham, "put in seven borough members for Cornwall". The constituencies of Liskeard, St. Germans and Grampond were entirely under his control, and Philip Stanhope was one of his nominees. In 1751 Eliot was appointed receiver-general for the Prince of Wales, in the Duchy of Cornwall—a post estimated at £2,000 per annum—and from January, 1760, to March, 1776, he was a commissioner for the Board of Trade and Plantations. Bentham described him as "a modest, civil, good kind of man, sensible enough, but without those pretensions which one would expect to find in a man whose station in his country is so commanding, and political influence so great". Among the manuscripts at Port Eliot are ten letters from Harte, half a dozen from Lord Chesterfield, and three from Philip Stanhope, to Eliot in England.]

little occasion to exhort or admonish you any more to do what your own satisfaction and self-love will sufficiently prompt you to. Mr. Harte tells me that you attend, that you apply to your studies ; and that, beginning to understand, you begin to taste them. This pleasure will increase, and keep pace with your attention ; so that the balance will be greatly to your advantage. You may remember, that I have always earnestly recommended to you, to do what you are about, be that what it will ; and to do nothing else at the same time. Do not imagine, that I mean by this, that you should attend to and plod at your book all day long ; far from it : I mean that you should have your pleasures too ; and that you should attend to them for the time, as much as to your studies ; and, if you do not attend equally to both, you will neither have improvement nor satisfaction from either. A man is fit for neither business nor pleasure, who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and, in some degree, banish for that time all other objects from his thoughts. If at a ball, a supper, or a party of pleasure, a man were to be solving, in his own mind, a problem in Euclid, he would be a very bad companion, and make a very poor figure in that company ; or if, in studying a problem in his closet, he were to think of a minuet, I am apt to believe that he would make a very poor mathematician. There is time enough for everything, in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once ; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time. The Pensionary de Witt, who was torn to pieces in the year 1672, did the whole business of the Republic, and yet had time left to go to assemblies in the evening, and sup in company. Being asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business, and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did, he answered, there was nothing so easy ; for that it was only doing one thing at a time, and never putting off anything till to-morrow that could be done to-day. This steady and undissipated attention to one object, is a sure mark of a superior genius ; as hurry, bustle, and agitation, are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind. When you read Horace, attend to the justness of his thoughts, the happiness of his diction, and the beauty of his poetry ; and do not think of Puffendorf *de Homine et Cive* ; and,

when you are reading Puffendorf,¹ do not think of Madame de St. Germain ; nor of Puffendorf, when you are talking to Madame de St. Germain.

Mr. Harte informs me, that he has reimbursed you part of your losses in Germany ; and I consent to his reimbursing you of the whole, now that I know you deserve it. I shall grudge you nothing, nor shall you want anything that you desire, provided you deserve it ; so that you see, it is in your own power to have whatever you please.

There is a little book which you read here with Monsieur Coderc, entitled, *Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit* written by Père Bouhours.² I wish you would read this book again at your leisure hours ; for it will not only divert you, but likewise form your taste, and give you a just manner of thinking. Adieu !

LETTER CXXII

LONDON, June 30, O. S. 1747.

DEAR BOY : I was extremely pleased with the account which you gave me in your last, of the civilities that you received in your Swiss progress ; and I have written, by this post, to Mr. Burnaby, and to the *Avoyer*, to thank them for their parts. If the attention you met with pleased you, as I daresay it did, you will, I hope, draw this general conclusion from it, That attention and civility please all those to whom they are paid ; and that you

¹[Samuel Puffendorf, born 1631 in a little village near Chemnitz, in Upper Saxony, was the son of a Lutheran minister. After studying law in Leipsig, and philosophy in Jena, he accepted the post of tutor to the son of a Swedish nobleman who was ambassador to the King of Sweden. With the purpose of fulfilling this engagement he went out to Copenhagen, but war being renewed between Denmark and Sweden he was seized with the family of the ambassador. During his confinement, which lasted eight months, he interested himself by drawing up in his own mind reflections on the writings of Grotius and Hobbes. He was author of many works, the greatest being *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium* (Leyden, 1672). Puffendorf's *Introduction to the History of Europe* (1682) was translated into Latin, French and English.]

²[The Père de Bouhours was a Jesuit, and a distinguished critic. He was Professor of Humanities at Paris and at Tours, and was tutor to the son of the minister Colbert. For wit and style he is much praised by Madame de Sévigné. The work to which Lord Chesterfield refers had a considerable reputation as a useful guide for young people in the study of literature.]

will please others in proportion as you are attentive and civil to them.

Bishop Burnet¹ has wrote his travels through Switzerland; and Mr. Stanyan,² from a long residence there, has written the best account yet extant of the Thirteen Cantons; but those books will be read no more, I presume, after you shall have published your account of that country. I hope you will favour me with one of the first copies. To be serious; though I do not desire that you should immediately turn author, and oblige the world with your travels; yet, wherever you go, I would have you as curious and inquisitive as if you did intend to write them. I do not mean that you should give yourself so much trouble, to know the number of houses, inhabitants, sign-posts, and tombstones, of every town that you go through; but that you should inform yourself, as well as your stay will permit you, whether the town is free, or to whom it belongs, or in what manner: whether it has any peculiar privileges or customs; what trade or manufactures; and such other particulars as people of sense desire to know. And there would be no manner of harm, if you were to take memorandums of such things in a paper book to help your memory. The only way of knowing all these things, is to keep the best company, who can best inform you of them.

I am just now called away; so good-night.

¹ [Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury, was born in Edinburgh of a good Aberdeen family. He was not only a vigorous controversial writer, but also a singularly effective preacher. On the accession of James II., Burnet obtained leave to go abroad; and, while at Geneva, he successfully employed his influence to induce the Genevan Church to release their clergy from compulsory subscription to the Concensus. He published in 1687, in a series of letters to Robert Boyle, an able account of his travels. This was "directed naturally, in the first place," he says, "to the exposure of popery and tyranny". The work appeared under the title: *Some Letters containing an account of what seemed more remarkable in travelling through Switzerland, Italy and Germany in 1685 and 1686.*]

² [Abraham Stanyan (1669(?)–1732) was, on May 8, 1705, despatched as envoy to the Swiss Cantons, taking with him bills of exchange upon the bankers of Geneva for the allied forces in Italy. His instructions were also to detect and neutralise the artifices of the French minister at Geneva, and to endeavour to obtain a free passage for the allied troops through the Swiss mountain passes. His brochure—*An Account of Switzerland*, written in the year 1714—is extremely rare; it bears no name, and the copy at the Bodleian Library is wrongly attributed to Temple Stanyan.]

LETTER CXXIII

LONDON, July 20, O. S. 1747.

DEAR BOY : In your Mamma's letter, which goes here enclosed, you will find one from my sister,¹ to thank you for the Arquebusade water which you sent her ; and which she takes very kindly. She would not show me her letter to you ; but told me, that it contained good wishes and good advice ; and, as I know she will show your letter in answer to hers, I send you here enclosed the draught of the letter which I would have you write to her. I hope you will not be offended at my offering you my assistance upon this occasion : because I presume that as yet you are not much used to write to ladies. *A propos* of letter-writing : the best models that you can form yourself upon are, Cicero, Cardinal d'Ossat,² Madame Sévigné,³ and Comte Bussy Rabutin.⁴ Cicero's Epistles to Atticus, and to his familiar friends, are the best examples that you can imitate, in the friendly and familiar style. The simplicity and the clearness of Cardinal d'Ossat's letters show how letters of business ought to be written ; no affected turns, no attempts at wit, obscure or perplex his matter ; which is always plainly and clearly stated, as business always should be. For gay and amusing letters, for *enjouement*

¹[Lady Gertrude Hotham.]

²[Arnaud d'Ossat (1536-1604) studied law at Bourges, and became celebrated at the bar in Paris. The Archbishop of Toulouse (de Foix), who went to Rome as ambassador of Henri IV., took d'Ossat with him as secretary ; he became the intermediary in the reconciliation of Henri IV. to the Holy See. He was made Bishop of Rennes, and became Cardinal in 1598, and Bishop of Bayeux in 1601. D'Ossat was remarkable for his political tact, combined with great uprightness of life. His Letters have been published. He died in Rome in 1604.]

³[Marie de Rabutin (1626-96) married, at the age of eighteen, Henri, Marquis de Sévigné, of a very ancient family of Brittany. She had two children, a son and a daughter. The latter married François Adhémar de Monteil, Comte de Grignan ; and to her the celebrated Letters were addressed. In France they were considered models of letter-writing ; the subjects of which they treat are generally trifles, and the writer is lavish in compliments and expressions of endearment to her favourite daughter. But the Letters show much vivacity, and contain some skilful portraiture. After nursing her daughter through a long illness, Madame de Sévigné was herself seized with a fever, and died in 1696.]

⁴[Roger Rabutin, Comte de Bussy (1618-93), belonged to a family which ranks among the most noble and ancient of the Duchy of Burgundy. In April, 1665, the king sent him to the Bastille for writing a scandalous history of two ladies of the Court ; he was afterwards released. De Bussy's principal works are *Mémoires* (concerning his adventures at Court) in two volumes, and Letters in seven volumes.]

and *badinage*, there are none that equal Comte Bussy's and Madame Sévigné's. They are so natural, that they seem to be the extempore conversations of two people of wit, rather than letters; which are commonly studied, though they ought not to be so. I would advise you to let that book be one in your itinerant library; it will both amuse and inform you.

I have not time to add any more now; so good-night.

LETTER CXXIV

LONDON, July 30, O. S. 1747.

DEAR BOY: It is now four posts since I have received any letter, either from you or from Mr. Harte. I impute this to the rapidity of your travels through Switzerland; which I suppose are by this time finished.

You will have found by my late letters, both to you and Mr. Harte, that you are to be at Leipsig by next Michaelmas; where you will be lodged in the house of Professor Mascow,¹ and boarded in the neighbourhood of it, with some young men of fashion. The professor will read you lectures upon *Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*, the *Institutes of Justinian*, and the *Jus Publicum Imperii*; which I expect that you shall not only hear, but attend to, and retain. I also expect, that you make yourself perfectly master of the German language; which you may very soon do there, if you please. I give you fair warning, that at Leipsig I shall have an hundred invisible spies about you; and shall be exactly informed of everything that you do, and of almost everything that you say. I hope that, in consequence of those minute informations, I may be able to say of you, what Velleius Paterculus says of Scipio; that in his whole life, *nihil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*. There is a great deal of good company in Leipsig, which I would have you frequent in the evenings, when the studies of the day are over. There is likewise a kind of court kept there, by a Duchess Dowager of

¹[There were two brothers Mascow, both Professors of Civil Law, both trained at Leipzig, and both celebrated for learning. The elder, John James Mascow, was the author of the well-known History of the Germans which appeared in 1726. Born 1689, died 1762. M.]

Courland;¹ at which you should get introduced. The King of Poland and his Court go likewise to the fair at Leipsig twice a year; and I shall write to Sir Charles Williams,² the king's minister there, to have you presented, and introduced into good company. But I must remind you, at the same time, that it will be to a very little purpose for you to frequent good company, if you do not conform to, and learn their manners; if you are not attentive to please, and well bred, with the easiness of a man of fashion. As you must attend to your manners, so you must not neglect your person; but take care to be very clean, well dressed, and genteel; to have no disagreeable attitudes, nor awkward tricks; which many people use themselves to, and then cannot leave them off. Do you take care to keep your teeth very clean, by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary, both to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of pain. Mine have plagued me long, and are now falling out, merely from want of care when I was your age. Do you dress well, and not too well? Do you consider your air and manner of presenting yourself enough, and not too much, neither negligent nor stiff? All these things deserve a degree of care, a second-rate attention; they give an additional lustre to real merit. My Lord Bacon says, that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation.³ It is certainly an agreeable forerunner of merit, and smoothes the way for it.

Remember that I shall see you at Hanover next summer, and shall expect perfection; which if I do not meet with, or at least something very near it, you and I shall not be very well together. I shall dissect and analyse you with a microscope; so that I shall discover the least speck or blemish. This is fair warning; therefore take your measures accordingly. Yours.

¹[From Betham's Genealogical Tables (table 575) this lady appears to have been Benigna de Treiden, born 1703, the consort of Ernest John Biren, formerly Duke of Courland, and well known as the favourite of the Empress Anne of Russia. M.]

²[See note to Letter CLI.]

³[Bacon says (Essay of Negotiating): "It is generally better to deale by Speech than by Letter; And by the mediation of a Third, than by a Man's selfe. . . . To deale in Person is good, when a Man's Face breedeth Regard."]

LETTER CXXV

LONDON, *August 21, O.S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY : I reckon that this letter has but a bare chance of finding you at Lausanne ; but I was resolved to risk it, as it is the last that I shall write to you till you are settled at Leipsig. I sent you by the last post, under cover to Mr. Harte, a letter of recommendation to one of the first people at Munich ; which you will take care to present to him in the politest manner ; he will certainly have you presented to the electoral family ; and I hope you will go through that ceremony with great respect, good-breeding, and ease. As this is the first court that ever you will have been at, take care to inform yourself if there be any particular customs or forms to be observed, that you may not commit any mistake. At Vienna men always make curtseys, instead of bows, to the emperor ; in France nobody bows at all to the king, nor kisses his hand ; but in Spain and England, bows are made, and hands are kissed. Thus every court has some peculiarity or other, of which those who go to them ought previously to inform themselves, to avoid blunders and awkwardnesses.

I have not time to say any more now, than to wish you a good journey to Leipsig ; and great attention, both there and in going there. Adieu.

LETTER CXXVI

LONDON, *September 21, O.S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY : I received, by the last post, your letter of the 8th, N.S., and I do not wonder that you are surprised at the credulity and superstition of the Papists at Einsiedlen, and at their absurd stories of their chapel. But remember, at the same time, that errors and mistakes, however gross, in matters of opinion, if they are sincere, are to be pitied, but not punished nor laughed at. The blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied, as the blindness of the eye ; and there is neither jest nor guilt in a man's losing his way in either case. Charity bids us set him right if we can, by arguments and persuasions ;

but charity, at the same time, forbids either to punish or ridicule his misfortune. Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide; and I may as well expect that every man should be of my size and complexion, as that he should reason just as I do. Every man seeks for truth; but God only knows who has found it. It is, therefore, as unjust to persecute, as it is absurd to ridicule, people for those several opinions, which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason. It is the man who tells, or who acts a lie, that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie. I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for, as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be), I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate (for it is the same thing), in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger and the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear as well as my falsehood; and only increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconvenience, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them always deserves to be, and often will be kicked. There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly

narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes whatever other people have heard or read of: he has had more *bonnes fortunes* than ever he knew women; and has ridden more miles post, in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule. Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour un wounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding.

This letter will, I suppose, find you at Leipsig; where I expect and require from you attention and accuracy, in both which you have hitherto been very deficient. Remember that I shall see you in the summer; shall examine you most narrowly; and will never forget nor forgive those faults, which it has been in your own power to prevent or cure; and be assured that I have many eyes upon you at Leipsig, besides Mr. Harte's. Adieu!

LETTER CXXVII

LONDON, *October 2, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: By your letter of the 18th past, N. S., I find that you are a tolerably good landscape painter, and can present the several views of Switzerland to the curious. I am very glad of it, as it is a proof of some attention; but I hope you will be as good a portrait painter, which is a much more noble science. By portraits, you will easily judge, that I do not mean the outlines and the colouring of the human figure; but the inside of the heart and mind of man. This science requires more attention, observation, and penetration, than the other; as indeed it is infinitely more useful. Search, therefore, with the greatest care, into the characters of those whom you converse with; endeavour to discover their predominant passions, their prevailing weaknesses, their vanities, their follies, and their humours,

with all the right and wrong, wise and silly springs of human actions, which make such inconsistent and whimsical beings of us rational creatures. A moderate share of penetration, with great attention, will infallibly make these necessary discoveries. This is the true knowledge of the world; and the world is a country which nobody ever yet knew by description; one must travel through it one's self to be acquainted with it. The scholar, who in the dust of his closet talks or writes of the world, knows no more of it, than that orator did of war, who judiciously endeavoured to instruct Hannibal in it. Courts and camps are the only places to learn the world in. There alone all kinds of characters resort, and human nature is seen in all the various shapes and modes, which education, custom, and habit, give it; whereas, in all other places, one local mode generally prevails, and produces a seeming, though not a real, sameness of character. For example, one general mode distinguishes an university, another a trading town, a third a sea-port town, and so on; whereas, at a capital, where the Prince or the Supreme Power resides, some of all these various modes are to be seen, and seen in action too, exerting their utmost skill in pursuit of their several objects. Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The passion of ambition, for instance, is the same in a courtier, a soldier, or an ecclesiastic; but, from their different educations and habits, they will take very different methods to gratify it. Civility, which is a disposition to accommodate and oblige others, is essentially the same in every country; but good breeding, as it is called, which is the manner of exerting that disposition, is different in almost every country, and merely local; and every man of sense imitates and conforms to that local good breeding of the place which he is at. A conformity and flexibility of manners is necessary in the course of the world; that is, with regard to all things which are not wrong in themselves. The *versatile ingenium* is the most useful of all. It can turn itself instantly from one object to another, assuming the proper manner for each. It can be serious with the grave, cheerful

with the gay, and trifling with the frivolous. Endeavour by all means, to acquire this talent, for it is a very great one.

As I hardly know anything more useful, than to see, from time to time, pictures of one's self drawn by different hands, I send you here a sketch of yourself, drawn at Lausanne, while you were there, and sent over here by a person who little thought that it would ever fall into my hands: and indeed it was by the greatest accident in the world that it did.

LETTER CXXXVIII

LONDON, *October 9, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: People of your age have, commonly, an unguarded frankness about them; which makes them the easy prey and bubbles of the artful and the experienced; they look upon every knave or fool, who tells them that he is their friend, to be really so; and pay that profession of simulated friendship with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too; and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower: and never thrives unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friendship among young people, which is warm for the time, but, by good luck, of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced, by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly; and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence and folly to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money, for bad purposes; they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices; they tell one another all they know, and often more too, when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other,

unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend. People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you, upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, *Tell me whom you live with and I will tell you who you are.* One may fairly suppose, that a man, who makes a knave or a fool his friend, has something very bad to do or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies: and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance, or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody: and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles; and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you: there you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth: that is the least consideration; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company; one, which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of the people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay parts of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I

was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company is but too common; but it is very silly, and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character quicker than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me, whether a man has it always in his power to get the best company; and how. I say, Yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies: for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any, or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection whatever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear, from my several correspondents at Leipsig, of your arrival there, and what impression you make on them at first; for I have Arguses, with an hundred eyes each, who will watch you narrowly, and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true; it depends upon you, entirely, of what kind they shall be. Adieu.

LETTER CXXIX

LONDON, *October 16, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same thing in you will please others. If you are pleased with the

complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention, on your part to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company; this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable; if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then, throw out that you do not love to tell stories, but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else; besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation, which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered, without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right: but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and, if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good humour, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else".

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bons mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious, when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company, may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in

certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble: "I will tell you an excellent thing"; or, "I will tell you the best thing in the world". This raises expectations, which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and, though they love to hear justice done to them, where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As, for example, Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the *Cid*.¹ Those, therefore, who flattered skilfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity, by observing his favourite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole² (who was certainly an able man) was little

¹ [*The Cid*, by Pierre Corneille (1606-84) appeared in 1637. The reputation which its author acquired by this play drew the wits of the time into a confederacy against it. It was supposed to be under the influence of Cardinal Richelieu (1585-1648) that the French Academy drew up a critique entitled: *Sentiments of the French Academy upon the tragedy-comedy of The Cid*. The Abbé d'Aubignac, one of the cardinal's tools, was mean enough to attack Corneille on account of his family, his person, his gestures, his voice, and even on the conduct of his personal affairs.]

² [1676-1745.]

open to flattery upon that head ; for he was in no doubt himself about it ; but his prevailing weakness was, to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry ; of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living : it was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation : which proved, to those who had any penetration, that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with success.

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty ; upon which, scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person ; if her face is so shocking, that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces ; a certain manner ; a *je ne sçais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head ; she knows that it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding ; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery : no ; flatter nobody's vices or crimes : on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people ; and I would rather make them my friends, by indulging them in it, than my enemies, by endeavouring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

There are little attentions likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love, which is inseparable from human nature ; as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the person to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe

the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain ; and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other ; giving them, genteelly, to understand, that you had observed that they liked such a dish, or such a room ; for which reason you had prepared it : or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, etc., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care.

These are some of the *arcana* necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age ; I have paid the price of three and fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it, if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

LETTER CXXX

LONDON, *October 30, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: I am very well pleased with your *Itinerarium*, which you sent me from Ratisbon. It shows me that you observe and inquire as you go, which is the true end of travelling. Those who travel heedlessly from place to place, observing only their distance from each other, and attending only to their accommodation at the inn at night, set out fools, and will certainly return so. Those who only mind the raree-shows of the places which they go through, such as steeples, clocks, town-houses, etc., get so little by their travels, that they might as well stay at home. But those who observe, and inquire into the situations, the strength, the weakness, the trade, the manufactures, the government, and constitution of every place they go to ; who frequent the best companies, and attend to their several manners and characters ; those alone travel with advantage ; and as they set out wise, return wiser.

I would advise you always to get the shortest description or history of every place where you make any stay ; and such a book, however imperfect, will still suggest to you matter for inquiry ; upon which you may get better informations from the

people of the place. For example; while you are at Leipsig, get some short account (and to be sure there are many such) of the present state of the town, with regard to its magistrates, its police, its privileges, etc., and then inform yourself more minutely, upon all those heads, in conversation with the most intelligent people. Do the same thing afterwards with regard to the Electorate of Saxony: you will find a short history of it in Puffendorf's Introduction,¹ which will give you a general idea of it, and point out to you the proper objects of a more minute inquiry. In short, be curious, attentive, inquisitive, as to everything; listlessness and indolence are always blameable, but at your age they are unpardonable. Consider how precious, and how important for all the rest of your life, are your moments for these next three or four years; and do not lose one of them. Do not think I mean that you should study all day long; I am far from advising or desiring it: but I desire that you would be doing something or other all day long; and not neglect half-hours and quarters of hours, which, at the year's end, amount to a great sum. For instance, there are many short intervals during the day, between studies and pleasures: instead of sitting idle and yawning, in those intervals, take up any book, though ever so trifling a one, even down to a jest-book; it is still better than doing nothing.

Nor do I call pleasures idleness, or time lost, provided they are the pleasures of a rational being; on the contrary, a certain portion of your time, employed in those pleasures, is very usefully employed. Such are public spectacles, assemblies of good company, cheerful suppers, and even balls; but then these require attention, or else your time is quite lost.

There are a great many people, who think themselves employed all day, and who, if they were to cast up their accounts at night, would find that they had done just nothing. They have read two or three hours mechanically, without attending to what they read, and consequently without either retaining it, or reasoning upon it. From thence they saunter into company, without taking any part in it, and without observing the char-

¹ [Puffendorf's Introduction to the History of Europe (1682). See note to Letter CXXI.]

acters of the persons, or the subjects of the conversation ; but are either thinking of some trifle, foreign to the present purpose, or often not thinking at all ; which silly and idle suspension of thought they would dignify with the name of *absence* and *distraction*. They go afterwards, it may be, to the play, where they gape at the company and the lights ; but without minding the very thing they went to, the play.

Pray do you be as attentive to your pleasures as to your studies. In the latter, observe and reflect upon all you read ; and in the former, be watchful and attentive to all that you see and hear ; and never have it to say, as a thousand fools do, of things that were said and done before their faces, that, truly, they did not mind them, because they were thinking of something else. Why were they thinking of something else ? and if they were, why did they come there ? The truth is, that the fools were thinking of nothing. Remember the *hoc age*, do what you are about, be what it will ; it is either worth doing well, or not at all. Wherever you are, have (as the low vulgar expression is) your ears and your eyes about you. Listen to everything that is said, and see everything that is done. Observe the looks and countenances of those who speak, which is often a surer way of discovering the truth than from what they say. But then keep all those observations to yourself, for your own private use, and rarely communicate them to others. Observe, without being thought an observer, for otherwise people will be upon their guard before you.

Consider seriously, and follow carefully, I beseech you, my dear child, the advice which from time to time I have given, and shall continue to give you ; it is at once the result of my long experience, and the effect of my tenderness for you. I can have no interest in it but yours. You are not yet capable of wishing yourself half so well as I wish you ; follow, therefore, for a time at least, implicitly, advice which you cannot suspect, though possibly you may not yet see the particular advantages of it ; but you will one day feel them. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXI.

LONDON, *November 6, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY : Three mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge ; I write to you, therefore, now, as usual, by way of flapper, to put you in mind of yourself. Doctor Swift, in his account of the island of Laputa, describes some philosophers there who were so wrapped up and absorbed in their abstruse speculations, that they would have forgotten all the common and necessary duties of life, if they had not been reminded of them by persons who flapped them, whenever they observed them continue too long in any of those learned trances. I do not indeed suspect you of being absorbed in abstruse speculations ; but, with great submission to you, may I not suspect, that levity, inattention, and too little thinking, require a flapper, as well as too deep thinking ? If my letters should happen to get to you when you are sitting by the fire and doing nothing, or when you are gaping at the window, may they not be very proper flaps, to put you in mind, that you might employ your time much better ? I knew once, a very covetous sordid fellow,¹ who used frequently to say, "Take care of the pence ; for the pounds will take care of themselves". This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend to you to take care of the minutes ; for hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure, that many people lose two or three hours every day, by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time whatsoever too short to be employed ; something or other may always be done in it.

While you are in Germany, let all your historical studies be relative to Germany ; not only the general history of the empire as a collective body ; but the respective electorates, principalities,

¹ [The "covetous, sordid fellow" was William Lowndes (1652-1724), Secretary to the Treasury (see Letter CCXVI.). In 1695 the debasement of the silver coins threatened the national credit. The parliament of that year faced the difficulty of a re-coinage ; and the Treasury entrusted the preliminary investigation to Lowndes. In his report, issued September, 1695, he reviewed the expedients of former reigns, urged a re-coinage, and to meet the current demand for money suggested a change in the standard by raising the nominal value of all coins 25 per cent. Widespread evils would inevitably have followed the adoption of this proposal ; and, in December, 1695, the government carried a measure for re-coinage upon the old standard.]

and towns; and also, the genealogy of the most considerable families. A genealogy is no trifle in Germany; and they would rather prove their two and thirty quarters, than two and thirty cardinal virtues, if there were so many. They are not of Ulysses' opinion, who says very truly,

—— Genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.¹

Good-night.

LETTER CXXXII

LONDON, *November 24, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often), so often I am in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you; the one is, that I have a great deal of experience, and that you have none: the other is, that I am the only man living who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you, but your own. From which two undeniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is, that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

If, by the application which I recommend to you, you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly what it is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected by young people to do; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As, therefore, it is plain that I can have no other motive than that of affection in what-

¹[Ovid, *Metam.*, xiii., 140.]

ever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best, and, for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child, where affection on one side, and regard on the other, make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age may be sincere, may be warm ; but must be, for some time, reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side. The young leading the young, is like the blind leading the blind ; “ they will both fall into the ditch ”. The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide ; who have gone all roads, and who can consequently point out to you the best. If you ask me why I went any of the bad roads myself ? I will answer you very truly, That it was for want of a good guide : ill example invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken, and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniences, which undirected youth ran me into. My father was neither desirous nor able to advise me ; which is what, I hope, you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use only of the word advice ; because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen, from that degree of sense which I think you have ; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success.

You are now settled for some time at Leipsig ; the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences ; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life ; and, take my word for it, a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention, then, to Mr. Harte, in your private studies of the *Literæ Humaniores*, especially Greek. State your difficulties, whenever you have any ; and do not suppress them, either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference, or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same when you are at lectures with Professor

Mascow, or any other professor; let nothing pass till you are sure that you understand it thoroughly; and accustom yourself to write down the capital points of what you learn. When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may, with a safe conscience, divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company, and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsig can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there; not that they are (it may be) the best manners in the world; but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things (as I have often told you) is always and everywhere the same; but the modes of them vary, more or less, in every country; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times, and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough, I think, and too much, it may be, you will think, for one letter; if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character, and pleasure by it; if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*, which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you, by a person who sets out this day for Leipsig, a small packet from your Mamma, containing some valuable things which you left behind, to which I have added, by way of New year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case; and, by the way, pray take great care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots, lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port Royal is.¹ To conclude with a quibble; I hope you will not

¹ [The recluses of Port-Royal occupy a most important position in the ecclesiastical and literary history of France, especially in the seventeenth century, and are largely identified with the Jansenist controversy. Port-Royal-des-Champs (Porrigium, Portus-Regis) is in the vicinity of Chevreuse, three leagues from Versailles and six from Paris. Saint Cyran, first examiner, and then spiritual director of the nuns established there, was a Jansenist, and made Port-Royal-des-Champs the home in France of Jansenism—a system which has been called "Calvinistic Catholicism". The Jesuits adopted directly antagonistic views on grace and predestination; under the ministry of Richelieu and Mazarin they practically controlled the court, and obtained condemnatory acts against the teaching of the Jansenists in general, and the Port-Royalists in particular. On March 30, 1656, the civil authorities proceeded to carry out an order in council to remove every scholar, postulant and novice from Port-Royal. In 1709 the convent and church

only feed upon these Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXIII

LONDON, *December 11, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY: There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in everybody's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool, who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite commonplace sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time, without hearing and seeing, daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself that you have that fund; that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; but I will only give you some hints with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean, the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be the master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper; this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider, that

of Port-Royal-des-Champs were stripped of their valuables, which were transferred to Port-Royal-de-Paris; the former building was destroyed by Louis XIV. as a nest of Jansenists and heretics.]

labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that if you will do everything that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do everything that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

I knew a gentleman, who was so good a manager of his time, that he would not even lose that small portion of it, which the calls of nature obliged him to pass in the necessary-house; but gradually went through all the Latin poets, in those moments. He bought, for example, a common edition of Horace, of which he tore off gradually a couple of pages, carried them with him to that necessary place, read them first, and then sent them down as a sacrifice to Cloacina: this was so much time fairly gained; and I recommend you to follow his example. It is better than only doing what you cannot help doing at those moments; and it will make any book, which you shall read in that manner, very present in your mind. Books of science, and of a grave sort, must be read with continuity; but there are very many, and even very useful ones, which may be read with advantage by snatches, and unconnectedly; such are all the good Latin poets, except Virgil in his *Æneid*: and such are most of the modern poets, in which you will find many pieces worth reading, that will not take up above seven or eight minutes. Bayle's,¹ Moreri's,² and other dictionaries, are proper books to take and shut up for the little intervals of (otherwise) idle time,

¹ [Pierre Bayle (1647-1706) was son of a Protestant minister at Carla, a small town of Foix. In 1669 he attended lectures at the Jesuit College at Toulouse, he also disputed with a Roman Catholic priest of Toulouse, and eventually he repudiated Protestantism and joined the Roman Catholic Church. But his change of creed had been too hasty, and after a short time he seceded from Romanism. The first volume of Bayle's *Critical Dictionary* appeared in August, 1695, the second in the following October.]

² [Louis Moreri was born in 1643, was doctor of theology, and died in 1680 (it is said from overwork on his *Dictionnaire Historique*). His dictionary was a standard work, and is still a useful book of reference, but it has received so many additions in subsequent editions by Dupin, Clerc and others, that Moreri can hardly be any longer called its author.]

that everybody has in the course of the day, between either their studies or their pleasures. Good-night.

LETTER CXXXIV

LONDON, December 18, O.S. 1747.

DEAR BOY : AS two mails are now due from Holland, I have no letters of yours or Mr. Harte's to acknowledge ; so that this letter is the effect of that *scribendi cacoethes*, which my fears, my hopes, and my doubts, concerning you give me. When I have wrote you a very long letter upon any subject, it is no sooner gone, but I think I have omitted something in it, which might be of use to you ; and then I prepare the supplement for the next post : or else some new subject occurs to me, upon which I fancy I can give you some informations, or point out some rules which may be advantageous to you. This sets me to writing again, though God knows whether to any purpose or not ; a few years more can only ascertain that. But, whatever my success may be, my anxiety and my care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you ; and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection, and think it of a kind that you may with impunity abuse. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing ; for, if there were, some inward sentiment must necessarily and reciprocally discover the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, without any exterior indications, knowledge, or acquaintance whatsoever ; which never happened since the creation of the world, whatever poets, romance, and novel writers, and such sentiment-mongers, may be pleased to say to the contrary. Neither is my affection for you that of a mother, of which the only, or at least the chief objects, are health and life : I wish you them both most heartily ; but, at the same time, I confess they are by no means my principal care.

My object is to have you fit to live ; which, if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all. My affection for you then is, and only will be, proportioned to your merit ; which is the only affection that one rational being ought to have for another. Hitherto I have discovered nothing wrong in your heart or

your head : on the contrary, I think I see sense in the one, and sentiments in the other. This persuasion is the only motive of my present affection ; which will either increase or diminish, according to your merit or demerit. If you have the knowledge, the honour, and probity which you may have, the marks and warmth of my affection shall amply reward them ; but if you have them not, my aversion and indignation will rise in the same proportion ; and, in that case, remember, that I am under no further obligation, than to give you the necessary means of subsisting. If ever we quarrel, do not expect or depend upon any weakness in my nature, for a reconciliation, as children frequently do, and often meet with, from silly parents ; I have no such weakness about me : and, as I will never quarrel with you but upon some essential point, if once we quarrel, I will never forgive. But I hope and believe, that this declaration (for it is no threat) will prove unnecessary. You are no stranger to the principles of virtue ; and, surely, whoever knows virtue must love it. As for knowledge, you have already enough of it, to engage you to acquire more. The ignorant only either despise it, or think that they have enough : those who have the most, are always the most desirous to have more, and know that the most they can have is, alas ! but too little.

Reconsider from time to time, and retain the friendly advice which I send you. The advantage will be all your own.

LETTER CXXXV

LONDON, *December 29, O. S. 1747.*

DEAR BOY : I have received two letters from you of the 17th and 22d, N.S., by the last of which I find that some of mine to you must have miscarried ; for I have never been above two posts without writing to you or to Mr. Harte, and even very long letters. I have also received a letter from Mr. Harte, which gives me great satisfaction : it is full of your praises ; and he answers for you, that, in two years more, you will deserve your manumission, and be fit to go into the world, upon a footing that will do you honour, and give me pleasure.

I thank you for your offer of the new edition of Adamus

Adami,¹ but I do not want it, having a good edition of it at present. When you have read that, you will do well to follow it with Père Bougeant's *Histoire du Traité de Munster*,² in two volumes quarto; which contains many important anecdotes concerning that famous treaty, that are not in Adamus Adami.

You tell me that your lectures upon the *Jus Publicum* will be ended at Easter; but then I hope that Monsieur Mascow will begin them again; for I would not have you discontinue that study one day while you are at Leipsig. I suppose that Monsieur Mascow will likewise give you lectures upon the *Instrumentum Pacis*, and upon the capitulations of the late emperors.—Your German will go on of course; and I take it for granted that your stay at Leipsig will make you a perfect master of that language, both as to speaking and writing; for remember, that knowing any language imperfectly is very little better than not knowing it at all: people being as unwilling to speak in a language which they do not possess thoroughly, as others are to hear them. Your thoughts are cramped, and appear to great disadvantage, in any language of which you are not perfect master. Let modern history share part of your time, and that always accompanied with the maps of the places in question; geography and history are very imperfect separately, and, to be useful, must be joined.

Go to the Duchess of Courland's as often as she and your leisure will permit. The company of women of fashion will improve your manners, though not your understanding; and that complaisance and politeness, which are so useful in men's company, can only be acquired in women's.

Remember always, what I have told you a thousand times,

¹ [The author was a Benedictine, born near Cologne, in 1610. His work is entitled *Arcana Pacis Westphalicae* and was republished in 1737 more correctly by M. Meierm. M.]

² [Père Bougeant (Guillaume Hyacinthe, 1690-1743) was a Jesuit, having entered the order in 1706. He was professor at Caen and Nevers, and afterwards went to Paris, where he became one of the writers in the *Journal de Trevoux*. He was author of several theological works, and of a catechism which was translated into German. Père Bougeant's History of the Wars and Negotiations which preceded the Treaty of Westphalia, and his History of the Treaty of Westphalia are said to have won the admiration of Prince Eugene on account of their political insight. He wrote, besides, a number of comedies, and a squib on the language of animals. The latter work was taken in grim earnest by a Scotch writer (Ramsay)—part of it was eventually withdrawn.]

that all the talents in the world will want all their lustre, and some part of their use too, if they are not adorned with that easy good-breeding, that engaging manner, and those graces, which seduce and prepossess people in your favour at first sight. A proper care of your person is by no means to be neglected; always extremely clean; upon proper occasions fine. Your carriage genteel, and your motions graceful. Take particular care of your manner and address, when you present yourself in company. Let them be respectful without meanness, easy without too much familiarity, genteel without affectation, and insinuating without any seeming art or design.

You need not send me any more extracts of the German constitution; which, by the course of your present studies, I know you must soon be acquainted with; but I would now rather that your letters should be a sort of journal of your own life. As, for instance, what company you keep, what new acquaintances you make, what your pleasures are; with your own reflections upon the whole: likewise what Greek and Latin books you read and understand. Adieu!

LETTER CXXXVI

January 2, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I am edified with the allotment of your time at Leipsig; which is so well employed from morning till night, that a fool would say, you had none left for yourself; whereas, I am sure you have sense enough to know, that such a right use of your time is having it all to yourself; nay, it is even more, for it is laying it out to immense interest, which, in a very few years, will amount to a prodigious capital.

Though twelve of your fourteen *Commensaux* may not be the liveliest people in the world, and may want (as I easily conceive that they do) *le ton de la bonne compagnie, et les grâces*, which I wish you, yet pray take care not to express any contempt, or throw out any ridicule, which I can assure you is not more contrary to good manners than to good sense: but endeavour rather to get all the good you can out of them; and something or other is to be got out of everybody. They will, at least, improve you in the German language; and, as they come from

different countries, you may put them upon subjects, concerning which they must necessarily be able to give you some useful informations, let them be ever so dull or disagreeable in general: they will know something, at least, of the laws, customs, government, and considerable families of their respective countries; all which are better known than not, and consequently worth inquiring into. There is hardly anybody good for everything, and there is scarcely anybody who is absolutely good for nothing. A good chemist will extract some spirit or other out of every substance; and a man of parts will, by his dexterity and management, elicit something worth knowing out of every being he converses with.

As you have been introduced to the Duchess of Courland, pray go there as often as ever your more necessary occupations will allow you. I am told she is extremely well bred, and has parts. Now, though I would not recommend to you to go into women's company in search of solid knowledge, or judgment, yet it has its use in other respects; for it certainly polishes the manners, and gives *une certaine tournure*, which is very necessary in the course of the world; and which Englishmen have generally less of than any people in the world.

I cannot say that your suppers are luxurious, but you must own they are solid; and a quart of soup, and two pounds of potatoes, will enable you to pass the night without great impatience for your breakfast next morning. One part of your supper (the potatoes) is the constant diet of my old friends and countrymen, the Irish,¹ who are the healthiest and the strongest bodies of men that I know in Europe.

As I believe that many of my letters to you and to Mr. Harte have miscarried, as well as some of yours and his to me; particularly one of his from Leipsig, to which he refers in a subsequent one, and which I never received; I would have you, for the future, acknowledge the dates of all the letters which either of you shall receive from me; and I will do the same on my part.

That which I received, by the last mail, from you, was of the

¹ [Lord Chesterfield, after his appointment (1745) as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently spoke of the Irish as his "countrymen".]

25th November, N. S. ; the mail before that brought me yours, of which I have forgot the date, but which inclosed one to Lady Chesterfield : she will answer it soon, and, in the meantime, thanks you for it.

My disorder was only a very great cold, of which I am entirely recovered. You shall not complain for want of accounts from Mr. Grevenkop, who will frequently write you whatever passes here, in the German language and character ; which will improve you in both. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVII

London, January 15, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY : I willingly accept the New-year's gift which you promise me for next year ; and the more valuable you make it, the more thankful I shall be. That depends entirely upon you ; and therefore I hope to be presented, every year, with a new edition of you, more correct than the former, and considerably enlarged and amended.

Since you do not care to be an assessor of the Imperial Chamber, and that you desire an establishment in England, what do you think of being Greek Professor at one of our universities ? It is a very pretty sinecure, and requires very little knowledge (much less than, I hope, you have already) of that language. If you do not approve of this, I am at a loss to know what else to propose to you ; and therefore desire that you will inform me what sort of destination you propose for yourself ; for it is now time to fix it, and to take our measures accordingly. Mr. Harte tells me that you set up for a Πολιτικός ανηρ ; if so, I presume it is in the view of succeeding me in my office ;¹ which I will very willingly resign to you, whenever you shall call upon me for it. But, if you intend to be the Πολιτικός, or the Βουλευφόρος ανηρ, there are some trifling circumstances upon which you should previously take your resolution. The first of which is, to be fit for it : and then, in order to be so, make yourself master of ancient and modern history, and languages. To know perfectly the constitution, and form of government of every nation ; the

¹ [That of Secretary of State.]

growth and the decline of ancient and modern empires; and to trace out and reflect upon the causes of both: to know the strength, the riches, and the commerce of every country: these little things, trifling as they may seem, are yet very necessary for a politician to know; and which therefore, I presume, you will condescend to apply yourself to. There are some additional qualifications necessary, in the practical part of business, which may deserve some consideration in your leisure moments; such as, an absolute command of your temper, so as not to be provoked to passion, upon any account; patience, to hear frivolous, impertinent, and unreasonable applications; with address enough to refuse, without offending, or, by your manner of granting, to double the obligation; dexterity enough to conceal a truth without telling a lie; sagacity enough to read other people's countenances; and serenity enough not to let them discover anything by yours; a seeming frankness with a real reserve. These are the rudiments of a politician; the world must be your grammar.

Three mails are now due from Holland; so that I have no letters from you to acknowledge. I therefore conclude with recommending myself to your favour and protection, when you succeed. Yours.

LETTER CXXXVIII

LONDON, *January 29, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: I find, by Mr. Harte's last letter, that many of my letters to you and him, have been frozen up in their way to Leipsig; the thaw has, I suppose, by this time, set them at liberty to pursue their journey to you, and you will receive a glut of them at once. *Hudibras* alludes, in this verse,

Like words congealed in northern air,¹

to a vulgar notion, that in Greenland words were frozen in their utterance; and that upon a thaw, a very mixed conversation was heard in the air, of all those words set at liberty. This conversation was, I presume, too various and extensive to be much

¹ [*Hudibras*, canto i., 148.]

attended to : and may not that be the case of half a dozen of my long letters, when you receive them all at once ? I think that I can, eventually, answer that question, thus : If you consider my letters in their true light, as conveying to you the advice of a friend, who sincerely wishes your happiness, and desires to promote your pleasure, you will both read and attend to them ; but if you consider them in their opposite, and very false light, as the dictates of a morose and sermonising father, I am sure they will be not only unattended to, but unread. Which is the case, you can best tell me. Advice is seldom welcome ; and those who want it the most always like it the least. I hope that your want of experience, of which you must be conscious, will convince you, that you want advice ; and that your good sense will incline you to follow it.

Tell me how you pass your leisure hours at Leipsig ; I know you have not many ; and I have too good an opinion of you to think, that, at this age, you would desire more. Have you assemblies, or public spectacles ? and of what kind are they ? Whatever they are, see them all : seeing everything, is the only way not to admire anything too much.

If you ever take up little tale-books, to amuse you by snatches, I will recommend two French books, which I have already mentioned ; they will entertain you, and not without some use to your mind and your manners. One is, *La Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*, written by Père Bouhours ;¹ I believe you read it once in England, with Monsieur Coderc ; but I think that you will do well to read it again, as I know of no book that will form your taste better. The other is, *L'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*, by the Abbé de Bellegarde,² and is by no means useless, though I will not pretend to say, that the art of pleasing can be reduced to a receipt ; if it could, I am sure that receipt would be worth purchasing at any price. Good sense, and good nature, are the principal ingredients ; and your own observation, and the good advice of others, must give the right colour and taste to it. Adieu ! I shall always love you as you shall deserve.

¹ [See note to Letter CXXI.]

² [See note to Letter CXL.]

LETTER CXXXIX

LONDON, February 9, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY : You will receive this letter, not from a Secretary of State, but from a private man ; for whom, at his time of life, quiet was as fit and as necessary, as labour and activity are for you at your age, and for many years yet to come. I resigned the seals,¹ last Saturday, to the King ; who parted with me most graciously, and (I may add, for he said so himself) with regret. As I retire from hurry to quiet, and to enjoy, at my ease, the comforts of private and social life, you will easily imagine that I have no thoughts of opposition, or meddling with business. *Otium cum dignitate* is my object. The former I now enjoy ; and I hope that my conduct and character entitle me to some share of the latter. In short, I am now happy : and I found that I could not be so in my former public situation.

As I like your correspondence better than that of all the kings, princes, and ministers, in Europe, I shall now have leisure to carry it on more regularly. My letters to you will be written, I am sure, by me, and I hope read by you, with pleasure ; which I believe seldom happens reciprocally to letters written from and to a secretary's office.

Do not apprehend that my retirement from business may be a hindrance to your advancement in it, at a proper time : on the contrary, it will promote it ; for having nothing to ask for myself, I shall have the better title to ask for you. But you have still a surer way than this of rising, and which is wholly in your own power. Make yourself necessary ; which with your natural parts you may, by application, do. We are in general, in England, ignorant of foreign affairs : and of the interests, views, pretensions, and policy of other courts. That part of knowledge never enters into our thoughts, nor makes part of our education ; for which reason we have fewer proper subjects for foreign commissions, than any other country in Europe ; and when foreign affairs happen to be debated in Parliament, it is incredible with how much ignorance. The harvest of foreign affairs being then so great, and the labourers

¹ [On February 6.]

so few, if you make yourself master of them, you will make yourself necessary; first as a foreign, and then as a domestic minister for that department.

I am extremely well pleased with the account which you give me of the allotment of your time. Do but go on so for two years longer, and I will ask no more of you. Your labours will be their own reward; but if you desire any other that I can add, you may depend upon it.

I am glad that you perceive the indecency and turpitude of those of your *Commensaux*, who disgrace and foul themselves with dirty w—s and scoundrel gamesters. And the light in which, I am sure, you see all reasonable and decent people consider them, will be a good warning to you. Adieu.

LETTER CXL

LONDON, *February 13, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: Your last letter gave me a very satisfactory account of your manner of employing your time at Leipsig. Go on so but for two years more, and I promise you, that you will outgo all the people of your age and time. I thank you for your explanation of the *Schriftsassen* and *Amptsassen*; and pray let me know the meaning of the *Landsassen*. I am very willing that you should take a Saxon servant, who speaks nothing but German, which will be a sure way of keeping up your German, after you leave Germany. But then, I would neither have that man, nor him whom you have already, put out of livery; which makes them both impertinent and useless. I am sure, that as soon as you shall have taken the other servant, your present man will press extremely to be out of livery, and *valet de chambre*; which is as much as to say, that he will curl your hair and shave you, but not condescend to do anything else. I therefore advise you, never to have a servant out of livery; and though you may not always think proper to carry the servant who dresses you abroad in the rain and dirt, behind a coach or before a chair, yet keep it in your power to do so, if you please, by keeping him in livery.

I have seen Monsieur and Madame Flemming, who gave me

a very good account of you, and of your manners, which, to tell you the plain truth, were what I doubted of the most. She told me, that you were easy, and not ashamed: which is a great deal for an Englishman at your age.

I set out for Bath to-morrow, for a month; only to be better than well, and enjoy, in quiet, the liberty which I have acquired by the resignation of the seals. You shall hear from me more at large from thence: and now good-night to you.

LETTER CXLI

BATH, *February 16, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: The first use that I made of my liberty was to come here, where I arrived yesterday. My health, though not fundamentally bad, yet, for want of proper attention of late, wanted some repairs, which these waters never fail giving it. I shall drink them a month, and return to London, there to enjoy the comforts of social life, instead of groaning under the load of business. I have given the description of the life that I propose to lead for the future, in this motto, which I have put up in the frize of my library in my new house:—

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.¹

I must observe to you upon this occasion, that the uninterrupted satisfaction which I expect to find in that library, will be chiefly owing to my having employed some part of my life well at your age. I wish I had employed it better, and my satisfaction would now be complete; but, however, I planted while young that degree of knowledge which is now my refuge and my shelter. Make your plantations still more extensive; they will more than pay you for your trouble. I do not regret the time that I passed in pleasures; they were seasonable; they were the pleasures of youth, and I enjoyed them while young. If I had not, I should probably have overvalued them now, as we are very apt to do what we do not know; but knowing them as I do, I know their

¹ [These lines were in Chesterfield House, London, and remain as Lord Chesterfield placed them. M.]

real value, and how much they are generally overrated. Nor do I regret the time that I have passed in business, for the same reason; those who see only the outside of it, imagine it has hidden charms, which they pant after; and nothing but acquaintance can undeceive them. I, who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pulleys of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do, and ever shall regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness, and in doing nothing. This is the common effect of the inconsideracy of youth, against which I beg you will be most carefully upon your guard. The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrecoverable. Every moment may be put to some use, and that with much more pleasure, than if unemployed. Do not imagine, that by the employment of time, I mean an uninterrupted application to serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful; they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But then remember to make that use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inattention; neither enjoying the one, nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure, because they were mingled with those who were, and men of business, because they had business to do, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissez*: go to the bottom of things. Anything half done or half known, is, in my mind, neither done nor known at all. Nay worse, it often misleads. There is hardly any place or any company, where you may not gain knowledge, if you please; almost everybody knows some one thing, and is glad to talk upon that one thing. Seek and you will find, in this world as well as in the next. See everything; inquire into everything; and you may excuse your curiosity, and the questions you ask, which otherwise might be thought impertinent, by your manner of asking them; for most things depend a great deal upon the manner. As, for example, *I am afraid that I am very troublesome*

with my questions ; but nobody can inform me so well as you ; or something of that kind.

Now that you are in a Lutheran country, go to their churches, and observe the manner of their public worship ; attend to their ceremonies, and inquire the meaning and intention of every one of them. And as you will soon understand German well enough, attend to their sermons, and observe their manner of preaching. Inform yourself of their church government : whether it resides in the sovereign, or in consistories and synods. Whence arises the maintenance of their clergy ; whether from tithes, as in England, or from voluntary contributions, or from pensions from the state. Do the same thing when you are in Roman Catholic countries ; go to their churches, see all their ceremonies : ask the meaning of them, get the terms explained to you. As, for instance, Prime, Tierce, Sexte, Nones, Matins, Angelus, High Mass, Vespers, Complines, etc. Inform yourself of their several religious orders, their founders, their rules, their vows, their habits, their revenues, etc. But when you frequent places of public worship, as I would have you go to all the different ones you meet with, remember, that however erroneous, they are none of them objects of laughter and ridicule. Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed. The object of all the public worships in the world is the same ; it is that great eternal Being who created everything. The different manners of worship are by no means subjects of ridicule. Each sect thinks its own is the best ; and I know no infallible judge in this world, to decide which is the best. Make the same inquiries, wherever you are, concerning the revenues, the military establishment, the trade, the commerce, and the police of every country. And you would do well to keep a blank paper book, which the Germans call an *Album* ; and there, instead of desiring, as they do, every fool they meet with to scribble something, write down all these things as soon as they come to your knowledge from good authorities.

I had almost forgotten one thing, which I would recommend as an object for your curiosity and information, that is, the administration of justice ; which, as it is always carried on in open court, you may, and I would have you, go and see it with attention and inquiry.

I have now but one anxiety left, which is concerning you. I would have you be, what I know nobody is—perfect. As that is impossible, I would have you as near perfection as possible. I know nobody in a fairer way towards it than yourself, if you please. Never were so much pains taken for anybody's education as for yours; and never had anybody those opportunities of knowledge and improvement which you have had, and still have. I hope, I wish, I doubt, and fear alternately. This only I am sure of, that you will prove either the greatest pain or the greatest pleasure of, Yours.

LETTER CXLII

BATH, *February 22, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: Every excellency, and every virtue, has its kindred vice or weakness; and if carried beyond certain bounds, sinks into one or the other. Generosity often runs into profusion, economy into avarice, courage into rashness, caution into timidity, and so on:—insomuch that, I believe, there is more judgment required, for the proper conduct of our virtues, than for avoiding their opposite vices. Vice in its true light, is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us, if it did not, at first, wear the mask of some virtue. But virtue is, in itself, so beautiful, that it charms us at first sight; engages us more and more upon further acquaintance; and as with other beauties, we think excess is impossible; it is here that judgment is necessary, to moderate and direct the effects of an excellent cause. I shall apply this reasoning, at present, not to any particular virtue, but to an excellency, which, for want of judgment, is often the cause of ridiculous and blamable effects; I mean, great learning; which, if not accompanied with sound judgment, frequently carries us into error, pride, and pedantry. As, I hope, you will possess that excellency in its utmost extent, and yet without its too common failings, the hints which my experience can suggest, may probably not be useless to you.

Some learned men, proud of their knowledge, only speak to decide, and give judgment without appeal; the consequence of which is, that mankind, provoked by the insult, and injured by

the oppression, revolt ; and in order to shake off the tyranny, even call the lawful authority in question. The more you know, the modester you should be : and (by-the-bye) that modesty is the surest way of gratifying your vanity. Even where you are sure, seem rather doubtful ; represent, but do not pronounce, and if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.

Others, to show their learning, or often from the prejudices of a school education, where they hear of nothing else, are always talking of the ancients, as something more than men, and of the moderns, as something less. They are never without a classic or two in their pockets ; they stick to the old good sense ; they read none of the modern trash ; and will show you, plainly, that no improvement has been made, in any one art or science, these last seventeen hundred years. I would by no means have you disown your acquaintance with the ancients : but still less would I have you brag of an exclusive intimacy with them. Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry ; judge them all by their merits, but not by their ages ; and if you happen to have an Elzevir classic in your pocket, neither show it nor mention it.

Some general scholars, most absurdly, draw all their maxims, both for public and private life, from what they call parallel cases in the ancient authors ; without considering that in the first place, there never were, since the creation of the world, two cases exactly parallel ; and in the next place, that there never was a case stated, or even known, by any historian, with every one of its circumstances ; which, however, ought to be known, in order to be reasoned from. Reason upon the case itself, and the several circumstances that attend it, and act accordingly ; but not from the authority of ancient poets, or historians. Take into your consideration, if you please, cases seemingly analogous ; but take them as helps only, not as guides. We are really so prejudiced by our education, that, as the ancients deified their heroes, we deify their madmen ; of which, with all due regard for antiquity, I take Leonidas and Curtius to have been two distinguished ones. And yet a solid pedant would, in a speech in parliament, relative to a tax of twopence in the pound upon some commodity or other, quote those two heroes, as examples

of what we ought to do and suffer for our country. I have known these absurdities carried so far by people of injudicious learning, that I should not be surprised, if some of them were to propose, while we are at war with the Gauls, that a number of geese should be kept in the Tower, upon account of the infinite advantage which Rome received in a *parallel case*, from a certain number of geese in the Capitol. This way of reasoning, and this way of speaking, will always form a poor politician, and a puerile declaimer.

There is another species of learned men who, though less dogmatical and supercilious, are not less impertinent. These are the communicative and shining pedants, who adorn their conversation, even with women, by happy quotations of Greek and Latin; and who have contracted such a familiarity with the Greek and Roman authors, that they call them by certain names or epithets denoting intimacy. As *old Homer*; that *sly rogue* Horace; *Maro*, instead of Virgil; and *Naso*, instead of Ovid. These are often imitated by coxcombs, who have no learning at all; but who have got some names and some scraps of ancient authors by heart, which they improperly and impertinently retail in all companies, in hopes of passing for scholars. If, therefore, you would avoid the accusation of pedantry on one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company that you are in; speak it purely, and unlarded with any other. Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket: and do not pull it out and strike it; merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Upon the whole, remember that learning (I mean Greek and Roman learning) is a most useful and necessary ornament, which it is shameful not to be master of; but at the same time, most carefully avoid those errors and abuses which I have mentioned, and which too often attend it. Remember, too, that great modern knowledge is still more necessary than ancient; and that you had better know perfectly the present, than the old state of Europe; though I would have you well acquainted with *both*.

I have this moment received your letter of the 17th, N. S. Though, I confess, there is no great variety in your present manner of life, yet materials can never be wanting for a letter ; you see, you hear, or you read something new every day ; a short account of which, with your own reflections thereupon, will make out a letter very well. But since you desire a subject, pray send me an account of the Lutheran establishment in Germany ; their religious tenets, their church government, the maintenance, authority, and titles of their clergy.

Vittorio Siri, complete, is a very scarce and very dear book here ; but I do not want it. If your own library grows too voluminous, you will not know what to do with it, when you leave Leipsig. Your best way will be, when you go away from thence, to send to England, by Hamburg, all the books that you do not absolutely want. Yours.

LETTER CXLIII

BATH, *March 1, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : By Mr. Harte's letter to Mr. Grevenkop, of the 21st February, N. S., I find that you have been a great while without receiving any letters from me ; but by this time, I dare say, you think you have received enough, and possibly more than you have read ; for I am not only a frequent, but a prolix correspondent.

Mr. Harte says, in that letter, that he looks upon Professor Mascow to be one of the ablest men in Europe, in treaty and political knowledge. I am extremely glad of it ; for that is what I would have you particularly apply to, and make yourself perfect master of. The treaty part you must chiefly acquire by reading the treaties themselves, and the histories and memoirs relative to them ; not but that inquiries and conversations upon those treaties will help you greatly, and imprint them better in your mind. In this course of reading, do not perplex yourself, at first, by the multitude of insignificant treaties which are to be found in the *Corps Diplomatique* ; but stick to the material ones, which altered the state of Europe, and made a new arrangement among the great powers ; such as the treaties of Munster, Nimeguen, Ryswick, and Utrecht.

But there is one part of political knowledge, which is only to be had by inquiry and conversation; that is, the present state of every power in Europe, with regard to the three important points, of strength, revenue, and commerce. You will, therefore, do well, while you are in Germany, to inform yourself carefully of the military force, the revenues, and the commerce of every prince and state of the empire; and to write down those informations in a little book, for that particular purpose. To give you a specimen of what I mean:—

The Electorate of Hanover

The revenue is about £500,000 a year.

The military establishment, in time of war, may be about 25,000 men; but that is the utmost.

The trade is chiefly linens, exported from Stade.

There are coarse woollen manufactures for home consumption.

The mines of Hartz produce about £100,000 in silver, annually.

Such informations you may very easily get, by proper inquiries, of every state in Germany, if you will but prefer useful to frivolous conversations.

There are many princes in Germany, who keep very few or no troops, unless upon the approach of danger, or for the sake of profit, by letting them out for subsidies to great powers: in that case, you will inform yourself what number of troops they could raise, either for their own defence, or furnish to other powers for subsidies.

There is very little trouble, and an infinite use, in acquiring of this knowledge. It seems to me even to be a more entertaining subject to talk upon, than *la pluie et le beau tems*.

Though I am sensible that these things cannot be known with the utmost exactness, at least by you yet, you may, however, get so near the truth, that the difference will be very immaterial.

Pray let me know if the Roman Catholic worship is tolerated in Saxony, anywhere but at Court; and if public mass-houses are allowed anywhere else in the electorate. Are the regular Romish clergy allowed; and have they any convents?

Are there any military orders in Saxony, and what? Is the White Eagle a Saxon or a Polish order? Upon what occasion, and when was it founded? What number of knights?

Adieu! God bless you; and may you turn out what I wish!

LETTER CXLIV

BATH, *March 9, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: I must from time to time, remind you of what I have often recommended to you, and of what you cannot attend to too much; *sacrifice to the Graces*.¹ The different effects of the same things, said or done, when accompanied or abandoned by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart; and the heart has such an influence over the understanding, that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. It is the whole of women, who are guided by nothing else; and it has so much to say, even with men, and the ablest men too, that it commonly triumphs in every struggle with the understanding. Monsieur de Rochefoucault, in his *Maxims*, says, that *l'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur*. If he had said, instead of *souvent*, *presque toujours*, I fear he would have been nearer the truth. This being the case, aim at the heart. Intrinsic merit alone will not do; it will gain you the general esteem of all; but not the particular affection, that is, the heart, of any. To engage the affections of any particular person, you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person; by services done, or offered; by expressions of regard and esteem; by complaisance, attentions, etc., for him: and the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather insures, their effects. From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking, whether stuttering, muttering, monotony, or drawl-

¹ [Mr. Bradshaw, in his edition of the Letters of Lord Chesterfield, remarks: "Dr. Hill quotes, 'Plato used to say to Xenocrates, the philosopher, who had a morose and unpolished manner, 'Good Xenocrates, sacrifice to the graces' (Plutarch's Lives)'. Prince Maurice never *sacrificed to the graces*, nor conversed among men of quality, but had most used the company of ordinary and inferior men, with whom he loved to be very familiar (Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*)."]

ing, an unattentive behaviour, etc., make upon you, at first sight, in a stranger, and how they prejudice you against him, though for aught you know, he may have great intrinsic sense and merit. And reflect, on the other hand, how much the opposites of all these things prepossess you, at first sight, in favour of those who enjoy them. You wish to find all good qualities in them, and are in some degree disappointed if you do not. A thousand little things, not separately to be defined, conspire to form these graces, this *je ne sçais quoi*, that always pleases. A pretty person, genteel motions, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing; a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking: all these things, and many others, are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne sçais quoi*, which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded that, in general, the same things will please or displease them in you. Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish, that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh while you live.¹ Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners; it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it: they please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and

¹ [As illustration of certain ideas of the time, with regard to manners befitting a fine gentleman, it is interesting to compare this sentiment of Lord Chesterfield's with the following words from Congreve's *Double Dealer*:—

Brisk.—Do I never say anything worthy to be laughed at?

Lord Froth.—O foy! don't misapprehend me, I don't say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion. Then, especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when anybody else of the same quality does not laugh with one; ridiculous! To be pleased with what pleases the crowd! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

The Double Dealer, Act i., Sc. 2 (first represented at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1694).]

falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it ; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is : not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained by a very little reflection ; but as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody ; but I am sure that since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first, from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak : and I know a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing ; which makes those who do not know him take him at first for a natural fool. This, and many other very disagreeable habits, are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world. They are ashamed in company, and so disconcerted, that they do not know what they do, and try a thousand tricks to keep themselves in countenance ; which tricks afterwards grow habitual to them. Some put their fingers in their nose, others scratch their heads, others twirl their hats ; in short, every awkward, ill-bred body has his trick. But the frequency does not justify the thing, and all these vulgar habits and awkwardnesses, though not criminal indeed, are most carefully to be guarded against, as they are great bars in the way of the art of pleasing. Remember that to please is almost to prevail, or at least a necessary previous step to it. You, who have your fortune to make, should more particularly study this art. You had not, I must tell you, when you left England, *les manières prévenantes* ; and I must confess they are not very common in England ; but I hope that your good sense will make you acquire them abroad. If you desire to make yourself considerable in the world (as, if you have any spirit, you do), it must be entirely your own doing ; for I may very possibly be out of the world at the time you come into it. Your own rank and fortune will not assist you ; your merit and your manners can alone raise you to figure and fortune. I have laid the foundations of them, by the education

which I have given you ; but you must build the superstructure yourself.

I must now apply to you for some informations, which I dare say you can, and which I desire you will give me.

Can the Elector of Saxony put any of his subjects to death for high treason, without bringing them first to their trial in some public court of justice ?

Can he, by his own authority, confine any subject in prison as long as he pleases, without trial ?

Can he banish any subject out of his dominions by his own authority ?

Can he lay any tax whatsoever upon his subjects, without the consent of the states of Saxony ? and what are those states ? how are they elected ? what orders do they consist of ? Do the clergy make part of them ? and when, and how often do they meet ?

If two subjects of the Elector's are at law, for an estate situated in the electorate, in what court must this suit be tried ? and will the decision of that court be final, or does there lie an appeal to the imperial chamber at Wetzlaer ?

What do you call the two chief courts, or two chief magistrates, of civil and criminal justice ?

What is the common revenue of the electorate, one year with another ?

What number of troops does the Elector now maintain ? and what is the greatest number that the electorate is able to maintain ?

I do not expect to have all these questions answered at once ; but you will answer them, in proportion as you get the necessary and authentic informations.

You are, you see, my German oracle ; and I consult you with so much faith, that you need not, like the oracles of old, return ambiguous answers ; especially as you have this advantage over them, too, that I only consult you about past and present, but not about what is to come.

I wish you a good Easter-fair at Leipsig. See, with attention, all the shops, drolls, tumblers, rope-dancers, and *hoc genus omne* ; but inform yourself more particularly of the several parts of trade there. Adieu.

LETTER CXLV

LONDON, March 25, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I am in great joy at the written and the verbal accounts which I have received lately of you. The former, from Mr. Harte; the latter, from Mr. Trevanion who is arrived here: they conspire to convince me that you employ your time well at Leipsig. I am glad to find you consult your own interest, and your own pleasure so much; for the knowledge which you will acquire in these two years is equally necessary for both. I am likewise particularly pleased to find, that you turn yourself to that sort of knowledge which is more peculiarly necessary for your destination: for Mr. Harte tells me you have read, with attention, Caillieres,¹ Pecquet,² and Richelieu's³ Letters. The Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz⁴ will both entertain and instruct you: they relate to a very interesting period of the French history, the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin,⁵ during the minority of Louis the Fourteenth. The characters of all the considerable people of that time are drawn in a short, strong, and masterly manner; and the political reflections, which are most of them printed in italics, are the justest that ever I met with: they are not the laboured reflections of a systematical closet politician, who, without the least experience of business, sits at home and writes maxims; but they are the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculations.

As modern history is particularly your business, I will give you some rules to direct your study of it. It begins, properly with Charlemagne, in the year 800. But as, in those times of ignorance, the priests and monks were almost the only people

¹ [François de Callières (1645-1717) was minister plenipotentiary at Ryswick in 1693 and one of the signatories of the Treaty. He wrote *Des Mots à la Mode*, 1692; *Traité du bon et du mauvais usage d'exprimer, et des façons de parler bourgeoises; De la manière de négocier avec les souverains; Des bons Mots et des bons contes*, 1699.]

² [Antoine Pecquet was *Grand Maître des Eaux et Forêts de Rouen*. Among his many works is *L'Art de Négocier*.]

³ [Cardinal Richelieu, 1585-1642.]

⁴ [See note to Letter CXC.]

⁵ [Cardinal Mazarin, 1602-61.]

that could or did write, we have scarcely any histories of those times, but such as they have been pleased to give us, which are compounds of ignorance, superstition, and party zeal. So that a general notion of what is rather supposed, than really known to be, the history of the five or six following centuries, seems to be sufficient; and much time would be but ill employed in a minute attention to those legends. But reserve your utmost care, and most diligent inquiries, for the fifteenth century, and downwards. Then learning began to revive, and credible histories to be written; Europe began to take the form which to some degree it still retains; at least the foundations of the present great powers of Europe were then laid. Louis the Eleventh made France, in truth, a monarchy, or, as he used to say himself, *la mit hors de Page*. Before his time, there were independent provinces in France, as the Duchy of Brittany, etc., whose princes tore it to pieces, and kept it in constant domestic confusion. Louis the Eleventh reduced all these petty states, by frauds, force, or marriage; for he scrupled no means to obtain his ends.

About that time, Ferdinand King of Aragon, and Isabella his wife, Queen of Castile, united the whole Spanish monarchy, and drove the Moors out of Spain, who had till then kept possession of Granada. About that time, too, the house of Austria laid the great foundations of its subsequent power; first, by the marriage of Maximilian with the heiress of Burgundy; and then, by the marriage of his son Philip, Archduke of Austria, with Jane, the daughter of Isabella, Queen of Spain, and heiress of that whole kingdom, and of the West Indies. By the first of these marriages, the house of Austria acquired the seventeen provinces; and by the latter, Spain and America; all which centred in the person of Charles the Fifth, son of the above mentioned Archduke Philip, the son of Maximilian. It was upon account of these two marriages, that the following Latin distich was made:—

Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube;
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

This immense power, which the Emperor Charles the Fifth found himself possessed of, gave him a desire for universal

power (for people never desire all till they have gotten a great deal), and alarmed France; this sowed the seeds of that jealousy and enmity, which have flourished ever since between those two great powers. Afterwards the House of Austria was weakened by the division made by Charles the Fifth of his dominions, between his son, Philip the Second of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand; and has ever since been dwindling to the weak condition in which it now is. This is a most interesting part of the history of Europe, of which it is absolutely necessary that you should be exactly and minutely informed.

There are in the history of most countries, certain very remarkable æras, which deserve more particular inquiry and attention than the common run of history. Such is the revolt of the Seventeen Provinces, in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain; which ended in forming the present republic of the Seven United Provinces; whose independency was first allowed by Spain at the treaty of Munster. Such was the extraordinary revolution of Portugal, in the year 1640, in favour of the present House of Braganza. Such is the famous revolution of Sweden, when Christian the Second of Denmark, who was also king of Sweden, was driven out by Gustavus Vasa. And such also is that memorable æra in Denmark, of 1660; when the states of that kingdom made a voluntary surrender of all their rights and liberties to the Crown; and changed that free state into the most absolute monarchy now in Europe. The *Acta Regia*, upon that occasion, are worth your perusing. These remarkable periods of modern history deserve your particular attention, and most of them have been treated singly by good historians, which are worth your reading. The revolutions of Sweden, and of Portugal, are most admirably well written by l'Abbé de Vertot;¹ they are short, and will not take twelve hours' reading. There is another book which very well deserves your looking into, but

¹[René Aubert de Vertot, d'Aubœuf, born in 1655, joined the Capuchin Fathers, but left them for the monks of Piémontié, whom he also quitted and became Secretary to the Duke of Orleans. The Grand Master of the order of Malta, in 1715, made him the historiographer to the order. He wrote the history of Malta. The work referred to by Lord Chesterfield (*L'Histoire des Révolutions de Portugal*) is brilliantly written, but based on unreliable data, and is really more of a historical novel than a history. The author's portraiture of persons is often biased and the result of limited information. He had a reputation for inconstancy of mind, but was brilliant in imagination, in conversation, and often in writing.]

not worth your buying at present, because it is not portable : if you can borrow or hire it, you should ; and that is *L'Histoire des Traitéz de Paix*, in two volumes, folio, which make part of the *Corps Diplomatique*. You will there find a short and clear history, and the substance of every treaty made in Europe, during the last century, from the treaty of Vervins. Three parts in four of this book are not worth your reading, as they relate to treaties of very little importance ; but if you select the most considerable ones, read them with attention, and take some notes, it will be of great use to you. Attend chiefly to those in which the great powers of Europe are the parties ; such as the treaty of the Pyrenees, between France and Spain ; the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick ; but, above all, the treaty of Munster should be most circumstantially and minutely known to you, as almost every treaty made since has some reference to it. For this, Père Bougeant is the best book you can read, as it takes in the thirty years' war, which preceded that treaty. The treaty itself, which is made a perpetual law of the empire, comes in the course of your lectures upon the *Jus Publicum Imperii*.

In order to furnish you with materials for a letter, and at the same time to inform both you and myself of what it is right that we should know, pray answer me the following questions :—

How many companies are there in the Saxon regiments of foot ? How many men in each company ?

How many troops in the regiments of horse and dragoons ; and how many men in each ?

What number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers in a company of foot, or in a troop of horse or dragoons ? *N. B.* Non-commissioned officers are all those below ensigns and cornets.

What is the daily pay of a Saxon foot soldier, dragoon, and trooper ?

What are the several ranks of the *Etat Major-général* ? *N. B.* The *Etat Major-général* is everything above colonel. The Austrians have no brigadiers, and the French have no major-generals, in their *Etat Major*. What have the Saxons ? Adieu !

LETTER CXLVI

LONDON, March 27, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY : This little packet will be delivered to you by one Monsieur Duval, who is going to the fair at Leipsig. He is a jeweller, originally of Geneva, but who has been settled here these eight or ten years, and a very sensible fellow : pray do be very civil to him.

As I advised you, some time ago, to inform yourself of the civil and military establishments of as many of the kingdoms and states of Europe, as you should either be in yourself, or be able to get authentic accounts of, I send you here a little book, in which, upon the article of Hanover, I have pointed out the short method of putting down these informations, by way of helping your memory. The book being lettered, you can immediately turn to whatever article you want ; and by adding interleaves to each letter, may extend your minutes to what particulars you please. You may get such books made anywhere ; and appropriate each, if you please, to a particular object. I have myself found great utility in this method. If I had known what to have sent you by this opportunity I would have done it. The French say, *Que les petits présens entretiennent l'amitié et que les grands l'augmentent* ; but I could not recollect that you wanted anything, or at least anything that you cannot get as well at Leipsig as here. Do but continue to deserve, and I assure you that you shall never want anything I can give.

Do not apprehend that my being out of employment may be any prejudice to you. Many things will happen before you can be fit for business ; and when you are fit, whatever my situation may be, it will always be in my power to help you in your first steps ; afterwards you must help yourself by your own abilities. Make yourself necessary, and, instead of soliciting, you will be solicited. The thorough knowledge of foreign affairs, the interests, the views, and the manners of the several courts in Europe, are not the common growth of this country. It is in your power to acquire them ; you have all the means. Adieu ! Yours.

LETTER CXLVII

LONDON, *April 1, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I have not received any letter, either from you or from Mr. Harte, these three posts, which I impute wholly to accidents between this place and Leipsig ; and they are distant enough to admit of many. I always take it for granted that you are well, when I do not hear to the contrary ; besides, as I have often told you, I am much more anxious about your doing well, than about your being well ; and when you do not write, I will suppose that you are doing something more useful. Your health will continue, while your temperance continues ; and at your age nature takes sufficient care of the body, provided she is left to herself, and that intemperance on one hand, or medicines on the other, do not break in upon her. But it is by no means so with the mind, which, at your age particularly, requires great and constant care, and some physic. Every quarter of an hour, well or ill employed, will do it essential and lasting good or harm. It requires, also, a great deal of exercise, to bring it to a state of health and vigour. Observe the difference there is between minds cultivated and minds uncultivated, and you will, I am sure, think that you cannot take too much pains, nor employ too much of your time in the culture of your own. A drayman is probably born with as good organs as Milton, Locke, or Newton ; but, by culture, they are as much more above him as he is above his horse. Sometimes, indeed, extraordinary geniuses have broken out by the force of nature, without the assistance of education ; but those instances are too rare for anybody to trust to ; and even they would make a much greater figure, if they had the advantage of education into the bargain. If Shakespeare's genius had been cultivated, those beauties, which we so justly admire in him, would have been undisgraced by those extravagancies, and that nonsense, with which they are frequently accompanied. People are, in general, what they are made, by education and company, from fifteen to five and twenty ; consider well, therefore, the importance of your next eight or nine years ; your whole depends upon them. I will tell you sincerely my hopes and my fears concerning you. I think you

will be a good scholar, and that you will acquire a considerable stock of knowledge of various kinds ; but I fear that you neglect what are called little, though, in truth, they are very material things ; I mean, a gentleness of manners, an engaging address, and an insinuating behaviour : they are real and solid advantages, and none but those who do not know the world, treat them as trifles. I am told that you speak very quick, and not distinctly ; this is a most ungraceful and disagreeable trick, which you know I have told you of a thousand times ; pray attend carefully to the correction of it. An agreeable and distinct manner of speaking adds greatly to the matter ; and I have known many a very good speech unregarded, upon account of the disagreeable manner in which it has been delivered, and many an indifferent one applauded, from the contrary reason. Adieu.

LETTER CXLVIII

LONDON, *April 15, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : Though I have no letters from you to acknowledge since my last to you, I will not let three posts go from hence without a letter from me. My affection always prompts me to write to you ; and I am encouraged to do it, by the hopes that my letters are not quite useless. You will probably receive this in the midst of the diversions of Leipsig fair ; at which, Mr. Harte tells me, that you are to shine in fine clothes, among fine folks. I am very glad of it, as it is time that you should begin to be formed to the manners of the world in higher life. Courts are the best schools for that sort of learning. You are beginning now with the outside of a court ; and there is not a more gaudy one than that of Saxony. Attend to it, and make your observations upon the turn and manners of it, that you may hereafter compare it with other courts, which you will see. And though you are not yet able to be informed, or to judge of the political conduct and maxims of that court, yet you may remark the forms, the ceremonies, and the exterior state of it. At least see everything that you can see, and know everything that you can know of it, by asking questions. See likewise everything at the fair, from operas and plays, down to the Savoyard's raree shows.

Everything is worth seeing once ; and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and tell him that I have just now received his letter, for which I thank him. I am called away, and my letter is therefore very much shortened. Adieu.

I am impatient to receive your answers to the many questions that I have asked you.

LETTER CXLIX

LONDON, *April 26, O.S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I am extremely pleased with your continuation of the history of the Reformation ; which is one of those important æras that deserve your utmost attention, and of which you cannot be too minutely informed. You have, doubtless, considered the causes of that great event, and observed that disappointment and resentment had a much greater share in it, than a religious zeal or an abhorrence of the errors and abuses of popery.

Luther, an Augustin monk, enraged that his order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry, of the Church of Rome ; which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the rights, that is, the profit, of his order came to be touched. It is true, the Church of Rome furnished him ample matter for complaint and reformation, and he laid hold of it ably. This seems to me the true cause of that great and necessary work ; but whatever the cause was, the effect was good ; and the Reformation spread itself by its own truth and fitness ; was conscientiously received by great numbers in Germany, and other countries ; and was soon afterwards mixed up with the politics of princes ; and, as it always happens in religious disputes, became the specious covering of injustice and ambition.

Under the pretence of crushing heresy as it was called, the

House of Austria meant to extend and establish its power in the empire : as, on the other hand, many Protestant Princes, under the pretence of extirpating idolatry, or at least of securing toleration, meant only to enlarge their own dominions or privileges. These views respectively, among the chiefs on both sides, much more than true religious motives, continued what were called the religious wars in Germany, almost uninterruptedly, till the affairs of the two religions were finally settled by the treaty of Munster.

Were most historical events traced up to their true causes, I fear we should not find them much more noble or disinterested, than Luther's disappointed avarice ; and therefore I look with some contempt upon those refining and sagacious historians, who ascribe all, even the most common events, to some deep political cause ; whereas mankind is made up of inconsistencies, and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character. The wisest man sometimes acts weakly, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct, that, I believe, those are the oftenest mistaken, who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives ; and I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and rainy morning, would have proved a coward. Our best conjectures, therefore, as to the true springs of actions, are but very uncertain ; and the actions themselves are all that we must pretend to know from history. That Cæsar was murdered by twenty-three conspirators I make no doubt : but I very much doubt that their love of liberty and of their country was their sole, or even principal motive ; and I dare say that if the truth were known, we should find that many other motives at least concurred, even in the great Brutus himself ; such as pride, envy, personal pique and disappointment. Nay, I cannot help carrying my Pyrrhonism still farther, and extending it often to historical facts themselves, at least to most of the circumstances with which they are related ; and every day's experience confirms me in this historical incredulity. Do we ever hear the most recent fact related exactly in the same way by the several

people who were at the same time eye-witnesses of it? No. One mistakes, another misrepresents; and others warp it a little to their own turn of mind, or private views. A man who has been concerned in a transaction, will not write it fairly; and a man who has not, cannot. But notwithstanding all this uncertainty, history is not the less necessary to be known, as the best histories are taken for granted, and are the frequent subjects both of conversation and writing. Though I am convinced that Cæsar's ghost never appeared to Brutus, yet I should be much ashamed to be ignorant of that fact, as related by the historians of those times. Thus the Pagan theology is universally received as matter for writing and conversation, though believed now by nobody; and we talk of Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, etc., as gods, though we know that, if they ever existed at all, it was only as mere mortal men. This historical Pyrrhonism, then, proves nothing against the study and knowledge of history; which, of all other studies, is the most necessary for a man who is to live in the world. It only points out to us, not to be too decisive and peremptory; and to be cautious how we draw inferences, for our own practice, from remote facts, partially or ignorantly related; of which we can, at best, but imperfectly guess, and certainly not know the real motives. The testimonies of ancient history must necessarily be weaker than those of modern, as all testimony grows weaker and weaker, as it is more and more remote from us. I would therefore advise you to study ancient history, in general, as other people do; that is, not to be ignorant of any of those facts which are universally received upon the faith of the best historians; and whether true or false, you have them as other people have them. But modern history, I mean particularly that of the last three centuries, is what I would have you apply to with the greatest attention and exactness. There the probability of coming at the truth is much greater, as the testimonies are much more recent; besides, anecdotes, memoirs, and original letters, often come to the aid of modern history. The best memoirs that I know of are those of Cardinal de Retz, which I have once before recommended to you; and which I advise you to read more than once, with attention. There are many political maxims in these memoirs, most of which are *printed in italics*; pray attend to, and remember them. I never

read them but my own experience confirms the truth of them. Many of them seem trifling to people who are not used to business ; but those who are, feel the truth of them.

It is time to put an end to this long rambling letter ; in which if any one thing can be of use to you, it will more than pay the trouble I have taken to write it. Adieu ! Yours.

LETTER CL

LONDON, *May 10, O.S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I reckon that this letter will find you just returned from Dresden, where you have made your first court *caravanne*. What inclination for courts this taste of them may have given you, I cannot tell : but this I think myself sure of, from your good sense, that in leaving Dresden, you have left dissipation too ; and have resumed, at Leipsig, that application, which, if you like courts, can alone enable you to make a good figure at them. A mere courtier, without parts or knowledge, is the most frivolous and contemptible of all beings ; as, on the other hand, a man of parts and knowledge, who acquires the easy and noble manners of a court, is the most perfect. It is a trite, common-place observation, that courts are the seats of falsehood and dissimulation. That, like many, I might say most common-place observations, is false. Falsehood and dissimulation are certainly to be found at courts ; but where are they not to be found ? Cottages have them, as well as courts ; only with worse manners. A couple of neighbouring farmers in a village will contrive and practise as many tricks to overreach each other at the next market, or to supplant each other in the favour of the squire, as any two courtiers can do to supplant each other in the favour of their prince.

Whatever poets may write, or fools believe, of rural innocence and truth, and of the perfidy of courts, this is most undoubtedly true—that shepherds and ministers are both men ; their nature and passions the same, the modes of them only different.

Having mentioned common-place observations, I will particularly caution you against either using, believing, or approving them. They are the common topic of witleings and coxcombs ;

those who really have wit have the utmost contempt for them, and scorn even to laugh at the pert things that those would-be wits say upon such subjects.

Religion is one of their favourite topics ; it is all priestcraft ; and an invention contrived and carried on by priests of all religions for their own power and profit ; from this absurd and false principle flow the common-place insipid jokes, and insults upon the clergy. With these people, every priest, of every religion, is either a public or a concealed unbeliever, drunkard, and whore-master ; whereas, I conceive, that priests are extremely like other men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a gown or a surplice : but if they are different from other people, probably it is rather on the side of religion and morality, or, at least, decency, from their education and manner of life.

Another common topic for false wit and cold raillery, is matrimony. Every man and his wife hate each other cordially ; whatever they may pretend, in public, to the contrary. The husband certainly wishes his wife at the devil, and the wife certainly cuckolds her husband. Whereas, I presume that men and their wives neither love nor hate each other the more, upon account of the form of matrimony which has been said over them. The cohabitation, indeed, which is the consequence of matrimony, makes them either love or hate more, accordingly as they respectively deserve it ; but that would be exactly the same, between any man and woman, who lived together without being married.

These and many other common-place reflections upon nations or professions in general (which are at least as often false as true), are the poor refuge of people who have neither wit nor invention of their own, but endeavour to shine in company by second-hand finery. I always put these pert jackanapes out of countenance, by looking extremely grave, when they expect that I should laugh at their pleasantries ; and by saying, *Well, and so ;* as if they had not done, and that the sting were still to come. This disconcerts them ; as they have no resources in themselves, and have but one set of jokes to live upon. Men of parts are not reduced to these shifts, and have the utmost contempt for them ; they find proper subjects enough for either

useful or lively conversations ; they can be witty without satire or common-place, and serious without being dull. The frequentation of courts checks this petulancy of manners ; the good-breeding and circumspection which are necessary, and only to be learned there, correct those pertnesses. I do not doubt but that you are improved in your manners, by the short visit which you have made at Dresden ; and the other courts, which I intend that you shall be better acquainted with, will gradually smooth you up to the highest polish. In courts, a versatility of genius and softness of manners are absolutely necessary ; which some people mistake for abject flattery, and having no opinion of one's own ; whereas it is only the decent and genteel manner of maintaining your own opinion, and possibly of bringing other people to it. The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves ; and the very same thing may become either pleasing or offensive, by the manner of saying or doing it. *Materiam superabat opus*, is often said of works of sculpture : where, though the materials were valuable, as silver, gold, etc., the workmanship was still more so. This holds true, applied to manners ; which adorn whatever knowledge or parts people may have ; and even make a greater impression upon nine in ten of mankind, than the intrinsic value of the materials. On the other hand, remember, that what Horace says of good writing is justly applicable to those who would make a good figure in courts, and distinguish themselves in the shining parts of life ; *Sapere est principium et fons*. A man who, without a good fund of knowledge and parts, adopts a court life, makes the most ridiculous figure imaginable. He is a machine, little superior to the court clock ; and as this points out the hours, he points out the frivolous employment of them. He is, at most, a comment upon the clock ; and according to the hours that it strikes, tells you now it is levee, now dinner, now supper time, etc. The end which I propose by your education, and which (*if you please*) I shall certainly attain, is to unite in you all the knowledge of a scholar with the manners of a courtier ; and to join, what is seldom joined by any of my countrymen, books and the world. They are commonly twenty years old before they have spoken to anybody above their schoolmaster, and the fellows of their college. 15

they happen to have learning, it is only Greek and Latin, but not one word of modern history, or modern languages. Thus prepared, they go abroad, as they call it; but, in truth, they stay at home all that while; for being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company, at least none good; but dine and sup with one another only at the tavern. Such examples, I am sure, you will not imitate, but even carefully avoid. You will always take care to keep the best company in the place where you are, which is the only use of travelling: and (by the way) the pleasures of a gentleman are only to be found in the best company; for that riot which low company, most falsely and impudently call pleasure, is only the sensuality of a swine.

I ask hard and uninterrupted study from you but one year more; after that, you shall have every day more and more time for your amusements. A few hours each day will then be sufficient for application, and the others cannot be better employed than in the pleasures of good company. Adieu.

LETTER CLI

LONDON, *May 17, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: I received, yesterday, your letter of the 16th, N. S., and have, in consequence of it, written, this day, to Sir Charles Williams,¹ to thank him for all the civilities he has shown you. Your first setting out at court has, I find, been very favourable; and his Polish Majesty has distinguished you. I hope you received that mark of distinction with respect and with steadiness, which is the proper behaviour of a man of fashion. People of a low, obscure education cannot stand the rays of greatness; they are frightened out of their wits when kings and great men speak to them; they are awkward, ashamed, and do not know what nor how to answer; whereas,

¹ [Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who was at this time British Minister at the Court of Dresden, and whose name will frequently occur in this correspondence. He was born in 1709, and died insane (it is said by his own hand) on November 2, 1759. During his lifetime he was not more highly extolled for his skill in diplomacy than for his wit, both in conversation and in light pieces of poetry; but the collection of his works, published in 1822, has by no means tended to increase, or even confirm, his reputation. M.]

les honnêtes gens are not dazzled by superior rank : they know, and pay all the respect that is due to it ; but they do it without being disconcerted ; and can converse just as easily with a king as with any one of his subjects. That is the great advantage of being introduced young into good company, and being used early to converse with one's superiors. How many men have I seen here, who, after having had the full benefit of an English education, first at school, and then at the university, when they have been presented to the king, did not know whether they stood upon their heads or their heels ! If the king spoke to them, they were annihilated ; they trembled, endeavoured to put their hands in their pockets, and missed them ; let their hats fall, and were ashamed to take them up ; and in short, put themselves in every attitude but the right, that is, the easy and natural one. The characteristic of a well-bred man is, to converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and ease. He talks to kings without concern ; he trifles with women of the first condition, with familiarity, gaiety, but respect ; and converses with his equals, whether he is acquainted with them or not, upon general common topics, that are not, however, quite frivolous, without the least concern of mind or awkwardness of body : neither of which can appear to advantage, but when they are perfectly easy.

The tea-things which Sir Charles Williams has given you, I would have you make a present of to your Mamma, and send them to her by Duval when he returns. You owe her not only duty, but likewise great obligations for her care and tenderness ; and consequently cannot take too many opportunities of showing your gratitude.

I am impatient to receive your account of Dresden, and likewise your answers to the many questions that I asked you.

Adieu for this time, and God bless you !

LETTER CLII

LONDON, *May 27, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : This and the two next years make so important a period of your life, that I cannot help repeating to you my exhortations, my commands, and (what I hope will be still more

prevailing with you than either) my earnest entreaties, to employ them well. Every moment that you now lose, is so much character and advantage lost; as, on the other hand, every moment that you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at most prodigious interest. These two years must lay the foundations of all the knowledge that you will ever have; you may build upon them afterwards as much as you please, but it will be too late to lay any new ones. Let me beg of you, therefore, to grudge no labour nor pains to acquire, in time, that stock of knowledge, without which you never can rise, but must make a very insignificant figure in the world. Consider your own situation; you have not the advantage of rank or fortune to bear you up; I shall, very probably, be out of the world before you can properly be said to be in it. What then will you have to rely on but your own merit? That alone must raise you, and that alone will raise you, if you have but enough of it. I have often heard and read of oppressed and unrewarded merit, but I have oftener (I might say always) seen great merit make its way, and meet with its reward, to a certain degree at least, in spite of all difficulties. By merit, I mean the moral virtues, knowledge, and manners; as to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you, they speak best for themselves, nor can I suspect that they want any recommendation with you; I will therefore only assure you, that without them you will be most unhappy.

As to knowledge, I have often told you, and I am persuaded you are thoroughly convinced, how absolutely necessary it is to you, whatever your destination may be. But as knowledge has a most extensive meaning, and as the life of man is not long enough to acquire, nor his mind capable of entertaining and digesting, all parts of knowledge, I will point out those to which you should particularly apply, and which, by application, you may make yourself perfect master of. Classical knowledge, that is, Greek and Latin, is absolutely necessary for everybody, because everybody has agreed to think and to call it so. And the word *illiterate*, in its common acceptation, means a man who is ignorant of those two languages. You are by this time, I hope, pretty near master of both, so that a small part of the day dedicated to them, for two years more, will make you perfect in that study. Rhetoric, logic, a little geometry, and a general

notion of astronomy, must, in their turns, have their hours too ; not that I desire you should be deep in any one of these ; but it is fit you should know something of them all. The knowledge more particularly useful and necessary for you, considering your destination, consists of modern languages, modern history, chronology, and geography ; the laws of nations, and the *Jus publicum Imperii*. You must absolutely speak all the modern languages, as purely and correctly as the natives of the respective countries : for whoever does not speak a language perfectly and easily, will never appear to advantage in conversation, nor treat with others in it upon equal terms. As for French, you have it very well already ; and must necessarily, from the universal usage of that language, know it better and better every day : so that I am in no pain about that. German, I suppose, you know pretty well by this time, and will be quite master of it before you leave Leipsig : at least, I am sure you may. Italian and Spanish will come in their turns ; and, indeed, they are both so easy to one who knows Latin and French, that neither of them will cost you much time or trouble. Modern history, by which I mean particularly the history of the last three centuries, should be the object of your greatest and constant attention, especially those parts of it which relate more immediately to the great powers of Europe. This study you will carefully connect with chronology and geography ; that is, you will remark and retain the dates of every important event ; and always read with the map by you, in which you will constantly look for every place mentioned : this is the only way of retaining geography ; for though it is soon learned by the lump, yet when only so learned, it is still sooner forgot.

Manners, though the last, and it may be the least, ingredient of real merit are, however, very far from being useless in its composition ; they adorn, and give an additional force and lustre to both virtue and knowledge. They prepare and smooth the way for the progress of both ; and are, I fear, with the bulk of mankind, more engaging than either. Remember, then, the infinite advantage of manners ; cultivate and improve your own to the utmost : good sense will suggest the great rules to you, good company will do the rest. Thus you see how much you have to do ; and how little time to do it in : for when you are

thrown out into the world, as in a couple of years you must be, the unavoidable dissipation of company, and the necessary avocations of some kind of business or other, will leave you no time to undertake new branches of knowledge : you may, indeed, by a prudent allotment of your time, reserve some to complete and finish the building ; but you will never find enough to lay new foundations. I have such an opinion of your understanding, that I am convinced you are sensible of these truths ; and that, however hard and laborious your present uninterrupted application may seem to you, you will rather increase than lessen it. For God's sake, my dear boy, do not squander away one moment of your time, for every moment may be now most usefully employed. Your future fortune, character, and figure in the world, entirely depend upon your use or abuse of the two next years. If you do but employ them well, what may you not reasonably expect to be, in time ? And if you do not, what may I not reasonably fear you will be ? You are the only one I ever knew, of this country, whose education was from the beginning calculated for the department of foreign affairs ; in consequence of which, if you will invariably pursue, and diligently qualify yourself for that object, you may make yourself absolutely necessary to the Government, and after having received orders as a minister abroad, send orders, in your turn, as Secretary of State at home. Most of our ministers abroad have taken up that department occasionally, without having ever thought of foreign affairs before ; many of them, without speaking any one foreign language ; and all of them without manners which are absolutely necessary towards being well received, and making a figure at foreign courts. They do the business accordingly, that is, very ill : they never get into the secrets of those courts, for want of insinuation and address : they do not guess at their views, for want of knowing their interests : and at last, finding themselves very unfit for, soon grow weary of their commissions, and are impatient to return home, where they are but too justly laid aside and neglected. Every moment's conversation may, if you please, be of use to you ; in this view, every public event which is the common topic of conversation, gives you an opportunity of getting some information. For example, the preliminaries of peace, lately concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle, will be

the common subject of most conversations ; in which you will take care to ask the proper questions : as, what is the meaning of the Assiento contract for negroes, between England and Spain ; what the annual ship ; when stipulated ; upon what account suspended, etc. You will likewise inform yourself about Guastalla, now given to Don Philip, together with Parma and Placentia ; whom they belonged to before ; what claim or pretensions Don Philip¹ had to them ; what they are worth ; in short, everything concerning them. The cessions made by the Queen of Hungary to the King of Sardinia are, by these preliminaries, confirmed and secured to him : you will inquire, therefore, what they are, and what they are worth. This is the kind of knowledge which you should be most thoroughly master of, and in which conversation will help you almost as much as books : but both are best. There are histories of every considerable treaty, from that of Westphalia to that of Utrecht, inclusively ; all which I would advise you to read. Père Bougeant's,² of the treaty of Westphalia, is an excellent one ; those of Nimeguen, Ryswick, and Utrecht, are not so well written ; but are, however, very useful. *L'Histoire des Traités de Paix*, in two volumes, folio, which I recommended to you some time ago, is a book that you should often consult, when you hear mention made of any treaty concluded in the seventeenth century.

Upon the whole, if you have a mind to be considerable, and to shine hereafter, you must labour hard now. No quickness of parts, no vivacity, will do long, or go far, without a solid fund of knowledge ; and that fund of knowledge will amply repay all the pains that you can take in acquiring it. Reflect seriously, within yourself, upon all this, and ask yourself whether I can have any view but your interest, in all that I recommend to you. It is the result of my experience, and flows from that tenderness and affection with which, while you deserve them, I shall be, Yours.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and tell him, that I have received his letter of the 24th, N. S.

¹ [Infant of Spain, and half-brother to Ferdinand the Sixth.]

² [See Letter CXXXV.]

LETTER CLIII

LONDON, May 31, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I have received, with great satisfaction, your letter of the 28th N. S. from Dresden: it finishes your short but clear account of the Reformation; which is one of those interesting periods of modern history, that cannot be too much studied nor too minutely known by you. There are many great events in history which, when once they are over, leave things in the situation in which they found them. As, for instance, the late war; which, excepting the establishment in Italy for Don Philip, leaves things pretty much *in statu quo*; a mutual restitution of all acquisitions being stipulated by the preliminaries of the peace. Such events undoubtedly deserve your notice, but yet not so minutely as those which are not only important in themselves, but equally (or it may be more) important by their consequences too; of this latter sort were the progress of the Christian religion in Europe: the invasion of the Goths; the division of the Roman empire into Western and Eastern; the establishment and rapid progress of Mahometanism; and lastly, the Reformation; all which events produced the greatest changes in the affairs of Europe, and to one or other of which, the present situation of all the parts of it is to be traced up.

Next to these, are those events which more immediately affect particular states and kingdoms, and which are reckoned merely local, though their influence may, and indeed very often does, indirectly extend itself further, such as civil wars, and revolutions, from which a total change in the form of government frequently flows. The civil wars in England, in the reign of King Charles the First, produced an entire change of the government here, from a limited monarchy to a commonwealth, at first, and afterwards to absolute power, usurped by Cromwell, under the pretence of protection, and the title of Protector.

The Revolution in 1688, instead of changing, preserved our form of government; which King James the Second intended to subvert, and establish absolute power in the Crown.

These are the two great epochas in our English history, which I recommend to your particular attention.

The league formed by the House of Guise, and fomented by the artifices of Spain, is a most material part of the history of France. The foundation of it was laid in the reign of Henry the Second, but the superstructure was carried on through the successive reigns of Francis the Second, Charles the Ninth and Henry the Third, till at last it was crushed, partly by the arms, but more by the apostasy of Henry the Fourth.

In Germany, great events have been frequent, by which the Imperial dignity has always either gotten or lost; and so far they have affected the constitution of the empire. The House of Austria kept that dignity to itself for near two hundred years, during which time it was always attempting to extend its power, by encroaching upon the rights and privileges of the other states of the empire; till at the end of the *bellum tricennale*, the treaty of Munster, of which France is guarantee, fixed the respective claims.

Italy has been constantly torn to pieces, from the time of the Goths, by the Popes and the Anti-popes, severally supported by other great powers of Europe, more as their interests than as their religion led them; by the pretensions also of France, and the House of Austria, upon Naples, Sicily, and the Milanese; not to mention the various lesser causes of squabbles there, for the little states, such as Ferrara, Parma, Montserrat, etc.

The Popes, till lately, have always taken a considerable part, and had great influence in the affairs of Europe; their excommunications, bulls, and indulgences, stood instead of armies, in the time of ignorance and bigotry; but now that mankind is better informed, the spiritual authority of the Pope is not only less regarded, but even despised by the Catholic Princes themselves; and his Holiness is actually little more than Bishop of Rome, with large temporalities, which he is not likely to keep longer than till the other greater powers in Italy shall find their conveniency in taking them from him. Among the modern Popes, Leo the Tenth, Alexander the Sixth, and Sextus Quintus, deserve your particular notice. The first, among other things, for his own learning and taste, and for his encouragement of the reviving arts and sciences in Italy. Under his protection, the

Greek and Latin classics were most excellently translated into Italian; painting flourished and arrived at its perfection; and sculpture came so near the ancients, that the works of his time, both in marble and bronze, are now called *Antico-Moderno*.

Alexander the Sixth, together with his natural son, Cæsar Borgia, was famous for his wickedness, in which he, and his son too, surpassed all imagination. Their lives are well worth your reading. They were poisoned themselves by the poisoned wine which they had prepared for others; the father died of it, but Cæsar recovered.

Sixtus the Fifth was the son of a swineherd,¹ and raised himself to the Popedom by his abilities: he was a great knave, but an able and singular one.

Here is history enough for to-day: you shall have some more soon. Adieu.

LETTER CLIV

LONDON, June 21, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: Your very bad enunciation runs so much in my head, and gives me such real concern, that it will be the subject of this, and, I believe, of many more letters. I congratulate both you and myself, that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it: and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to Sir Charles Williams, for informing me of it. Good God! if this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly? Who would have liked you in the one or attended you in the other? Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation, and see what a stress they lay

¹ [Sixtus the Fifth (Felice Peretti), Pope from 1585 to 1590, was born in 1521 at Grottamarina, in the district of Fermo. His parents were undoubtedly in humble circumstances, but the story of his having been a swineherd in his youth appears to be mere legend. He entered the Franciscan order at an early age, and gained great celebrity as a preacher. Pius the Fifth created him cardinal.]

Sixtus the Fifth left behind him the reputation of a zealous and austere Pope, and a stern, but just, temporal sovereign; he was a man of high aims, whose faults were the exaggerations of virtues.]

upon the gracefulness of it ; nay, Cicero goes farther, and even maintains, that a good figure is necessary for an orator ; and particularly that he must not be *vastus* ; that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shows by it, that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure, and a graceful manner. Men, as well as women, are much oftener led by their hearts, than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses ; please their eyes and their ears and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit, which possibly he has not ; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem ; for if a man has parts, he must know of what infinite consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address : he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. Your figure is a good one ; you have no natural defect in the organs of speech ; your address may be engaging, and your manner of speaking graceful, if you will ; so that if you are not so, neither I nor the world can ascribe it to anything but your want of parts. What is the constant and just observation as to all actors upon the stage ? Is it not, that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may happen not to have the best voices ? They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick, thick, and ungracefully*, I will answer for it, that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by : and there must be something inconceivably absurd, in uttering them in such a manner as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them. I tell you, truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully ; for I aver, that it is in your power. You will desire Mr. Harte, that you may read aloud to him every day ; and that he will interrupt and correct you every

time that you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak ; to articulate every word distinctly ; and to beg of Mr. Harte, Mr. Eliot, or whomsoever you speak to, to remind, and stop you, if you ever fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and time your utterance to your own ear ; and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct yourself of that shameful trick of speaking faster than you ought. In short, if you think right, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure to speak well. Therefore, what I have said in this, and in my last, is more than sufficient, if you have sense ; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not ; so here I rest it.

Next to graceful speaking, a genteel carriage and a graceful manner of presenting yourself are extremely necessary, for they are extremely engaging : and carelessness in these points is much more unpardonable in a young fellow, than affectation. It shows an offensive indifference about pleasing. I am told by one here, who has seen you lately, that you are awkward in your motions, and negligent of your person : I am sorry for both ; and so will you, when it will be too late, if you continue so some time longer. Awkwardness of carriage is very alienating ; and a total negligence of dress and air is an impertinent insult upon custom and fashion. You remember Mr. * * * very well, I am sure, and you must consequently remember his extreme awkwardness : which, I can assure you, has been a great clog to his parts and merit, that have, with much difficulty, but barely counterbalanced it at last. Many, to whom I have formerly commended him, have answered me, that they were sure he could not have parts, because he was so awkward : so much are people, as I observed to you before, taken by the eye. Women have great influence as to a man's fashionable character ; and an awkward man will never have their votes ; which, by the way, are very numerous, and much oftener counted than weighed. You should therefore give some attention to your dress, and the gracefulness of your motions. I believe, indeed, that you have no perfect model for either at Leipsig, to form yourself upon ; but, however, do not get a habit of neglecting either ; and attend properly to both,

when you go to courts, where they are very necessary, and where you will have good masters, and good models for both. Your exercises of riding, fencing, and dancing, will civilise and fashion your body and your limbs, and give you, if you will but take it, *l'air d'un honnête homme*.

I will now conclude, with suggesting one reflection to you; which is, that you should be sensible of your good fortune, in having one who interests himself enough in you, to inquire into your faults, in order to inform you of them. Nobody but myself would be so solicitous, either to know or correct them; so that you might consequently be ignorant of them yourself; for our own self-love draws a thick veil between us and our faults. But when you hear yours from me, you may be sure that you hear them from one who for your sake only desires to correct them; from one whom you cannot suspect of any partiality but in your favour; and from one who heartily wishes that his care of you, as a father may, in a little time, render every care unnecessary but that of a friend. Adieu.

P. S. I condole with you for the untimely and violent death of the tuneful Matzel.¹

LETTER CLV

LONDON, July 1, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I am extremely well pleased with the course of studies which Mr. Harte informs me you are now in, and with the degree of application which he assures me you have to them. It is your interest to do so, as the advantage will be all your own. My affection for you makes me both wish and endeavour that you may turn out well; and, according as you do turn out, I shall either be proud or ashamed of you. But as to mere interest, in the common acceptation of that word, it would be

¹ ["Matzel" was a bullfinch whose death was lamented by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams to young Stanhope in a letter and an ode. The ode was first published in vol. iv. of Dodsley's Collection, 1755. The first verse runs as follows:—

Try not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage.
Give sorrow and revenge their scope;
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murdered in his cage.]

mine that you should turn out ill ; for you may depend upon it, that whatever you have from me shall be most exactly proportioned to your desert. Deserve a great deal, and you shall have a great deal ; deserve a little, and you shall have but a little ; and be good for nothing at all, and I assure you you shall have nothing at all.

Solid knowledge, as I have often told you, is the first and great foundation of your future fortune and character ; for I never mention to you the two much greater points of Religion and Morality, because I cannot possibly suspect you as to either of them. This solid knowledge you are in a fair way of acquiring ; you may, if you please ; and I will add, that nobody ever had the means of acquiring it more in their power than you have. But remember, that manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value ; but it will never be worn or shine, if it is not polished. It is upon this article, I confess, that I suspect you the most, which makes me recur to it 'so often ; for I fear that you are apt to show too little attention to everybody, and too much contempt to many. Be convinced, that there are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some time or other, have it in their power to be of use to you ; which they certainly will not, if you have once shown them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it for ever. It implies a discovery of weaknesses, which we are much more careful to conceal than crimes. Many a man will confess his crimes to a common friend, but I never knew a man who would tell his silly weaknesses to his most intimate one—as many a friend will tell us our faults without reserve, who will not so much as hint at our follies ; that discovery is too mortifying to our self-love, either to tell another, or to be told of one's self. You must therefore never expect to hear of your weaknesses, or your follies, from anybody but me ; those I will take pains to discover, and whenever I do, shall tell you of them.

Next to manners are exterior graces of person and address ; which adorn manners, as manners adorn knowledge. To say that they please, engage, and charm, as they most indisputably

do, is saying, that one should do everything possible to acquire them. The graceful manner of speaking is, particularly, what I shall have always holla in your ears, as Hotspur hollaed *Mortimer* to Henry the Fourth and, like him too, I have aimed to have a starling taught¹ to say, *Speak distinctly and gracefully*, and send him you, to replace your loss of the unfortunate Matzel; who, by the way, I am told spoke his language very distinctly and gracefully.

As by this time you must be able to write German tolerably well, I desire that you will not fail to write a German letter, in the German character, once every fortnight to Mr. Grevenkop: which will make it more familiar to you, and enable me to judge how you improve in it.

Do not forget to answer me the questions, which I asked you a great while ago, in relation to the constitution of Saxony; and also the meaning of the words *Landsassii* and *Amptsassii*.

I hope you do not forget to inquire into the affairs of trade and commerce, nor to get the best accounts you can of the commodities and manufactures, exports and imports, of the several countries where you may be, and their gross value.

I would likewise have you attend to the respective coins, gold, silver, copper, etc., and their value, compared with our coins; for which purpose, I would advise you to put up, in a separate piece of paper, one piece of every kind, wherever you shall be, writing upon it the name and the value. Such a collection will be curious enough in itself; and that sort of knowledge will be very useful to you in your way of business, where the different value of money often comes in question.

I am going to Cheltenham to-morrow, less for my health, which is pretty good, than for the dissipation and amusement of the journey. I shall stay about a fortnight.

L'Abbé Mably's *Droit de l'Europe*,² which Mr. Harte is so kind as to send me, is worth your reading. Adieu.

¹ [I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him
To keep his anger still in motion.

—1 King Henry IV., Act i., Sc. 3.]

² [Gabriel Bonnot de Mably (1709-85) wrote several works on jurisprudence, the chief one being *Le Droit public de l'Europe, fondé sur les traités*. He was educated by the Jesuits, and subsequently at St. Sulpice, Paris, and was led to the study of international law by the circumstance that he sometimes helped his

LETTER CLVI

CHELTENHAM, July 6, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: Your school-fellow, Lord Pulteney,¹ set out last week for Holland, and will, I believe, be at Leipsig soon after this letter: you will take care to be extremely civil to him, and to do him any service that you can while you stay there; let him know that I wrote to you to do so. As being older, he should know more than you; in that case, take pains to get up to him; but if he does not, take care not to let him feel his inferiority. He will find it out of himself without your endeavours; and that cannot be helped: but nothing is more insulting, more mortifying, and less forgiven, than avowedly to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, etc. In the two last articles, it is unjust, they not being in his power: and in the first it is both ill bred and ill natured. Good breeding, and good nature, do incline us rather to raise and help people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them; and, in truth, our own private interest concurs in it, as it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies. The constant practice of what the French call *les Attentiones*, is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing; they flatter the self-love of those to whom they are shown; they engage, they captivate, more than things of much

relative, Cardinal de Temeius, Minister of State, in difficult cases which came before him. He was a great opponent of Voltaire, but his works are, nevertheless, very liberal, or even socialistic, and were condemned by the Sorbonne.]

¹ [William Pulteney, styled Viscount Pulteney, son of the famous William Pulteney, created Earl of Bath in 1742, was born in the year 1731. Concerning the date of his death a strange confusion reigns among biographers. The Dictionary of National Biography states that he died in 1743; but the statement is obviously inconsistent with the fact that Lord Chesterfield writes of him in July, 1748, as setting out for Holland. Other biographies represent him as dying at the age of seventeen, and Chalmers' Dictionary of Universal Biography speaks of his death as occurring "some time" before that of his father. But the registers of Westminster Abbey prove conclusively that Viscount Pulteney died in 1763; and his age is given in the "Funeral Book" (Colonel Chester's Registers of Westminster Abbey, 402) as thirty-two. *The Complete Peerage*, by G. E. C. (1887), has the following record (i., 267): "William Pulteney, styled Viscount Pulteney, only son of the Earl of Bath. M.P. for Old Sarum, 1754, and for Westminster, 1761-3. Lt.-Colonel, 1759. Died, unmarried, on his return from Portugal, at Madrid, 12th February, 1763; buried 21st April, in Islip Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Will (1762) proved 1st June, 1763, by a creditor, his father renouncing probate." The Earl of Bath died in 1764, a year after the death of his son.]

greater importance. The duties of social life every man is obliged to discharge ; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good breeding and good nature ; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, particularly, have a right to them : and any omission, in that respect, is downright ill breeding.

Do you employ your whole time in the most useful manner ? I do not mean, do you study all day long, nor do I require it. But I mean, do you make the most of the respective allotments of your time ? While you study, is it with attention ? When you divert yourself, is it with spirit ? Your diversions may, if you please, employ some part of your time very usefully. It depends entirely upon the nature of them. If they are futile and frivolous, it is time worse than lost, for they will give you an habit of futility. All gaming, field-sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think, or do not love to think. But the pleasures of a man of parts either flatter the senses or improve the mind ; I hope at least, that there is not one minute of the day in which you do nothing at all. Inaction, at your age, is unpardonable.

Tell me what Greek and Latin books you can now read with ease. Can you open Demosthenes at a venture, and understand him ? Can you get through an Oration of Cicero, or a Satire of Horace, without difficulty ? What German books do you read, to make yourself master of that language ? And what French books do you read for your amusement ? Pray give me a particular and true account of all this ; for I am not indifferent as to any one thing that relates to you. As, for example, I hope you take great care to keep your whole person, particularly your mouth, very clean : common decency requires it ; besides that great cleanliness is very conducive to health. But if you do not keep your mouth excessively clean, by washing it carefully every morning, and after every meal, it will not only be apt to smell, which is very disgusting and indecent, but your teeth will decay and ache, which is both a great loss and a great pain. A spruceness of dress is also very proper and becoming at your age ; as the negligence of it implies an indifference about pleas-

ing, which does not become a young fellow. To do whatever you do at all to the utmost perfection, ought to be your aim, at this time of your life : if you can reach perfection, so much the better ; but at least, by attempting it, you will get much nearer than if you never attempted it at all.

Adieu ! *Speak gracefully and distinctly*, if you intend to converse ever with, Yours.

P. S. As I was making up my letter, I received yours of the 6th, N.S. I like your dissertation upon Preliminary Articles and Truces. Your definitions of both are true. Those are matters which I would have you be master of ; they belong to your future department. But remember too, that they are matters upon which you will much oftener have occasion to speak than to write ; and that, consequently, it is full as necessary to speak gracefully and distinctly upon them as to write clearly and elegantly. I find no authority among the ancients, nor indeed among the moderns, for indistinct and unintelligible utterance. The Oracles indeed meant to be obscure ; but then it was by the ambiguity of the expression, and not by the inarticulation of the words. For if people had not thought, at least, they understood them, they would neither have frequented nor presented them as they did. There was likewise among the ancients, and is still among the moderns, a sort of people called *Ventriloqui*, who speak from their bellies, or make the voice seem to come from some other part of the room than that where they are. But these *Ventriloqui* speak very distinctly and intelligibly. The only thing, then, that I can find like a precedent for your way of speaking (and I would willingly help you to one if I could) is the modern art *de persister*, practised with great success by the *petits maitres* at Paris. This noble art consists in picking out some grave, serious man, who neither understands nor expects raillery, and talking to him very quick, and in inarticulate sounds ; while the man, who thinks that he did not hear well, or attend sufficiently, says, *Monsieur* or *Plût-il ?* a hundred times ; which affords matter of much mirth to those ingenious gentlemen. Whether you would follow this precedent, I submit to you.

Have you carried no English or French comedies or tragedies

with you to Leipsig? If you have, I insist upon your reciting some passages of them every day to Mr. Harte, in the most distinct and graceful manner, as if you were acting them upon a stage.

The first part of my letter is more than an answer to your questions concerning Lord Pulteney.

LETTER CLVII

LONDON, July 26, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything; but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attained with some), stops short, contents itself with easy, and consequently superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent most things as impossible; whereas few things are so, to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same subject is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it through. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion. Do not then be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito*; and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences, which are peculiar to certain professions, need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As, for instance, fortification and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little inquiry on your part, will give you, is

sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you ; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversation ; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille in Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demi-lune*, *Ma foi ! c'étoit bien une lune toute entière*. But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depth of them : such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern, philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric ; and, for you particularly, the constitutions, and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble ; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid. The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose ; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, etc., are the subjects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dress, not the characters of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play than the sense of it ; and to the ceremonies of a court more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it. You have now, at most, three years to employ, either well or ill ; for as I have often told you, you will be all your life what you shall be three years hence. For God's sake then reflect. Will you throw this time away either in laziness, or in trifles ? Or will you not rather employ every moment of it in a manner that must so soon reward you with so much pleasure, figure, and character ? I cannot, I will not doubt of your choice. Read only useful books ; and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject, but *à portée* of that company. Points of history, matters of literature, the customs of particular countries, the several orders of knighthood, as Teutonic, Maltese, etc., are surely better subjects of conversation, than the weather, dress, or fiddle-faddle stories, that carry no information along with them. The characters of

kings and great men are only to be learned in conversation ; for they are never fairly written during their lives. This, therefore, is an entertaining and instructive subject of conversation, and will likewise give you an opportunity of observing how very differently characters are given, from the different passions and views of those who give them. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions : for if they lead to information, and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. All those things, in the common course of life, depend entirely upon the manner ; and, in that respect, the vulgar saying is true, That one man may better steal a horse, than another look over the hedge. There are few things that may not be said, in some manner or other ; either in a seeming confidence, or a genteel irony, or introduced with wit ; and one great part of the knowledge of the world consists in knowing when and where to make use of these different manners. The graces of the person, the countenance, and the way of speaking, contribute so much to this, that I am convinced, the very same thing, said by a genteel person, in an engaging way, and *gracefully* and distinctly spoken, would please ; which would shock, if *muttered* out by an awkward figure, with a sullen, serious countenance. The poets always represent Venus as attended by the three Graces, to intimate that even beauty will not do without. I think they should have given Minerva three also ; for without them, I am sure learning is very unattractive. Invoke them then, *distinctly*, to accompany all your words and motions. Adieu.

P. S. Since I wrote what goes before, I have received your letter, *of no date* ; with the enclosed state of the Prussian forces : of which, I hope, you have kept a copy ; this you should lay in a *portefeuille*, and add to it all the military establishments that you can get of other states and kingdoms : the Saxon establishment you may, doubtless, easily find. By the way, do not forget to send me answers to the questions which I sent you some time ago, concerning both the civil and the ecclesiastical affairs of Saxony.

Do not mistake me, and think I only mean that you should speak elegantly with regard to style, and the purity of language ;

but I mean that you should deliver and pronounce what you say gracefully and distinctly ; for which purpose I will have you frequently read very loud to Mr. Harte, recite parts of orations, and speak passages of plays ; for without a graceful and pleasing enunciation, all your elegancy of style in speaking, is not worth one farthing.

I am very glad that Mr. Lyttelton¹ approves of my new house, and particularly of my *canonical* pillars.² My bust of Cicero is a very fine one, and well preserved ; it will have the best place in my library, unless at your return you bring me over as good a modern head of your own ; which I should like still better. I can tell you, that I shall examine it as attentively as ever antiquary did an old one.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, at whose recovery I rejoice.

LETTER CLVIII

LONDON, *August 2, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : Duval, the jeweller, is arrived, and was with me three or four days ago. You will easily imagine that I asked him a few questions concerning you ; and I will give you the satisfaction of knowing, that upon the whole, I was very well pleased with the account he gave me. But though he seemed to be much in your interest, yet he fairly owned to me that your utterance was rapid, thick, and ungraceful. I can add nothing to what I have already said upon this subject ; but I can and do repeat the absolute necessity of speaking distinctly and gracefully, or else of not speaking at all, and having recourse to signs. He tells me that you are pretty fat for one of your age : this you should attend to in a proper way : for if, while very young, you should grow fat, it would be troublesome, unwholesome, and ungraceful ; you should therefore, when you have time, take very strong exercise, and in your diet avoid fattening things. All malt liquors fatten, or at least bloat ; and I hope you do not deal

¹ [Brother of Lord Lyttleton.]

² [Lord Chesterfield purchased the hall pillars, floor, and staircase from a beautiful house at *Canons* (about eight miles from London) built by James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, and sold by auction after his death.]

much in them. I look upon wine and water to be, in every respect, much wholesomer.

Duval says there is a great deal of very good company at Madame Valentin's and at another lady's, I think one Madame Ponce's, at Leipsig. Do you ever go to either of those houses, at leisure times? It would not, in my mind, be amiss if you did; and would give you a habit of *attentions*; they are a tribute which all women expect, and which all men, who would be well received by them, must pay. And whatever the mind may be, manners at least are certainly improved by the company of women of fashion.

I have formerly told you, that you should inform yourself of the several orders, whether military or religious, of the respective countries where you may be. The Teutonic Order is the great Order of Germany, of which I send you enclosed a short account. It may serve to suggest questions to you, for more particular inquiries as to the present state of it; of which you ought to be minutely informed. The knights, at present, make vows, of which they observe none, except it be that of not marrying; and their only object now is to arrive by seniority at the *Commanderies* in their respective provinces; which are many of them very lucrative. The Order of Malta is, by a very few years, prior to the Teutonic, and owes its foundation to the same causes. These Knights were first called Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; then Knights of Rhodes; and in the year 1530, Knights of Malta, the Emperor Charles the Fifth having granted them that island, upon condition of their defending his island of Sicily against the Turks, which they effectually did. L'Abbé de Vertot¹ has written the history of Malta, but it is the least valuable of all his works; and moreover too long for you to read. But there is a short history of all the military orders whatsoever, which I would advise you to get; as there is also of all the religious orders; both which are worth your having and consulting, whenever you meet with any of them in your way; as you will very frequently in Catholic countries. For my own part, I find that I remember things much better, when I recur to my books for them, upon some particular occasion, than by reading

¹ [See note to Letter CXLV.]

them *tout de suite*. As, for example, if I were to read the history of all the military or religious orders, regularly, one after another, the latter puts the former out of my head ; but when I read the history of any one, upon account of its having been the object of conversation or dispute, I remember it much better. It is the same in geography, where, looking for any particular place in the map, upon some particular account, fixes it in one's memory for ever. I hope you have worn out your maps by frequent use of that sort. Adieu !

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

In the ages of ignorance, which is always the mother of superstition, it was thought not only just, but meritorious, to propagate religion by fire and sword, and to take away the lives and properties of unbelievers. This enthusiasm produced the several Croisadoes, in the eleventh, twelfth, and following centuries ; the object of which was, to recover the Holy Land out of the hands of the Infidels ; who, by the way, were the lawful possessors. Many honest enthusiasts engaged in those Croisadoes, from a mistaken principle of religion, and from the pardons granted by the Popes for all the sins of those pious adventurers ; but many more knaves adopted these holy wars, in hopes of conquest and plunder.

After Godfrey of Bouillon, at the head of these knaves and fools, had taken Jerusalem in the year 1099, Christians of various nations remained in that city ; among the rest, one good honest German, that took particular care of his countrymen who came thither in pilgrimages. He built a house for their reception, and an hospital dedicated to the Virgin. This little establishment soon became a great one, by the enthusiasm of many considerable people who engaged in it, in order to drive the Saracens out of the Holy Land. This society then began to take its first form ; and its members were called Marian Teutonic Knights. Marian, from their chapel, sacred to the Virgin Mary ; Teutonic, from the German, or Teuton, who was the author of it, and Knights from the wars which they were to carry on against the Infidels.

These Knights behaved themselves so bravely, at first, that Duke Frederick of Suabia, who was general of the German army in the Holy Land sent, in the year 1191, to the Emperor Henry

the Sixth and Pope Celestin the Third to desire that this brave and charitable fraternity might be incorporated into a regular order of knighthood ; which was accordingly done, and rules and a particular habit were given them. Forty Knights, all of noble families, were at first created by the King of Jerusalem, and other Princes then in the army. The first Grand Master of this Order was Henry Wallpot, of a noble family upon the Rhine. This Order soon began to operate in Europe ; drove all the pagans out of Prussia, and took possession of it. Soon after they got Livonia and Courland, and invaded even Russia, where they introduced the Christian religion. In 1510, they elected Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg, for their Grand Master, who, turning Protestant, soon afterwards took Prussia from the Order, and kept it for himself, with the consent of Sigismund, King of Poland, of whom it was to hold. He then quitted his Grand Mastership, and made himself Hereditary Duke of that country ; which is thence called Ducal Prussia. This Order now consists of twelve Provinces, *viz.*, Alsatia, Austria, Coblantz, and Etsch ; which are the four under the Prussian jurisdiction : Franconia, Hesse, Biessen, Westphalia, Lorrain, Thuringia, Saxony, and Utrecht ; which eight are of the German jurisdiction. The Dutch now possess all that the Order had in Utrecht. Every one of the provinces have their particular *Commanderies* ; and the most ancient of these *Commandeurs* is called the *Commandeur Provincial*. These twelve *Commandeurs* are all subordinate to the Grand Master of Germany, as their Chief, and have the right of electing the Grand Master. The Elector of Cologne is at present *Grand Maître*.

This Order, founded by mistaken Christian zeal upon the anti-Christian principles of violence and persecution, soon grew strong by the weakness and ignorance of the time ; acquired unjustly great possessions, of which they justly lost the greatest part by their ambition and cruelty, which made them feared and hated by all their neighbours.

I have this moment received your letter of the 4th, N. S., and have only time to tell you that I can by no means agree to your cutting off your hair. I am very sure that your headaches cannot proceed from thence. And as for the pimples upon your

head, they are only owing to the heat of the season; and consequently will not last long. But your own hair is, at your age, such an ornament, and a wig, however well made, such a disguise, that I will upon no account whatsoever have you cut off your hair. Nature did not give it to you for nothing, still less to cause you the headache. Mr. Eliot's¹ hair grew so ill and bushy, that he was in the right to cut it off. But you have not the same reason.

LETTER CLIX

LONDON, August 23, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: Your friend, Mr. Eliot, has dined with me twice since I returned here, and I can say with truth, that while I had the seals, I never examined or sifted a state prisoner with so much care and curiosity, as I did him. Nay, I did more; for contrary to the laws of this country, I gave him, in some manner, the *question* ordinary and extraordinary; and I have infinite pleasure in telling you, that the rack which I put him to, did not extort from him one single word that was not such as I wished to hear of you. I heartily congratulate you upon such an advantageous testimony, from so creditable a witness. *Laudari a laudato viro*, is one of the greatest pleasures and honours a rational being can have; may you long continue to deserve it! Your aversion to drinking, and your dislike to gaming, which Mr. Eliot assures me are both very strong, give me the greatest joy imaginable, for your sake: as the former would ruin both your constitution and understanding, and the latter your fortune and character. Mr. Harte wrote me word some time ago, and Mr. Eliot confirms it now, that you employ your pin money in a very different manner from that in which pin money is commonly lavished: not in gew-gaws and baubles, but in buying good and useful books. This is an excellent symptom, and gives me very good hopes. Go on thus, my dear boy, but for these next two years, and I ask no more. You must then make such a figure and such a fortune in the world as I wish you, and as I have taken all these pains to enable you to do. After that time

¹[See note to Letter CXX.]

I allow you to be as idle as ever you please ; because I am sure that you will not then please to be so at all. The ignorant and the weak only are idle ; but those who have once acquired a good stock of knowledge, always desire to increase it. Knowledge is like power in this respect, that those who have the most, are most desirous of having more. It does not clog by possession, but increases desire ; which is the case of very few pleasures.

Upon receiving this congratulatory letter, and reading your own praises, I am sure that it must naturally occur to you, how great a share of them you owe to Mr. Harte's care and attention ; and consequently, that your regard and affection for him must increase, if there be room for it, in proportion as you reap, which you do daily, the fruits of his labours.

I must not, however, conceal from you, that there was one article in which your own witness, Mr. Eliot, faltered ; for upon my questioning him home, as to your manner of speaking, he could not say that your utterance was either distinct or graceful. I have already said so much to you upon this point, that I can add nothing. I will therefore only repeat this truth, which is, that if you will not speak distinctly and gracefully, nobody will desire to hear you.

I am glad to learn that Abbé Mably's *Droit Public de l'Europe*¹ makes a part of your evening amusements. It is a very useful book, and gives a clear deduction of the affairs of Europe from the treaty of Munster to this time. Pray read it with attention, and with the proper maps, always recurring to them for the several countries or towns, yielded, taken or restored. Père Bougeant's third volume will give you the best idea of the treaty of Munster, and open to you the several views of the belligerent and contracting parties : and these never were greater than at that time. The House of Austria, in the war immediately preceding that treaty, intended to make itself absolute in the Empire, and to overthrow the rights of the respective States of it. The view of France was to weaken and dismember the House of Austria to such a degree, as that it should no longer be a counterbalance to that of Bourbon. Sweden wanted pos-

¹ [See note to Letter CLV.]

sessions upon the continent of Germany, not only to supply the necessities of its own poor and barren country, but likewise to hold the balance in the Empire between the House of Austria and the States. The House of Brandenburg wanted to aggrandize itself by pilfering in the fire; changed sides occasionally, and made a good bargain at last; for I think it got, at the peace, nine or ten bishoprics secularised. So that we may date from the treaty of Munster, the decline of the House of Austria, the great power of the House of Bourbon, and the aggrandizement of that of Brandenburg: and I am much mistaken if it stops where it is now.

Make my compliments to Lord Pulteney,¹ to whom I would have you be not only attentive, but useful, by setting him (in case he wants it) a good example of application and temperance. I begin to believe, that as I shall be proud of you, others will be proud too of imitating you. Those expectations of mine seem now so well grounded, that my disappointment, and consequently my anger, will be so much the greater if they fail; but as things stand now, I am most affectionately and tenderly, Yours.

LETTER CLX

LONDON, *August 30, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY: Your reflections upon the conduct of France, from the treaty of Munster to this time, are very just; and I am very glad to find by them, that you not only read, but that you think and reflect upon what you read. Many great readers load their memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber-rooms of their heads instead of furnishing them usefully; facts are heaped upon facts without order or distinction, and may justly be said to compose that

—— Rudis indigestaque moles
Quam dixere chaos.²

Go on, then, in the way of reading that you are in; take nothing for granted upon the bare authority of the author; but weigh and consider, in your own mind, the probability of the facts,

¹ [See note to Letter CLVI.]

² [Adapted from Ovid, *Metam.*, i., 7.]

and the justness of the reflections. Consult different authors upon the same facts, and form your opinion upon the greater or lesser degree of probability arising from the whole ; which, in my mind, is the utmost stretch of historical faith ; certainty (I fear) not being to be found. When an historian pretends to give you the causes and motives of events, compare those causes and motives with the characters and interests of the parties concerned, and judge for yourself, whether they correspond or not. Consider whether you cannot assign others more probable ; and in that examination, do not despise some very mean and trifling causes of the actions of great men ; for so various and inconsistent is human nature, so strong and changeable are our passions, so fluctuating are our wills, and so much are our minds influenced by the accidents of our bodies, that every man is more the man of the day, than a regular and consequential character. The best have something bad, and something little ; the worst have something good, and sometimes something great ; for I do not believe what Velleius Paterculus (for the sake of saying a pretty thing) says of Scipio, *Qui nihil non laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit*. As for the reflections of historians, with which they think it necessary to interlard their histories, or at least to conclude their chapters (and which, in the French histories, are always introduced with a *tant il est vrai*, and in the English, *so true it is*), do not adopt them implicitly upon the credit of the author, but analyse them yourself, and judge whether they are true or not.

But to return to the politics of France, from which I have digressed. You have certainly made one farther reflection of an advantage which France has, over and above its abilities in the Cabinet, and the skill of its negotiators ; which is (if I may use the expression), its *soleness*, continuity of riches and power within itself, and the nature of its government. Near twenty millions of people, and the ordinary revenue of above thirteen millions sterling a year, are at the absolute disposal of the Crown. This is what no other power in Europe can say ; so that different powers must now unite to make a balance against France ; which union, though formed upon the principle of their common interest, can never be so intimate as to compose a machine so compact and simple as that of one great kingdom,

directed by one will, and moved by one interest. The Allied Powers (as we have constantly seen) have, besides the common and declared object of their alliance, some separate and concealed view, to which they often sacrifice the general one; which makes them, either directly or indirectly, pull different ways. Thus, the design upon Toulon failed in the year 1706, only from the secret view of the House of Austria upon Naples: which made the Court of Vienna, notwithstanding the representations of the other Allies to the contrary, send to Naples the twelve thousand men that would have done the business at Toulon. In this last war too, the same causes had the same effects: the Queen of Hungary, in secret, thought of nothing but recovering Silesia, and what she had lost in Italy; and, therefore, never sent half that quota, which she promised and we paid for, into Flanders; but left that country to the maritime powers to defend as they could. The King of Sardinia's real object was Savona, and all the Riviera di Ponente; for which reason he concurred so lamely in the invasion of Provence; where the Queen of Hungary, likewise, did not send one-third of the force stipulated, engrossed as she was by her oblique views upon the plunder of Genoa, and the recovery of Naples. Insomuch that the expedition into Provence, which would have distressed France to the greatest degree, and have caused a great detachment from their army in Flanders, failed shamefully, for want of everything necessary for its success. Suppose, therefore, any four or five powers, who altogether shall be equal or even a little superior in riches and strength to that one power against which they are united; the advantage will still be greatly on the side of that single power, because it is but one. The power and riches of Charles the Fifth were, in themselves, certainly superior to those of Francis the First, and yet, upon the whole, he was not an overmatch for him. Charles the Fifth's dominions, great as they were, were scattered and remote from each other; their constitutions different; and wherever he did not reside, disturbances arose; whereas the compactness of France made up the difference in the strength. This obvious reflection convinced me of the absurdity of the treaty of Hanover, in 1725, between France and England, to which the Dutch afterwards acceded; for it was made upon the apprehensions, either real

or pretended, that the marriage of Don Carlos with the eldest Archduchess, now Queen of Hungary, was settled in the treaty of Vienna, of the same year, between Spain and the late Emperor Charles the Sixth; which marriage, those consummate politicians said, would revive in Europe the exorbitant power of Charles the Fifth. I am sure, I heartily wish it had; as in that case, there had been, what there certainly is not now,—one power in Europe to counterbalance that of France; and then the maritime powers would, in reality, have held the balance of Europe in their hands. Even supposing that the Austrian power would then have been an overmatch for that of France (which, by the way, is not clear), the weight of the maritime powers, then thrown into the scale of France, would infallibly have made the balance at least even. In which case too, the moderate efforts of the maritime powers, on the side of France, would have been sufficient; whereas now they are obliged to exhaust and beggar themselves; and that too ineffectually, in hopes to support the shattered, beggared, and insufficient House of Austria.

This has been a long political dissertation; but I am informed that political subjects are your favourite ones; which I am glad of, considering your destination. You do well to get your materials all ready, before you begin your work. As you buy, and (I am told) read books of this kind, I will point out two or three for your purchase and perusal; I am not sure that I have not mentioned them before, but that is no matter, if you have not got them. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 17^{ième} Siècle* is a most useful book for you to recur to, for all the facts and chronology of that century: it is in four volumes octavo, and very correct and exact. If I do not mistake, I have formerly recommended to you *Les Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*; however, if you have not yet read them, pray do, and with the attention which they deserve. You will there find the best account of a very interesting period of the minority of Louis the Fourteenth. The characters are drawn short, but in a strong and masterly manner; and the political reflections are the only just and practical ones that I ever saw in print: they are well worth your transcribing. *Le Commerce des Anciens, par Monsieur Huet*,¹

¹ [Pierre Daniel Huet, a celebrated French bishop, was born 1630. He was educated by the Jesuits, and became famous for studies in theology, literature and

Evêque d'Avranche, in one little volume octavo, is worth your perusal, as commerce is a very considerable part of political knowledge. I need not, I am sure, suggest to you, when you read the course of commerce, either of the ancients or of the moderns, to follow it upon your map; for there is no other way of remembering geography correctly, but by looking perpetually in the map for the places one reads of, even though one knows before, pretty near, where they are.

Adieu! As all the accounts which I receive of you grow better and better, so I grow more and more affectionately, Yours.

LETTER CLXI

LONDON, September 5, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I have received yours, with the enclosed German letter to Mr. Grevenkop, which he assures me is extremely well written, considering the little time that you have applied yourself to that language. As you have now got over the most difficult part, pray go on diligently, and make yourself absolutely master of the rest. Whoever does not entirely possess a language, will never appear to advantage, or even equal to himself, either in speaking or writing it. His ideas are fettered, and seem imperfect or confused, if he is not master of all the words and phrases necessary to express them. I therefore desire, that you will not fail writing a German letter once every fortnight to Mr. Grevenkop; which will make the writing of that language familiar to you; and moreover, when you shall have left Germany, and be arrived at Turin, I shall require you to write even to me in German; that you may not forget with ease, what you have with difficulty learned. I likewise desire, that while you are in Germany, you will take all opportunities of conversing in

mathematics. When Bossuet was chosen as tutor to the Dauphin, Huet was appointed under-tutor; and he then planned and carried out the editing of the volumes of classics known as the Delphine edition. He was made bishop first of Soissons and then of Avranches, but finding his episcopal duties incompatible with his studies, he resigned his see and accepted the Abbey of Fontenai. Soon afterwards he retired to the Jesuits in Paris and died, 1721. Huet was author of many works, and his *Demonstratio Evangelica* is described as "a prodigy of learning, sufficient of itself to earn him immortality". Bossuet, Fénelon and Huet are sometimes classed as the three most famous bishops of the reign of the "Grand Monarque".]

German, which is the only way of knowing that, or any other language accurately. You will also desire your German master to teach you the proper titles and superscriptions to be used to people of all ranks; which is a point so material, in Germany, that I have known many a letter returned unopened, because one title in twenty has been omitted in the direction.

St. Thomas's Day now draws near, when you are to leave Saxony and go to Berlin; and I take it for granted, that if anything is yet wanting to complete your knowledge of the state of that Electorate, you will not fail to procure it before you go away. I do not mean, as you will easily believe, the number of churches, parishes, or towns; but I mean the constitution, the revenues, the troops, and the trade of that Electorate. A few questions sensibly asked, of sensible people, will produce you the necessary informations; which I desire you will enter in your little book. Berlin will be entirely a new scene to you, and I look upon it, in a manner, as your first step into the great world; take care that step be not a false one, and that you do not stumble at the threshold. You will there be in more company than you have yet been; Manners and Attentions will therefore be more necessary. Pleasing in company is the only way of being pleased in it yourself. Sense and knowledge are the first and necessary foundations for pleasing in company; but they will by no means do alone, and they will never be perfectly welcome, if they are not accompanied with Manners and Attentions. You will best acquire these by frequenting the companies of people of fashion; but then you must resolve to acquire them, in those companies, by proper care and observation; for I have known people who, though they have frequented good company all their lifetime, have done it in so inattentive and unobserving a manner, as to be never the better for it, and to remain as disagreeable, as awkward, and as vulgar, as if they had never seen any person of fashion. When you go into good company (by good company is meant the people of the first fashion of the place) observe carefully their turn, their manners, their address; and conform your own to them. But this is not all neither; go deeper still; observe their characters, and pry, as far as you can, into both their hearts and their heads. Seek for their particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness;

and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them. Man is a 'composition of so many, and such various ingredients, that it requires both time and care to analyse him: for though we have all the same ingredients in our general composition, as reason, will, passions, and appetites; yet the different proportions and combinations of them in each individual, produce that infinite variety of characters which, in some particular or other, distinguishes every individual from another. Reason ought to direct the whole, but seldom does. And he who addresses himself singly to another man's reason, without endeavouring to engage his heart in his interest also, is no more likely to succeed, than a man who should apply only to a king's nominal minister, and neglect his favourite. I will recommend to your attentive perusal, now that you are going into the world, two books, which will let you as much into the characters of men, as books can do; I mean, *Les Réflexions Morales de Monsieur de la Rochefoucault*,¹ and *Les Caractères de La Bruyère*:² but remember, at the same time, that I only recommend them to you as the best general maps, to assist you in your journey, and not as marking out every particular turning and winding that you will meet with. There your own sagacity and observation must come to their aid. La Rochefoucault is, I know, blamed, but I think without reason, for deriving all our actions from the source of self-love. For my own part, I see a great deal of truth, and no harm at all, in that opinion. It is certain, that we seek our own happiness in everything we do; and it is as certain, that we can only find it in doing well, and in conforming all our actions to the rule of right reason, which is the great law of nature. It is only a mistaken self-love that is a blam-

¹ [The well-known François, Duc de la Rochefoucault, Prince de Marsillac, was born 1613, and died 1680. The book to which Lord Chesterfield refers is: *Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales, avec un discours sur les Réflexions* (attributed to Segrais) *et un avis au lecteur*. The *discours* and the *avis* disappeared in subsequent editions. The first edition was published in 1665.]

² [Jean de la Bruyère was born in 1639, 1640, or 1641 (all these dates have been given by different biographers) in a French village near the town of Dourdan. As a young man he had an office in the collection of the revenue at Caen, Normandy. But his literary talents becoming known, he was appointed by Bossuet tutor to one of the royal children of France. In 1693 La Bruyère was, by express command of Louis the Fourteenth, elected one of the forty members of the Academy of France. La Bruyère's Dialogues on Quietism were finished after his death by the Abbé Dupin, and published in 1699.]

able motive, when we take the immediate and indiscriminate gratification of a passion, or appetite, for real happiness. But am I blamable, if I do a good action, upon account of the happiness which that honest consciousness will give me? Surely not. On the contrary, that pleasing consciousness is a proof of my virtue. The reflection, which is the most censured in Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's book, as a very ill-natured one, is this, *On trouve dans le malheur de son meilleur ami, quelque chose qui ne déplait pas*. And why not? Why may I not feel a very tender and real concern for the misfortune of my friend, and yet at the same time feel a pleasing consciousness at having discharged my duty to him, by comforting and assisting him to the utmost of my power in that misfortune? Give me but virtuous actions, and I will not quibble and chicaner about the motives. And I will give anybody their choice of these two truths, which amount to the same thing: He who loves himself best is the honestest man; or, The honestest man loves himself best.

The characters of La Bruyère are pictures from the life; most of them finely drawn, and highly coloured. Furnish your mind with them first, and when you meet with their likeness, as you will every day, they will strike you the more. You will compare every feature with the original; and both will reciprocally help you to discover the beauties and the blemishes.

As women are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous part of company; and as their suffrages go a great way towards establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world (which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it), it is necessary to please them. I will therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain *Arcana*, that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must, with the utmost care, conceal; and never seem to know. Women, then, are only children of a larger growth;¹ they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning, good sense, I never knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together. Some little passion or humour always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age

¹ [Men are but children of a larger growth.

—Dryden, *All for Love*, iv., 1. 1.

increased or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct, that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child ; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with serious matters ; though he often makes them believe that he does both ; which is the thing in the world that they are proud of ; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil) ; and being justly distrustful, that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them ; I say, who seems ; for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest ; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings : but those who are in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces ; for every woman, who is not absolutely ugly, thinks herself handsome ; but not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful, and the more obliged to the few who tell her so : whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due : but wants to shine, and to be considered on the side of her understanding ; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is consequently (and probably in more senses than one) her weak side. But these are secrets, which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex : on the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world, must be gallant, polite and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts ; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please and flatter

them : and never to discover the least mark of contempt, which is what they never forgive ; but in this they are not singular, for it is the same with men ; who will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate ; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the least slight and contempt. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known, than their crimes ; and if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill bred or awkward, he will hate you more and longer, than if you tell him plainly, that you think him a rogue. Never yield to that temptation, which to most young men is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or showing your own superiority. You may get the laugh on your side by it for the present ; but you will make enemies by it for ever ; and even those who laugh with you then, will, upon reflection fear, and consequently hate you : besides that it is ill natured, and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If you have wit, use it to please, and not to hurt : you may shine, like the sun in the temperate zones, without scorching. Here it is wished for ; under the Line it is dreaded.

These are some of the hints which my long experience in the great world enables me to give you ; and which, if you attend to them, may prove useful to you, in your journey through it. I wish it may be a prosperous one ; at least, I am sure that it must be your own fault if it is not.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, who I am very sorry to hear, is not well. I hope by this time he is recovered. Adieu !

LETTER CLXII

LONDON, *September 13, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I have more than once recommended to you the *Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz*,¹ and to attend particularly to

¹ [See note to Letter CXC.]

the political reflections interspersed in that excellent work. I will now preach a little upon two or three of those texts.

In the disturbances at Paris, Monsieur de Beaufort, who was a very popular, though a very weak man, was the Cardinal's tool with the populace.

Proud of his popularity, he was always for assembling the people of Paris together, thinking that he made a great figure at the head of them. The Cardinal, who was factious enough, was wise enough, at the same time, to avoid gathering the people together, except when there was occasion, and when he had something particular for them to do. However, he could not always check Monsieur de Beaufort; who having assembled them once very unnecessarily, and without any determined object, they ran riot, would not be kept within bounds by their leaders, and did their cause a great deal of harm: upon which the Cardinal observes most judiciously, *Que Monsieur de Beaufort ne savoit pas que qui assemble le peuple l'émeut*. It is certain, that great numbers of people met together, animate each other, and will do something, either good or bad, but oftener bad: and the respective individuals, who were separately very quiet, when met together in numbers, grow tumultuous as a body, and ripe for any mischief that may be pointed out to them by the leaders; and if their leaders have no business for them, they will find some for themselves. The demagogues, or leaders of popular factions, should therefore be very careful not to assemble the people unnecessarily, and without a settled and well-considered object. Besides that, by making those popular assemblies too frequent, they make them likewise too familiar, and consequently less respected by their enemies. Observe any meetings of people, and you will always find their eagerness and impetuosity rise or fall in proportion to their numbers: when the numbers are very great, all sense and reason seem to subside, and one sudden frenzy to seize on all, even the coolest of them.

Another very just observation of the Cardinal's is, that the things which happen in our own times, and which we see ourselves, do not surprise us near so much as the things which we read of in times past, though not in the least more extraordinary; and adds, that he is persuaded, that when Caligula made his horse a Consul, the people of Rome, at that time, were not

greatly surprised at it, having necessarily been in some degree prepared for it, by an insensible gradation of extravagances from the same quarter. This is so true, that we read every day, with astonishment, things which we see every day without surprise. We wonder at the intrepidity of a Leonidas, a Codrus, and a Curtius; and are not the least surprised to hear of a sea-captain, who has blown up his ship, his crew, and himself, that they might not fall into the hands of the enemies of his country. I cannot help reading of Porsenna and Regulus, with surprise and reverence, and yet I remember that I saw, without either, the execution of Shepherd,¹ a boy of eighteen years old, who intended to shoot the late king, and who would have been pardoned, if he would have expressed the least sorrow for his intended crime; but on the contrary, he declared that if he was pardoned he would attempt it again; that he thought it a duty which he owed to his country, and that he died with pleasure for having endeavoured to perform it. Reason equals Shepherd to Regulus; but prejudice, and the recency of the fact, make Shepherd a common malefactor and Regulus a hero.

Examine carefully, and reconsider all your notions of things; analyse them, and discover their component parts, and see if habit and prejudice are not the principal ones; weigh the matter upon which you are to form your opinion, in the equal and impartial scales of reason. It is not to be conceived how many people, capable of reasoning if they would, live and die in a thousand errors, from laziness; they will rather adopt the prejudices of others, than give themselves the trouble of forming opinions of their own. They say things, at first, because other people have said them, and then they persist in them, because they have said them themselves.

The last observation that I shall now mention of the Cardinal's is, "That a secret is more easily kept by a good many people, than one commonly imagines". By this he means a secret of importance, among people interested in the keeping of it. And it is certain that people of business know the importance of secrecy, and will observe it, where they are concerned in the event. To go and tell any friend, wife, or mistress, any secret

¹ [James Shepherd, apprenticed to a coach painter, was executed for high treason at Tyburn, on March 17, 1718.]

with which they have nothing to do, is discovering to them such an unretentive weakness, as must convince them that you will tell it to twenty others, and consequently that they may reveal it without the risk of being discovered. But a secret properly communicated, only to those who are to be concerned in the thing in question, will probably be kept by them, though they should be a good many. Little secrets are commonly told again, but great ones generally kept. Adieu !

LETTER CLXIII

LONDON, September 20, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY : I wait with impatience for your accurate history of the *Chevaliers Porte-Epées*, which you promised me in your last, and which I take to be the forerunner of a larger work that you intend to give the public, containing a general account of all the Religious and Military Orders of Europe. Seriously, you will do well to have a general notion of all those Orders, ancient and modern ; both as they are frequently the subjects of conversation, and as they are more or less interwoven with the histories of those times. Witness the Teutonic Order, which, as soon as it gained strength, began its unjust depredations in Germany, and acquired such considerable possessions there ; and the Order of Malta also, which continues to this day its piracies upon the infidels. Besides one can go into no company in Germany, without running against *Monsieur le Chevalier*, or *Monsieur le Commandeur de l'Ordre Teutonique*. It is the same in all the other parts of Europe, with regard to the Order of Malta, where you never go into company without meeting two or three *Chevaliers* or *Commandeurs*, who talk of their *Prewes*, their *Langues*, their *Caravanes*, etc., of all which things I am sure you would not willingly be ignorant. On the other hand, I do not mean that you should have a profound and minute knowledge of these matters, which are of a nature that a general knowledge of them is fully sufficient. I would not recommend you to read Abbé Vertot's¹ History of the Order of Malta, in four quarto volumes ; that would be employing a great deal of good time very ill. But I would have you know the

¹[See note to Letter CXLV.]

foundations, the objects, the *insignia*, and the short general history of them all.

As for the ancient religious military orders, which were chiefly founded in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, such as Malta, the Teutonic, the Knights Templars, etc., the injustice and the wickedness of those establishments cannot, I am sure, have escaped your observation. Their pious object was, to take away by force other people's property, and to massacre the proprietors themselves, if they refused to give up that property and adopt the opinions of these invaders. What right or pretence had these confederated Christians of Europe to the Holy Land? Let them produce their grant of it in the Bible. Will they say that the Saracens had possessed themselves of it by force, and that consequently they had the same right? Is it lawful then to steal goods, because they were stolen before? Surely not. The truth is, that the wickedness of many, and the weakness of more, in those ages of ignorance and superstition, concurred to form those flagitious conspiracies against the lives and properties of unoffending people. The Pope sanctified the villainy, and annexed the pardon of sins to the perpetration of it. This gave rise to the Croisadoes, and carried such swarms of people from Europe to the conquests of the Holy Land. Peter the Hermit, an active and ambitious priest, by his indefatigable pains, was the immediate author of the first croisade; kings, princes, all professions and characters united, from different motives, in this great undertaking, as every sentiment, except true religion and morality, invited to it. The ambitious hoped for kingdoms; the greedy and the necessitous for plunder; and some were enthusiasts enough to hope for salvation, by the destruction of a considerable number of their fellow creatures, who had done them no injury. I cannot omit, upon this occasion, telling you, that the Eastern Emperors at Constantinople (who, as Christians, were obliged at least to seem to favour these expeditions), seeing the immense numbers of the *Croisés*, and fearing that the Western Empire might have some mind to the Eastern Empire too, if it succeeded against the Infidels, as *l'appétit vient en mangeant*; these Eastern Emperors, very honestly, poisoned the waters where the *Croisés* were to pass, and so destroyed infinite numbers of them.

The later Orders of Knighthood, such as the Garter in England; the Elephant in Denmark; the Golden Fleece in Burgundy; the St. Esprit, St. Michel, St. Louis, and St. Lazare, in France, etc., are of a very different nature and institution. They were either the invitations to, or the rewards of brave actions in fair war; and are now rather the decorations of the favour of the prince, than the proofs of the merit of the subject. However, they are worth your inquiries to a certain degree; and conversation will give you frequent opportunities for them. Wherever you are, I would advise you to inquire into the respective Orders of that country, and to write down a short account of them. For example, while you are in Saxony, get an account of *l'Aigle Blanc* and of what other Orders there may be, either Polish or Saxon; and, when you shall be at Berlin, inform yourself of three Orders, *l'Aigle Noir*, *la Générosité* and *le Vrai Mérite*, which are the only ones that I know of there. But whenever you meet with straggling ribands and stars, as you will with a thousand in Germany, do not fail to inquire what they are, and to take a minute of them in your memorandum book; for it is a sort of knowledge that costs little to acquire, and yet it is of some use. Young people have frequently an incuriousness about them, arising either from laziness, or a contempt of the object, which deprives them of several such little parts of knowledge, that they afterwards wish they had acquired. If you will put conversation to profit, great knowledge may be gained by it; and is it not better (since it is full as easy) to turn it upon useful than upon useless subjects? People always talk best upon what they know most, and it is both pleasing them and improving one's self, to put them upon that subject. With people of a particular profession, or of a distinguished eminency in any branch of learning, one is not at a loss: but with those, whether men or women, who properly constitute what is called the *beau monde*, one must not choose deep subjects, nor hope to get any knowledge above that of Orders, ranks, families, and court anecdotes; which are therefore the proper (and not altogether useless) subjects of that kind of conversation. Women, especially, are to be talked to as below men, and above children. If you talk to them too deep, you only confound them, and lose your own labour; if you talk to them too frivolously, they per-

ceive and resent the contempt. The proper tone for them is what the French call the *Entregent*, and is, in truth, the polite jargon of good company. Thus, if you are a good chemist, you may extract something out of everything.

A propos of the beau monde ; I must again and again recommend the Graces to you. There is no doing without them in that world ; and to make a good figure in that world is a great step towards making one in the world of business, particularly that part of it for which you are destined. An ungraceful manner of speaking, awkward motions, and a disagreeable address, are great clogs to the ablest man of business ; as the opposite qualifications are of infinite advantage to him. I am told there is a very good dancing-master at Leipsig. I would have you dance a minuet very well, not so much for the sake of the minuet itself (though that, if danced at all, ought to be danced well), as that it will give you an habitual genteel carriage and manner of presenting yourself.

Since I am upon little things, I must mention another which, though little enough in itself, yet as it occurs at least once in every day, deserves some attention ; I mean Carving. Do you use yourself to carve *adroüly* and genteelly ; without hacking half an hour across a bone : without bespattering the company with the sauce ; and without overturning the glasses into your neighbour's pockets ? These awkwardnesses are extremely disagreeable ; and, if often repeated, bring ridicule. They are very easily avoided, by a little attention and use.

How trifling soever these things may seem, or really be, in themselves, they are no longer so, when above half the world thinks them otherwise. And as I would have you *omnibus ornatum—excellere rebus*, I think nothing above or below my pointing out to you, or your excelling in. You have the means of doing it, and time before you to make use of them. Take my word for it, I ask nothing now, but what you will, twenty years hence, most heartily wish that you had done. Attention to all these things, for the next two or three years, will save you infinite trouble, and endless regrets hereafter. May you, in the whole course of your life, have no reason for any one just regret ! Adieu.

Your Dresden china is arrived, and I have sent it to your Mamma.

LETTER CLXIV

LONDON, September 27, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY : I have received your Latin Lecture upon War, which though it is not exactly the same Latin that Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid spoke is, however, as good Latin as the *erudite Germans* speak or write. I have always observed, that the most learned people, that is, those who have read the most Latin, write the worst ; and that distinguishes the Latin of a gentleman scholar from that of a pedant. A gentleman has probably read no other Latin than that of the Augustan age, and therefore can write no other : whereas the pedant has read much more bad Latin than good ; and consequently writes so too. He looks upon the best classical books as books for school-boys, and consequently below him ; but pores over fragments of obscure authors, treasures up the obsolete words which he meets with there, and uses them upon all occasions to show his reading at the expense of his judgment. Plautus is his favourite author, not for the sake of the wit and the *vis comica* of his comedies, but upon account of the many obsolete words, and the cant of low characters, which are to be met with nowhere else. He will rather use *olli* than *illi*, *optumè* than *optimè*, and any bad word, rather than any good one, provided he can but prove that, strictly speaking, it is Latin ; that is, that it was written by a Roman. By this rule, I might now write to you in the language of Chaucer or Spenser, and assert that I wrote English, because it was English in their days ; but I should be a most affected puppy if I did so, and you would not understand three words of my letter. All these, and such like affected peculiarities, are the characteristics of learned coxcombs and pedants, and are carefully avoided by all men of sense.

I dipped, accidentally, the other day, into Pitiscus's¹ preface to his Lexicon ; where I found a word that puzzled me, and which I did not remember ever to have met with before. It is

¹ [Samuel Pitiscus (1637-1727) was a man of extreme learning directed chiefly to the illustration of the classical authors, and was long held in the highest esteem as a teacher.]

the adverb *præfiscinè* ; which means, *in a good hour* ; an expression, which, by the superstition of it, appears to be low and vulgar. I looked for it : And at last I found, that it is once or twice made use of in Plautus ; upon the strength of which, this learned pedant thrusts it into his preface. Whenever you write Latin, remember that every word or phrase which you make use of, but cannot find in Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, is bad, illiberal Latin, though it may have been written by a Roman.

I must now say something as to the matter of the Lecture ; in which I confess there is one doctrine laid down that surprises me : It is this ; *Quum vero hostis sit lenta citave morte omnia dira nobis minitans quocumque bellantibus negotium est, parum sanè interfuerit quo modo eum obruere et interficere satagamus, si ferociam exuere cunctetur. Ergo veneno quoque uti fas est, etc.*, whereas I cannot conceive that the use of poison can, upon any account, come within the lawful means of self-defence. Force may, without doubt, be justly repelled by force, but not by treachery and fraud ; for I do not call the stratagems of war, such as ambuscades, masked batteries, false attacks, etc., frauds or treachery : they are mutually to be expected and guarded against ; but poisoned arrows, poisoned waters, or poison administered to your enemy (which can only be done by treachery), I have always heard, read, and thought, to be unlawful and infamous means of defence, be your danger ever so great. But *si ferociam exuere cunctetur* ; must I rather die than poison this enemy ? Yes, certainly, much rather die than do a base or criminal action ; nor can I be sure, beforehand, that this enemy may not, in the last moment, *ferociam exuere*. But the public lawyers now seem to me rather to warp the law, in order to authorise, than to check, those unlawful proceedings of princes and states ; which, by being become common, appear less criminal ; though custom can never alter the nature of good and ill.

Pray let no quibbles of Lawyers, no refinements of Casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong ; which every man's right reason, and plain common sense, suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that ; and be convinced,

that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal. I do not know a crime in the world, which is not, by the Casuists among the Jesuits (especially the twenty-four collected, I think, by Escobar)¹ allowed, in some, or many cases, not to be criminal. The principles first laid down by them are often specious, the reasonings plausible; but the conclusion always a lie: for it is contrary to that evident and undeniable rule of justice which I have mentioned above, of not doing to any one what you would not have him do to you. But, however, these refined pieces of casuistry and sophistry, being very convenient and welcome to people's passions and appetites, they gladly accept the indulgence, without desiring to detect the fallacy of the reasoning: and indeed many, I might say most people, are not able to do it; which makes the publication of such quibblings and refinements the more pernicious. I am no skilful casuist, nor subtle disputant; and yet I would undertake to justify, and qualify, the profession of a highwayman, step by step, and so plausibly, as to make many ignorant people embrace the profession, as an innocent, if not even a laudable one; and to puzzle people of some degree of knowledge, to answer me point by point. I have seen a book, entitled *Quidlibet ex Quolibet*, or the art of making anything out of anything; which is not so difficult as it would seem, if once one quits certain plain truths, obvious in gross to every understanding, in order to run after the ingenious refinements of warm imaginations and speculative reasonings. Doctor Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne,² a very worthy, ingenious

¹ [Obviously Lord Chesterfield overstates his case. Antoine Escobar (1589-1669), to whom he refers, is not a typical representative of the Casuists, but being exceptionally lax he is fastened upon by opponents. The Casuists or moral theologians of the Roman Catholic Church, and of the Jesuit order, repudiate the charge made by Lord Chesterfield. Pascal's *Lettres provinciales*, which were written for the Jansenist party, and in opposition to the Casuists, are excellent literature but are not theologically valuable, and they consist largely of the clever *persiflage*, by which any system of teaching can be made to appear ridiculous to the general reader.]

² [George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne (1685-1753), was son of William Berkeley, who had some indefinite kinship to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Lieutenant from 1670 to 1672. Bishop Berkeley's works are very numerous. His aim throughout his philosophical writings was to attack materialism, which Hobbes had openly accepted. Berkeley's rejection of matter, and of abstract ideas generally, together with his theory of vision, are noticed by Mill, as "three first-rate philo-

and learned man, has written a book to prove that there is no such thing as Matter, and that nothing exists but in idea, that you and I only fancy ourselves eating, drinking, and sleeping; you at Leipsig, and I at London: that we think we have flesh and blood, legs, arms, etc., but that we are only spirit. His arguments are, strictly speaking, unanswerable; but yet I am so far from being convinced by them, that I am determined to go on to eat and drink, and walk and ride, in order to keep that *matter*, which I so mistakenly imagine my body at present to consist of, in as good plight as possible. Common sense (which, in truth, is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of: abide by it, it will counsel you best. Read and hear, for your amusement, ingenious systems, nice questions subtly agitated, with all the refinements that warm imaginations suggest; but consider them only as exertations for the mind, and return always to settle with common sense.

I stumbled, the other day, at a bookseller's, upon Comte de Gabalis,¹ in two very little volumes, which I had formerly read. I read it over again, and with fresh astonishment. Most of the extravagances are taken from the Jewish Rabbins, who broached those wild notions, and delivered them in the unintelligible jargon which the Cabalists and Rosicrucians deal in to this day. Their number is, I believe, much lessened, but there are still some; and I myself have known two, who studied and firmly believed in that mystical nonsense. What extravagancy is not man capable of entertaining, when once his shackled reason is led in triumph by fancy and prejudice! The ancient Alchemists gave very much into this stuff, by which they thought they should discover the philosopher's stone: and some of the most celebrated Empirics employed it in the pursuit of the universal

sophical discoveries". Mr. Ernst, in his Life of Lord Chesterfield, quotes, in connection with Bishop Berkeley, from *Don Juan*, canto xi., 1:—

*When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,
And proved it,—'twas no matter what he said:
They say his system 'tis is vain to batter,
Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet, who can believe it ?*

¹[The Count of Gabalis, or the Extravagant Mysteries of the Cabalists, by the Abbé de Montfaucon de Villars, was published in Paris in 1670; an English translation appeared in London in 1680.]

medicine. Paracelsus,¹ a bold Empiric, and wild Cabalist, asserted that he had discovered it, and called it his *Alkahest*. Why, or wherefore, God knows; only that those madmen call nothing by an intelligible name. You may easily get this book from the Hague: read it, for it will both divert and astonish you; and at the same time teach you *nil admirari*; a very necessary lesson.

Your letters, except when upon a given subject, are exceedingly laconic, and neither answer my desires nor the purpose of letters; which should be familiar conversations, between absent friends. As I desire to live with you upon the footing of an intimate friend, and not of a parent, I could wish that your letters gave me more particular accounts of yourself, and of your lesser transactions. When you write to me, suppose yourself conversing freely with me by the fire-side. In that case, you would naturally mention the incidents of the day; as where you had been, whom you had seen, what you thought of them, etc. Do this in your letters: acquaint me sometimes with your studies, sometimes with your diversions; tell me of any new persons and characters that you meet with in company, and add your own observations upon them: in short, let me see more of you in your letters. How do you go on with Lord Pulteney, and how does he go on at Leipsig? Has he learning, has he parts, has he application? Is he good or ill natured? In short, What is he? at least, What do you think him? You may tell me without reserve, for I promise you secrecy. You are now of an age, that I am desirous to begin a confidential correspondence with you; and as I shall, on my part, write you very freely my opinion upon men and things, which I should often be very unwilling that anybody but you and Mr. Harte should see; so, on your part, if you write to me without reserve, you may depend upon my inviolable secrecy. If you have ever looked into the Letters of Madame de Sévigné² to her daughter,

¹[Paracelsus was the son of a doctor, and was born about 1490 in Einsiedeln, in the Canton of Schwyz, Switzerland. He studied at Basel, and was taught alchemy and chemistry by the renowned Trithemius. He wandered all over Europe, and died in Salzburg in 1541. Paracelsus has been credited with a large number of works, explaining his system, which was a mixture of mysticism, charlatanism and useful empiricism. The name by which he is known was invented by himself, to indicate that he was greater than Celsus.]

²[See note to Letter CXXIII.]

Madame de Grignan, you must have observed the ease, freedom, and friendship of that correspondence; and yet, I hope, and believe, that they did not love one another better than we do. Tell me what books you are now reading, either by way of study or amusement; how you pass your evenings when at home, and where you pass them when abroad. I know that you go sometimes to Madame Valentin's assembly; what do you do there? Do you play, or sup, or is it only *la belle conversation*? Do you mind your dancing while your dancing master is with you? As you will be often under the necessity of dancing a minuet, I would have you dance it very well. Remember, that the graceful motion of the arms, the giving your hand, and the putting on and pulling off your hat genteelly, are the material parts of a gentleman's dancing. But the greatest advantage of dancing well is, that it necessarily teaches you to present yourself, to sit, stand, and walk, genteelly; all of which are of real importance to a man of fashion.

I should wish that you were polished before you go to Berlin; where, as you will be in a great deal of good company, I would have you have the right manners for it. It is a very considerable article to have *le ton de la bonne compagnie*, in your destination particularly. The principal business of a foreign minister is, to get into the secrets, and to know all *les allures* of the courts at which he resides; this he can never bring about but by such a pleasing address, such engaging manners, and such an insinuating behaviour, as may make him sought for, and in some measure domestic, in the best company, and the best families of the place. He will then, indeed, be well informed of all that passes, either by the confidences made him, or by the carelessness of people in his company, who are accustomed to look upon him as one of them, and consequently not upon their guard before him. For a minister who only goes to the court he resides at, in form, to ask an audience of the prince or the minister upon his last instructions, puts them upon their guard, and will never know anything more than what they have a mind that he should know. Here women may be put to some use. A king's mistress, or a minister's wife or mistress, may give great and useful informations; and are very apt to do it, being proud to show that they have been trusted. But then, in

this case, the height of that sort of address, which strikes women, is requisite; I mean that easy politeness, genteel and graceful address, and that *extérieur brillant* which they cannot withstand. There is a sort of men so like women, that they are to be taken just in the same way; I mean those who are commonly called *fine men*; who swarm at all courts; who have little reflection, and less knowledge; but who, by their good-breeding, and *train-train* of the world, are admitted into all companies; and, by the imprudence or carelessness of their superiors, pick up secrets worth knowing, which are easily got out of them by proper address. Adieu.

LETTER CLXV

BATH, October 12, O.S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I came here three days ago, upon account of a disorder in my stomach, which affected my head and gave me vertigoes. I already find myself something better; and consequently do not doubt, but that the course of these waters will set me quite right. But however and wherever I am, your welfare, your character, your knowledge, and your morals, employ my thoughts more than anything that can happen to me, or that I can fear or hope for myself. I am going off the stage, you are coming upon it; with me, what has been, has been, and reflection now would come too late; with you everything is to come, even in some manner reflection itself; so that this is the very time when my reflections, the result of experience, may be of use to you, by supplying the want of yours. As soon as you leave Leipsig, you will gradually be going into the great world; where the first impressions that you shall give of yourself will be of great importance to you; but those which you shall receive will be decisive, for they always stick. To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you, that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavour to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that com-

pany which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company, that many people without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company; there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality, cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company*; they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *litterati* by profession; which is not the way either to shine, or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men ; who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it : but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it ; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting ; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company, which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed ; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, from the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank, discredited, vilified, and undone, by keeping such company.

Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired ; and for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep : people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, " Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are ". Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own ; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary ; for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company. Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world,

first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to, and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes that these people are whoremasters, drunkards, or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashions and their lustre to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other real accomplishments: and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. A whoremaster, in a flux, or without a nose, is a very genteel person indeed, and well worthy of imitation. A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and stupefied by the headache all the next, is, doubtless, a fine model to copy from. And a gamester, tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost more than he had in the world, is surely a most amiable character. No; these are alloys, and great ones too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debase the best. To prove this, suppose any man, without parts and some other good qualities, to be merely a whoremaster, a drunkard, or a gamester; how will he be looked upon by all sorts of people? Why, as a most contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain, that in these mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

I will hope and believe, that you will have no vices; but if, unfortunately, you should have any, at least I beg of you to be content with your own, and to adopt no other body's. The adoption of vice has, I am convinced, ruined ten times more young men than natural inclinations.

As I make no difficulty of confessing my past errors, where I think the confession may be of use to you, I will own, that when I first went to the university, I drank and smoked, notwithstanding the aversion I had to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad, I first went to the Hague, where gaming

was much in fashion; and where I observed that many people of shining rank and character gamed too. I was then young enough, and silly enough, to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments; and as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired, by error, the habit of a vice which, far from adorning my character has, I am conscious, been a great blemish in it.

Imitate then, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and well-bred turn of their conversation; but remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate, than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his: but on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

Having thus confessed some of my *égaremens*, I will now show you a little of my right side. I always endeavoured to get into the best company wherever I was, and commonly succeeded. There I pleased to some degree, by showing a desire to please. I took care never to be absent or *distrain*; but, on the contrary, attended to everything that was said, done, or even looked, in company; I never failed in the minutest attentions, and was never *journalier*. These things, and not my *égaremens*, made me fashionable. Adieu! This letter is full long enough.

LETTER CLXVI

BATH, October 19, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: Having, in my last, pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you, with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to

the best models ; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long : in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company, this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out ; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbour), to whisper, or at least in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and in some degree a fraud ; conversation-stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience (and at least seeming attention), if he is worth obliging ; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing ; as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject ; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations ; which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the contending parties towards each other ; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it, by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation-hubbub once, by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I

could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in the people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some, abruptly, speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretence or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves, by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. *They acknowledge it may, indeed, seem odd, that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused. But, in these cases, justice is surely due to one's self, as well as to others; and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification, what otherwise we never would have said.* This thin veil of Modesty drawn before Vanity, is much too transparent to conceal it, even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of those weaknesses. *They cannot see people suffer, without sympathising with, and endeavouring to help them. They cannot see people want, without relieving them, though, truly, their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that, with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can.* This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it, upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by-the-bye, that you will often meet with characters in nature, so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours; probably it is a lie: but supposing it to be true, what then? Why he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for if I do not, I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances, which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and as Waller says, upon another subject,

Make the wretch the most despised,
Where most he wishes to be prized.¹

The only sure way of avoiding these evils, is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word, that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add lustre to your perfections! but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule, will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too; if you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to

¹[Adapted from Waller "On Love":—

Postures which render him despised
Where he endeavours to be prized.]

have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; ¹ that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off theirs. Depend upon it nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is therefore as necessary, as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them: the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears: for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favourite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practise it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that the person mimicked is insulted; and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not (I believe) advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with: for I suppose you would

¹[Before Milton started on his continental travels, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, sent him a letter in which, after acknowledging the receipt of *Comus*, he said: "At Siena, I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier, in dangerous times—having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who, with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him, I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back, from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, which had been the centre of his experience, I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. 'Signor Arrigo mio,' says he, 'I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto will go safely through the whole world.' Of which Delphine oracle for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary, and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love."]

not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the Cameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only, as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people, in good company, interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute, in any degree, to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly, and as illiberal, as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh, since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.¹

But to conclude this long letter; all the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect, if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly, disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, *you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully*, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit; but you will never please; and, without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus, among the ancients, was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us, that even Youth, and Mercury, the God of Arts and Eloquence would not do without her.

— Parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.²

They are not inexorable Ladies, and may be had, if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

¹ [See note to Letter CXLIV.]

² {Odes, l., 30.}

LETTER CLXVII

BATH, *October 29, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : My anxiety for your success increases in proportion as the time approaches of your taking your part upon the great stage of the world. The audience will form their opinion of you upon your first appearance (making the proper allowance for your inexperience), and so far it will be final, that, though it may vary as to the degrees, it will never totally change. This consideration excites that restless attention with which I am constantly examining how I can best contribute to the perfection of that character, in which the least spot or blemish would give me more real concern, than I am now capable of feeling upon any other account whatsoever.

I have long since done mentioning your great religious and moral duties ; because I could not make your understanding so bad a compliment, as to suppose that you wanted, or could receive, any new instructions upon those two important points. Mr. Harte, I am sure, has not neglected them ; and besides, they are so obvious to common sense and reason, that commentators may (as they often do) perplex, but cannot make them clearer. My province, therefore, is to supply, by my experience, your hitherto inevitable inexperience in the ways of the world. People at your age are in a state of natural ebriety ; and want rails, and *gardefous*, wherever they go, to hinder them from breaking their necks. This drunkenness of youth is not only tolerated, but even pleases if kept within certain bounds of discretion and decency. These bounds are the point which it is difficult for the drunken man himself to find out ; and there it is that the experience of a friend may not only serve, but save him.

Carry with you, and welcome, into company, all the gaiety and spirits, but as little of the giddiness, of youth as you can. The former will charm ; but the latter will often, though innocently, implacably offend. Inform yourself of the characters and situations of the company, before you give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say. There are, in all companies, more wrong heads than right ones, and many more who

deserve, than who like censure. Should you therefore expatiate in the praise of some virtue, which some in company notoriously want ; or declaim against any vice, which others are notoriously infected with, your reflections, however general and unapplied, will, by being applicable, be thought personal, and levelled at those people. This consideration points out to you, sufficiently, not to be suspicious and captious yourself, nor to suppose that things, because they may be, are therefore meant at you. The manners of well-bred people secure one from those indirect and mean attacks ; but if, by chance, a flippant woman, or a pert coxcomb, lets off anything of that kind, it is much better not to seem to understand, than to reply to it.

Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them but tedious ; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one : and it is odds but that you touch somebody or other's sore place : for in this case, there is no trusting to specious appearances, which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things, between men and their wives, parents and their children, seeming friends, etc., that with the best intentions in the world, one often blunders disagreeably.

Remember that the wit, humour, and jokes of most mixed companies are local. They thrive in that particular soil, but will not often bear transplanting. Every company is differently circumstanced, has its particular cant and jargon which may give occasion to wit and mirth within that circle, but would seem flat and insipid in any other, and therefore, will not bear repeating. Nothing makes a man look sillier, than a pleasantry not relished or not understood ; and if he meets with a profound silence when he expected a general applause, or, what is worse, if he is desired to explain the *bon mot*, his awkward and embarrassed situation is easier imagined than described. *A propos* of repeating ; take great care never to repeat (I do not mean here the pleasantries) in one company what you hear in another. Things, seemingly indifferent, may, by circulation, have much graver consequences than you would imagine. Besides, there is a general tacit trust in conversation, by which a man is obliged not to report anything out of it, though he is not immediately enjoined secrecy. A retailer of this kind is sure to draw himself

into a thousand scrapes and discussions, and to be shyly and uncomfortably received wherever he goes.

You will find, in most good company, some people who only keep their place there by a contemptible title enough; these are what we call *very good-natured fellows*, and the French, *bons diables*. The truth is, they are people without any parts or fancy, and who, having no will of their own, readily assent to, concur in, and applaud, whatever is said or done in the company; and adopt, with the same alacrity, the most virtuous or the most criminal, the wisest or the silliest scheme, that happens to be entertained by the majority of the company. This foolish and often criminal complaisance flows from a foolish cause, the want of any other merit. I hope that you will hold your place in company by a nobler tenure, and that you will hold it (you can bear a quibble, I believe, yet) *in capite*. Have a will and an opinion of your own, and adhere to them steadily; but then do it with good humour, good breeding, and (if you have it) with urbanity; for you have not yet beard enough either to preach or censure.

All other kinds of complaisance are not only blameless, but necessary in good company. Not to seem to perceive the little weaknesses, and the idle but innocent affectations of the company, but even to flatter them, in a certain manner, is not only very allowable, but, in truth, a sort of polite duty. They will be pleased with you, if you do; and will certainly not be reformed by you if you do not. For instance; you will find, in every *groupe* of company, two principal figures, *viz.*, the fine lady and the fine gentleman; who absolutely give the law of wit, language, fashion, and taste, to the rest of that society. There is always a strict, and often for the time being, a tender alliance between these two figures. The lady looks upon her empire as founded upon the divine right of beauty (and full as good a divine right it is, as any king, emperor or pope, can pretend to); she requires, and commonly meets with, unlimited passive obedience. And why should she not meet with it? Her demands go no higher than to have her unquestioned pre-eminence in beauty, wit, and fashion, firmly established. Few sovereigns (by the way) are so reasonable. The fine gentleman's claims of right are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same; and though, in-

deed, he is not always a wit *de jure*, yet, as he is the wit *de facto* of that company, he is entitled to a share of your allegiance; and everybody expects at least as much as they are entitled to, if not something more. Prudence bids you make your court to these joint sovereigns; and no duty, that I know of, forbids it. Rebellion here is exceedingly dangerous, and inevitably punished by banishment, and immediate forfeiture of all your wit, manners, taste, and fashion; as, on the other hand, a cheerful submission, not without some flattery, is sure to procure you a strong recommendation, and most effectual pass throughout all their, and probably the neighbouring dominions. With a moderate share of sagacity, you will, before you have been half an hour in their company, easily discover those two principal figures: both by the deference which you will observe the whole company pay them, and by that easy, careless, and serene air, which their consciousness of power gives them. As in this case, so in all others, aim always at the highest; get always into the highest company, and address yourself particularly to the highest in it. The search after the unattainable philosopher's stone has occasioned a thousand useful discoveries, which otherwise would never have been made.

What the French justly call *les manières nobles* are only to be acquired in the very best companies. They are the distinguishing characteristics of men of fashion: people of low education never wear them so close, but that some part or other of the original vulgarism appears. *Les manières nobles* equally forbid insolent contempt, or low envy and jealousy. Low people in good circumstances, fine clothes, and equipages, will insolently show contempt for all those who cannot afford as fine clothes, as good an equipage, and who have not (as their term is) as much money in their pockets: on the other hand, they are gnawed with envy, and cannot help discovering it, of those who surpass them in any of these articles; which are far from being sure criterions of merit. They are likewise jealous of being slighted; and consequently suspicious and captious; they are eager and hot about trifles because trifles were, at first, their affairs of consequence. *Les manières nobles* imply exactly the reverse of all this. Study them early; you cannot make them too habitual and familiar to you.

Just as I had written what goes before, I received your letter of the 24th, N. S., but I have not received that which you mention for Mr. Harte. Yours is of the kind that I desire; for I want to see your private picture, drawn by yourself, at different sittings; for though, as it is drawn by yourself, I presume you will take the most advantageous likeness; yet I think that I have skill enough in that kind of painting to discover the true features, though ever so artfully coloured, or thrown into skilful lights and shades.

By your account of the German play, which I do not know whether I should call tragedy or comedy, the only shining part of it (since I am in a way of quibbling) seems to have been the fox's tail. I presume, too, that the play has had the same fate with the squib, and has gone off no more. I remember a squib much better applied, when it was made the device of the colours of a French regiment of grenadiers; it was represented bursting, with this motto under it: *Peream dum luceam*.

I like the description of your *Pic-nic*; where I take it for granted, that your cards are only to break the formality of a circle, and your *Symposion* intended more to promote conversation than drinking. Such an *amicable collision*, as Lord Shaftesbury very prettily calls it, rubs off and smooths those rough corners, which mere nature has given to the smoothest of us. I hope some part, at least, of the conversation is in German. *A propos*; tell me, do you speak that language correctly, and do you write it with ease? I have no doubt of your mastering the other modern languages, which are much easier, and occur much oftener; for which reason, I desire that you will apply most diligently to German, while you are in Germany, that you may speak and write that language most correctly.

I expect to meet Mr. Eliot in London, in about three weeks, after which you will soon see him at Leipsig. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVIII

LONDON, November 18, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: Whatever I see, or whatever I hear, my first consideration is, whether it can in any way be useful to you. As a proof of this, I went accidentally the other day into a print-

shop; where, among many others, I found one print from a famous design of Carlo Maratti,¹ who died about thirty years ago, and was the last eminent painter in Europe: the subject is *il Studio del disegno*; or, the school of Drawing. An old man, supposed to be the master, points to his scholars, who are variously employed in perspective, geometry, and the observation of the statues of antiquity. With regard to perspective, of which there are some little specimens, he has wrote, *Tanto che basti*, that is, *As much as is sufficient*; with regard to Geometry, *Tanto che basti* again: with regard to the contemplation of the ancient statues, there is written, *Non mai a bastanza*; *There never can be enough*. But in the clouds, at the top of the piece, are represented the three Graces; with this just sentence written over them, *Senza di noi ogni fatica è vana*; that is, *Without us, all labour is vain*. This everybody allows to be true in painting; but all people do not seem to consider, as I hope you will, that this truth is full as applicable to every other art or science; indeed to everything that is to be said or done. I will send you the print itself by Mr. Eliot, when he returns; and I will advise you to make the same use of it that the Roman Catholics say they do of the pictures and images of their saints; which is, only to remind them of those; for the adoration they disclaim. Nay, I will go farther, as the transition from Popery to Paganism is short and easy, I will classically and poetically advise you to invoke, and sacrifice to them every day, and all the day. It must be owned, that the Graces do not seem to be natives of Great Britain; and, I doubt, the best of us here have more of rough than polished diamond. Since barbarism drove them out of Greece and Rome, they seem to have taken refuge in France, where their temples are numerous, and their worship the established one. Examine yourself seriously, why such and such people please and engage you, more than such and such others of equal merit; and you will always find that it is because the former have the Graces and the latter not. I have known

¹[Carlo Maratti was born at Camerino in 1625. It is said of him that when quite a child he pressed out the juices of flowers for colours, and with these painted on the walls of his father's house. He became pupil of Andrea Sacchi. Many churches and palaces of Rome, filled with his pictures, witness to Maratti's popularity. Of his *Bathsheba viewed by David* Fuseli said, "It is a work which seems to preclude all hope of equal success in any future repetition of the subject" \]

many a woman, with an exact shape, and a symmetrical assemblage of beautiful features, please nobody; while others, with very moderate shapes and features, have charmed everybody. Why? because Venus will not charm so much, without her attendant Graces, as they will without her. Among men, how often have I seen the most solid merit and knowledge neglected, unwelcome, or even rejected, for want of them! While flimsy parts, little knowledge, and less merit, introduced by the Graces, have been received, cherished, and admired. Even virtue, which is moral beauty, wants some of its charms, if unaccompanied by them.

If you ask me how you shall acquire what neither you nor I can define or ascertain; I can only answer, *by observation*. Form yourself, with regard to others, upon what you feel pleases you in them. I can tell you the importance, the advantage, of having the Graces; but I cannot give them you: I heartily wish I could, and I certainly would; for I do not know a better present that I could make you. To show you that a very wise, philosophical, and retired man thinks upon that subject as I do, who have always lived in the world, I send you, by Mr. Eliot, the famous Mr. Locke's book upon education;¹ in which you will find the stress that he lays upon the Graces, which he calls (and very truly) good breeding. I have marked all the parts of that book that are worth your attention; for as he begins with the child, almost from its birth, the parts relative to its infancy would be useless to you. Germany is, still less than England, the seat of the Graces; however, you had as good not say so while you are there. But the place which you are going to, in a great degree, is; for I have known as many well-bred, pretty men come from Turin, as from any part of Europe. The late King Victor Amédée took great pains to form such of his subjects as were of any consideration, both to business and manners; the present king, I am told, follows his example: this, however, is certain, that in all courts and congresses, where there are

¹[John Locke (1632-1704) published in 1693 his *Treatise on Education*, which was the substance of some letters written from Holland in 1684 to his friend, Edward Clarke. William Molyneux had sent to Locke a copy of his *Dioptrica* (1692), containing high praise of Locke's *Essay*, which appeared early in 1690. A correspondence ensued; and it was owing to a suggestion from Molyneux, who had heard of the letters to Clarke, and who had an only son who was motherless, that the *Treatise on Education* was published.]

various foreign ministers, those of the King of Sardinia are generally the ablest, the politest, and *les plus déliés*. You will therefore, at Turin, have very good models to form yourself upon : and remember, that with regard to the best models, as well as to the antique Greek statues in the print, *non mai a bastanza*. Observe every word, look and motion of those who are allowed to be the most accomplished persons there. Observe their natural and careless, but genteel air ; their unembarrassed good breeding ; their unassuming, but yet unprostituted dignity. Mind their decent mirth, their discreet frankness, and that *entregent* which, as much above the frivolous as below the important and the secret, is the proper medium for conversation in mixed companies. I will observe, by-the-bye, that the talent of that light *entregent* is often of great use to a foreign minister ; not only as it helps him to domesticate himself in many families, but also as it enables him to put by and parry some subjects of conversation, which might possibly lay him under difficulties both what to say and how to look.

Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them ; and indeed he got the most by them ; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events), to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate ; wrote bad English and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *Parts* : that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him ; which was Page to King James the Second's Queen. There the Graces protected and promoted him ; for while he was an Ensign of the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very Graces, gave him five thousand pounds, with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax ;¹

¹[George Savile, Marquis of Halifax (1633-95), was son of Sir William Savile of Thornhill ; he was created by Charles the Second Baron Savile of Eland, and

which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his war, to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrongheadednesses. Whatever Court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The Pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown grey in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool; and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance: he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gentleness and gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, nor maintained his dignity better.

With the share of knowledge which you have already gotten, and with the much greater which I hope you will soon acquire, what may you not expect to arrive at, if you join all these graces to it? In your destination particularly, they are in truth half your business: for if you once gain the affections as well as the esteem of the prince or minister of the court to which you are sent, I will answer for it, that will effectually do the business of the court that sent you; otherwise it is up-hill work. Do not mistake, and think that these graces which I so often and so earnestly recommend to you should only accompany important transactions, and be worn only *les jours de gala*: no, they should, if possible, accompany every the least thing you do or say; for if you neglect them in little things, they will leave you in great ones. I should, for instance, be extremely concerned to see you

Viscount Halifax. Halifax, next to Somers, had the chief determining voice on the famous instrument by which William and Mary were called to the throne; and, in the banqueting house at Whitehall he, in the name of the estates of the realm, requested the Prince and Princess to accept the crown.]

even drink a cup of coffee ungracefully, and slop yourself with it, by your awkward manner of holding it; nor should I like to see your coat buttoned or your shoes buckled awry. But I should be outrageous, if I heard you mutter your words unintelligibly, stammer in your speech, or hesitate, misplace, and mistake in your narrations; and I should run away from you with greater rapidity, if possible, than I should now run to embrace you, if I found you destitute of all those graces, which I have set my heart upon their making you one day, *omnibus ornatum excellere rebus*.

This subject is inexhaustible, as it extends to everything that is to be said or done: but I will leave it for the present, as this letter is already pretty long. Such is my desire, my anxiety for your perfection, that I never think I have said enough, though you may possibly think that I have said too much; and though, in truth, if your own good sense is not sufficient to direct you in many of these plain points, all that I or anybody else can say will be insufficient. But where you are concerned, I am the insatiable man in Horace, who covets still a little corner more to complete the figure of his field. I dread every little corner that may deform mine, in which I would have (if possible) no one defect.

I this moment receive yours of the 17th, N.S., and cannot condole with you upon the secession of your German *Commensaux*; who both by your and Mr. Harte's description, seem to be *des gens d'une aimable absence*; and if you can replace them by any other German conversation, you will be a gainer by the bargain. I cannot conceive, if you understand German well enough to read any German book, how the writing of the German character can be so difficult and tedious to you, the twenty-four letters being very soon learned; and I do not expect that you should write yet with the utmost purity and correctness, as to the language: what I meant by your writing once a fortnight to Grevenkop, was only to make the written character familiar to you. However, I will be content with one in three weeks or so.

I believe you are not likely to see Mr. Eliot again soon, he being still in Cornwall with his father; who, I hear, is not likely to recover. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIX

LONDON, *November 29, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I delayed writing to you till I could give you some account of the motions of your friend Mr. Eliot ; for whom I know you have, and very justly, the most friendly concern. His father and he came to town together, in a post-chaise, a fortnight ago, the rest of the family remaining in Cornwall. His father with difficulty survived the journey, and died last Saturday was seven-night. Both concern and decency confined your friend, till two days ago, when I saw him ; he was determined, and I think very prudently, to go abroad again ; but how soon, it is yet impossible for him to know ; as he must necessarily put his own private affairs in some order first ; but I conjecture that he may possibly join you at Turin ; sooner, to be sure, not. I am very sorry that you are likely to be so long without the company and the example of so valuable a friend ; and therefore I hope that you will make it up to yourself, as well as you can at this distance, by remembering and following his example. Imitate that application of his, which has made him know all thoroughly, and to the bottom. He does not content himself with the surface of knowledge ; but works in the mine for it, knowing that it lies deep. Pope says, very truly, in his *Essay upon Criticism* ;

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

I shall send you by a ship that goes to Hamburg next week (and by which Hawkins sends Mr. Harte some things that he wrote for), all those which I proposed sending you by Mr. Eliot ; together with a very little box, that I am desired to forward to Mr. Harte. There will be, likewise, two letters of recommendation for you to Monsieur Andrié, and Comte Algarotti, at Berlin, which you will take care to deliver to them, as soon as you shall be rigged and fitted out to appear there. They will introduce you into the best company ; and I depend upon your own good sense for your avoiding of bad. If you fall into bad and low company there, or anywhere else, you will be irrecoverably lost : whereas, if you keep good company, and company

above yourself, your character and your fortune will be immovably fixed.

I have not time to-day, upon account of the meeting of the parliament, to make this letter of the usual length; and indeed, after the volumes that I have written to you, all I can add must be unnecessary. However, I shall probably, *ex abundanti*, return soon to my former prolixity; and you will receive more and more last words from, Yours.

LETTER CLXX

LONDON, December 6, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I am at present under very great concern for the loss of a most affectionate brother, with whom I had always lived in the closest friendship. My brother John died last Friday night, of a fit of the gout, which he had had for about a month in his hands and feet, and which fell at last upon his stomach and head. As he grew towards the last lethargic, his end was not painful to himself. At the distance which you are at from hence, you need not go into mourning upon this occasion, as the time of your mourning would be near over, before you could put it on.

By a ship which sails this week for Hamburg, I shall send you those things which I proposed to have sent you by Mr. Eliot, *viz.*, a little box from your mamma; a less box for Mr. Harte; Mr. Locke's book upon Education;¹ the print of Carlo Maratti, which I mentioned to you some time ago; and two letters of recommendation, one to Monsieur Andrié, and the other to Comte Algarotti,² at Berlin. Both those gentlemen will, I am sure, be as willing as they are able, to introduce you into the best company; and I hope you will not (as many of your countrymen are apt to do) decline it. It is in the best companies only, that you can learn the best manners, and that *tourmure*, and those graces, which I have so often recommended to you, as the necessary means of making a figure in the world.

I am most extremely pleased with the account which Mr.

¹ [See note to Letter CLXVIII.]

² [Francesco Algarotti (1712-64) published in 1737 *Newtonianismo per le Dame*, a popular account of the Newtonian system.]

Harte gives me of your progress in Greek, and of your having read Hesiod, almost critically. Upon this subject I suggest but one thing to you, of many that I might suggest; which is, that you have now got over the difficulties of that language, and therefore it would be unpardonable not to persevere to your journey's end, now that all the rest of your way is down hill.

I am also very well pleased to hear that you have such a knowledge of, and taste for curious books, and scarce and valuable tracts. This is a kind of knowledge which very well becomes a man of sound and solid learning, but which only exposes a man of slight and superficial reading; therefore, pray make the substance and matter of such books your first object, and their title-pages, indexes, letter, and binding, but your second. It is the characteristic of a man of parts and good judgment to know, and give that degree of attention that each object deserves. Whereas little minds mistake little objects for great ones, and lavish away upon the former, that time and attention which only the latter deserve. To such mistakes we owe the numerous and frivolous tribes of insect-mongers, shell-mongers, and pursuers and driers of butterflies, etc. The strong mind distinguishes, not only between the useful and the useless, but likewise between the useful and the curious. He applies himself intently to the former; he only amuses himself with the latter. Of this little sort of knowledge, which I have just hinted at, you will find at least as much as you need wish to know, in a superficial but pretty French book, entitled *Spectacle de la Nature*; which will amuse you while you read it, and give you a sufficient notion of the various parts of nature; I would advise you to read it at leisure hours. But that part of nature, which Mr. Harte tells me you have begun to study with the *Rector magnificus*, is of much greater importance, and deserves much more attention; I mean Astronomy. The vast and immense planetary system, the astonishing order and regularity of those innumerable worlds, will open a scene to you, which not only deserves your attention as a matter of curiosity, or rather astonishment; but still more, as it will give you greater, and consequently juster ideas of that eternal and omnipotent Being, who contrived, made, and still preserves that universe, than all

the contemplation of this, comparatively, very little orb, which we at present inhabit, could possibly give you. Upon this subject, Monsieur Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes*,¹ which you may read in two hours' time, will both inform and please you. God bless you! Yours.

LETTER CLXXI

LONDON, December 13, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: The last four posts have brought me no letters, either from you or from Mr. Harte; at which I am uneasy; not as a mamma would be, but as a father should be: for I do not want your letters as bills of health; you are young, strong, and healthy, and I am, consequently, in no pain about that: moreover, were either you or Mr. Harte ill, the other would doubtless write me word of it. My impatience for yours or Mr. Harte's letters arises from a very different cause, which is, my desire to hear frequently of the state and progress of your mind. You are now at that critical period of life, when every week ought to produce fruit or flowers answerable to your culture, which I am sure has not been neglected; and it is by your letters, and Mr. Harte's accounts of you, that, at this distance, I can only judge at your gradations to maturity: I desire, therefore, that one of you two will not fail to write to me once a week. The sameness of your present way of life, I easily conceive, would not make out a very interesting letter to an indifferent bystander; but so deeply concerned as I am in the game you are playing, every the least move is to me of importance, and helps me to judge of the final event.

As you will be leaving Leipsig pretty soon after you shall have received this letter, I here send you one inclosed, to deliver to Mr. Mascow. It is to thank him for his attention and civility to you, during your stay with him: and I take it for granted,

¹[Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle was born at Rouen in 1657, and lived to be a hundred years of age. His mother was sister of Corneille. Before he was twenty he had written great part of *Bellerophon*, a tragic opera. Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes* is a work singular in its kind; its object is to present philosophical thought in so gay and lively a manner that readers shall be amused as well as taught. Voltaire says of Fontenelle that he was the most universal genius that the age of Louis the Fourteenth produced.]

that you will not fail making him the proper compliments at parting; for the good name that we leave behind at one place often gets before us to another, and is of great use. As Mr. Mascow is much known and esteemed in the republic of letters, I think it would be of advantage to you, if you got letters of recommendation from him to some of the learned men at Berlin. Those testimonials give a lustre, which is not to be despised; for the most ignorant are forced to seem, at least, to pay a regard to learning, as the most wicked are to virtue. Such is their intrinsic worth.

Your friend Duval dined with me the other day and complained most grievously, that he had not heard from you above a year; I bid him abuse you for it himself; and advised him to do it in verse, which, if he was really angry, his indignation would enable him to do. He accordingly brought me, yesterday, the enclosed reproaches and challenge, which he desired me to transmit to you. As this is his first essay in English poetry, the inaccuracies in the rhymes, and the numbers, are very excusable. He insists, as you will find, upon being answered in verse; which I should imagine, that you and Mr. Harte, together, could bring about; as the late Lady Dorchester¹ used to say, that she and Dr. Radcliffe, together, could cure a fever. This is however sure, that it now rests upon you; and no man can say what methods Duval may take, if you decline his challenge. I am sensible that you are under some disadvantages in this proffered combat. Your climate, at this time of the year especially, delights more in the wood fire, than in the poetic fire; and I conceive the Muses, if there are any at Leipsig, to be rather shivering than singing; nay, I question whether Apollo is even known there as God of Verse, or as God of Light; perhaps a little as God of Physic. These will be fair excuses, if

¹[Catharine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester (1637-1717), was the only child of Sir Charles Sedley. Before she was sixteen years of age Evelyn spoke of her as "none of the virtuous, but a wit". Catharine supplanted Arabella Churchill in the good graces of the Duke of York, but when James came to the throne he resolved on the cessation of the *amour*, which was, however, renewed three months later, to the satisfaction of Rochester and Dartmouth, who desired to neutralise a Catholic queen by a Protestant mistress. In 1696 Catharine married Sir David Colyear, created in 1709 Baron, and four years later Earl, Portmore. She is said to have died in the odour of sanctity; and Dr. Johnson may probably have referred to that report when he wrote (in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*) "*And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a King*".]

your performance should fall something short ; though I do not apprehend that it will.

While you have been at Leipsig, which is a place of study, more than of pleasure or company, you have had all opportunities of pursuing your studies uninterruptedly ; and have had, I believe, very few temptations to the contrary. But the case will be quite different at Berlin, where the splendour and dissipation of a court, and the *beau monde*, will present themselves to you in gaudy shapes, attractive enough to all young people. Do not think, now, that, like an old fellow, I am going to advise you to reject them, and shut yourself up in your closet : quite the contrary ; I advise you to take your share, and enter into them with spirit and pleasure ; but then I advise you, too, to allot your time so prudently, as that learning may keep pace with pleasures ; there is full time, in the course of the day, for both, if you do but manage that time right and like a good economist. The whole morning, if diligently and attentively devoted to solid studies, will go a great way at the year's end ; and the evenings, spent in the pleasures of good company, will go as far in teaching you a knowledge, not much less necessary than the other, I mean the knowledge of the world. Between these two necessary studies, that of Books in the morning, and that of the World in the evening, you see that you will not have one minute to squander or slattern away. Nobody ever lent themselves more than I did, when I was young, to the pleasures and dissipation of good company ; I even did it too much. But then, I can assure you, that I always found time for serious studies ; and when I could find it no other way, I took it out of my sleep ; for I resolved always to rise early in the morning, however late I went to bed at night ; and this resolution I have kept so sacred, that unless when I have been confined to my bed by illness, I have not, for more than forty years, ever been in bed at nine o'clock in the morning ; but commonly up before eight.

When you are at Berlin, remember to speak German as often as you can in company ; for everybody there will speak French to you, unless you let them know that you can speak German, which then they will choose to speak. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXII

LONDON, *December 20, O. S. 1748.*

DEAR BOY : I received, last Saturday, by three mails which came in at once, two letters from Mr. Harte, and yours of the 8th, N. S.

It was I who mistook your meaning, with regard to your German letters, and not you who expressed it ill. I thought it was the writing of the German character that took up so much of your time, and therefore I advised you, by the frequent writing of that character, to make it easy and familiar to you. But since it is only the propriety and purity of the German language, which make your writing it so tedious and laborious, I will tell you I shall not be nice upon that article; and did not expect that you should yet be master of all the idioms, delicacies, and peculiarities of that difficult language. That can only come by use, especially frequent speaking; therefore, when you shall be at Berlin, and afterwards at Turin, where you will meet many Germans, pray take all opportunities of conversing in German, in order not only to keep what you have got of that language, but likewise to improve and perfect yourself in it. As to the characters, you form them very well, and as you yourself own, better than your English ones; but then let me ask you this question; Why do you not form your Roman characters better? for I maintain, that it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases; and consequently, that he ought to write a good one. You form particularly your *ee* and *ll* in zigzag, instead of making them straight, as thus, *ee, ll*; a fault very easily mended. You will not, I believe, be angry with this little criticism, when I tell you, that by all the accounts I have had of late, from Mr. Harte and others, this is the only criticism that you give me occasion to make. Mr. Harte's last letter, of the 14th, N. S., particularly, makes me extremely happy, by assuring me that in every respect you do exceedingly well. I am not afraid, by what I now say, of making you too vain; because I do not think that a just consciousness, and an honest pride of doing well, can be called vanity; for vanity is either the silly affectation of good qualities

which one has not, or the sillier pride of what does not deserve commendation in itself. By Mr. Harte's account, you are got very near the goal of Greek and Latin ; and therefore I cannot suppose that as your sense increases, your endeavours and your speed will slacken, in finishing the small remains of your course. Consider what lustre and *éclat* it will give you, when you return here, to be allowed to be the best scholar, of a gentleman, in England ; not to mention the real pleasure and solid comfort which such knowledge will give you throughout your whole life. Mr. Harte tells me another thing, which I own I did not expect : it is, that when you read aloud, or repeat part of plays, you speak very properly and distinctly. This relieves me from great uneasiness, which I was under upon account of your former bad enunciation. Go on, and attend most diligently to this important article. It is, of all Graces (and they are all necessary), the most necessary one.

Comte Pertingue, who has been here about a fortnight, far from disavowing, confirms all that Mr. Harte has said to your advantage. He thinks that he shall be at Turin much about the time of your arrival there, and pleases himself with the hopes of being useful to you : though, should you get there before him, he says that Comte du Perron, with whom you are a favourite, will take that care. You see, by this one instance, and in the course of your life you will see by a million of instances, of what use a good reputation is, and how swift and advantageous a harbinger it is, wherever one goes. Upon this point, too, Mr. Harte does you justice, and tells me that you are desirous of praise from the praiseworthy : this is a right and generous ambition, and without which, I fear, few people would deserve praise.

But here let me, as an old stager upon the theatre of the world, suggest one consideration to you ; which is, to extend your desire of praise a little beyond the strictly praiseworthy ; or else you may be apt to discover too much contempt for at least three parts in five of the world ; who will never forgive it you. In the mass of mankind, I fear, there is too great a majority of fools and knaves ; who, singly from their number, must to a certain degree be respected, though they are by no means respectable. And a man who will show every knave

fool that he thinks him such, will engage in a most ruinous war, against numbers much superior to those that he and his allies can bring into the field. Abhor a knave, and pity a fool, in your heart ; but let neither of them, unnecessarily, see that you do so. Some complaisance and attention to fools is prudent, and not mean ; as a silent abhorrence of individual knaves is often necessary, and not criminal.

As you will now soon part with Lord Pulteney, with whom, during your stay together at Leipsig, I suppose you have formed a connection ; I imagine that you will continue it by letters, which I would advise you to do. They tell me that he is good-natured, and does not want parts ; which are of themselves two good reasons for keeping it up ; but there is also a third reason, which, in the course of the world, is not to be despised : His father cannot live long, and will leave him an immense fortune ; which, in all events, will make him of some consequence, and if he has parts into the bargain, of very great consequence ; so that his friendship may be extremely well worth your cultivating, especially as it will not cost you above one letter in one month.

I do not know whether this letter will find you at Leipsig : at least, it is the last that I shall direct there. My next to either you or Mr. Harte, will be directed to Berlin ; but as I do not know to what house or street there, I suppose it will remain at the post-house till you send for it. Upon your arrival at Berlin, you will send me your particular direction ; and also, pray be minute in your accounts of your reception there, by those whom I recommend you to, as well as by those to whom they present you. Remember, too, that you are going to a polite and literate Court, where the Graces will best introduce you.

Adieu. God bless you, and may you continue to deserve my love, as much as you now enjoy it !

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me tell you, that she decides entirely in your favour, against Mr. Grevenkop, and even against herself : for she does not think that she could, at this time, write either so good a character, or so good German. Pray write her a German letter upon that subject ; in which you may

tell her that, like the rest of the world, you approve of her judgment, because it is in your favour; and that you true Germans cannot allow Danes¹ to be competent judges of your language, etc.

LETTER CLXXIII

LONDON, Dec. 30, O. S. 1748.

DEAR BOY: I direct this letter to Berlin, where, I suppose, it will either find you, or at least wait but a very little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success, at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for though the spectators are always candid enough to give great allowances, and to show great indulgence to a new actor; yet, from the first impressions which he makes upon them, they are apt to decide, in their own minds at least, whether he will ever be a good one, or not: if he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about him; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please, they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young and inexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This, I hope, will be your case: you have sense enough to understand your part; a constant attention, and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and I believe most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous

¹ [Mr. Grevenkop was a Dane.]

sword, a short waistcoat and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins so well, in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine, where others are fine; and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

As to manners, good-breeding, and the Graces, I have so often entertained you upon those important subjects, that I can add nothing to what I have formerly said. Your own good sense will suggest to you the substance of them; and observation, experience, and good company, the several modes of them. Your great vivacity, which I hear of from many people, will be no hindrance to your pleasing in good company: on the contrary, will be of use to you, if tempered by good-breeding, and accompanied by the Graces. But then, I suppose your vivacity to be a vivacity of parts, and not a constitutional restlessness; for the most disagreeable composition that I know in the world, is that of strong animal spirits, with a cold genius. Such a fellow is troublesomely active, frivolously busy, foolishly lively; talks

much with little meaning, and laughs more, with less reason : whereas, in my opinion, a warm and lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

Do what you will at Berlin, provided you do but do something all day long. All that I desire of you is, that you will never slattern away one minute in idleness, and in doing of nothing. When you are not in company, learn what either books, masters, or Mr. Harte, can teach you ; and when you are in company, learn (what company can only teach you) the characters and manners of mankind. I really ask your pardon for giving you this advice ; because, if you are a rational creature, and thinking being, as I suppose, and verily believe you are, it must be unnecessary, and to a certain degree injurious. If I did not know by experience, that some men pass their whole time in doing nothing, I should not think it possible for any being, superior to Monsieur Descartes's automaton, to squander away, in absolute idleness, one single minute of that small portion of time which is allotted us in this world.

I have lately seen one Mr. Cranmer, a very sensible merchant ; who told me that he had dined with you, and seen you often at Leipsig. And, yesterday, I saw an old footman of mine, whom I made a messenger ; who told me that he had seen you last August. You will easily imagine, that I was not the less glad to see them because they had seen you ; and I examined them both narrowly, in their respective departments ; the former as to your mind, the latter, as to your body. Mr. Cranmer gave me great satisfaction, not only by what he told me of himself concerning you, but by what he was commissioned to tell me from Mr. Masow. As he speaks German perfectly himself, I asked him how you spoke it ; and he assured me, very well for the time, and that a very little more practice would make you perfectly master of it. The messenger told me, that you were much grown, and, to the best of his guess, within two inches as tall as I am ; that you were plump, and looked healthy and strong ; which was all that I could expect, or hope, from the sagacity of the person.

I send you, my dear child (and you will not doubt it), very sincerely, the wishes of the season. May you deserve a great number of happy New Years ; and, if you deserve, may you have

them. Many New Years, indeed, you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These, virtue, honour, and knowledge, alone can merit, alone can procure, *Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes*,¹ was a pretty piece of poetical flattery, where it was said: I hope that, in time, it may be no flattery when said to you. But I assure you, that wherever I cannot apply the latter part of the line to you with truth, I shall neither say, think, or wish the former. Adieu!

LETTER CLXXIV

LONDON, Jan. 10, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: I have received your letter of the 31st December, N. S. Your thanks for my present, as you call it, exceed the value of the present; but the use, which you assure me that you will make of it is the thanks which I desire to receive. Due attention to the inside of books, and due contempt for the outside, is the proper relation between a man of sense and his books.

Now that you are going a little more into the world, I will take this occasion to explain my intentions as to your future expenses, that you may know what you have to expect from me, and make your plan accordingly. I shall neither deny nor grudge you any money that may be necessary for either your improvement or your pleasures; I mean the pleasures of a rational being. Under the head of improvement, I mean the best books, and the best masters, cost what they will; I also mean, all the expense of lodgings, coach, dress, servants, etc., which, according to the several places where you may be, shall be respectively necessary to enable you to keep the best company. Under the head of rational pleasures, I comprehend, first, proper charities, to real and compassionate objects of it; secondly, proper presents to those to whom you are obliged, or whom you desire to oblige; thirdly, a conformity of expense to that of the company which you keep; as in public spectacles; your share of little entertainments; a few pistoles at games of mere commerce; and other incidental calls of good company.

¹[Ovid, *Ex Ponto*, ii., 1, 53.]

The only two articles which I will never supply are, the profusion of low riot, and the idle lavishness of negligence and laziness. A fool squanders away, without credit or advantage to himself, more than a man of sense spends with both. The latter employs his money as he does his time, and never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing to himself or others. The former buys whatever he does not want, and does not pay for what he does want. He cannot withstand the charms of a toy-shop; snuff-boxes, watches, heads of canes, etc., are his destruction. His servants and tradesmen conspire with his own indolence to cheat him; and in a very little time, he is astonished, in the midst of all the ridiculous superfluities, to find himself in want of all the real comforts and necessities of life. Without care and method, the largest fortune will not, and with them almost the smallest will, supply all necessary expenses. As far as you can possibly, pay ready money for everything you buy, and avoid bills. Pay that money too yourself, and not through the hands of any servant, who always either stipulates poundage, or requires a present for his good word, as they call it. Where you must have bills (as for meat and drink, clothes, etc.), pay them regularly every month, and with your own hand. Never, from a mistaken economy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is cheap; or from a silly pride, because it is dear. Keep an account, in a book, of all that you receive, and of all that you pay; for no man who knows what he receives and what he pays, ever runs out. I do not mean that you should keep an account of the shillings and half-crowns which you may spend in chair-hire, operas, etc.: they are unworthy of the time, and of the ink that they would consume; leave such *minutiae* to dull, penny-wise fellows; but remember, in economy, as well as in every other part of life, to have the proper attention to proper objects, and the proper contempt for little ones. A strong mind sees things in their true proportions; a weak one views them through a magnifying medium; which, like the microscope, makes an elephant of a flea: magnifies all little objects, but cannot receive great ones. I have known many a man pass for a miser, by saving a penny, and wrangling for twopence, who was undoing himself at the same time by living above his in-

come, and not attending to essential articles, which were above his *portée*. The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind, is to find in everything, those certain bounds, *quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*.¹ These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good sense and attention can discover; it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. In manners, this line is good breeding; beyond it, is troublesome ceremony; short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inattention. In morals, it divides ostentatious puritanism from criminal relaxation; in religion, superstition from impiety: and in short, every virtue from its kindred vice or weakness. I think you have sense enough to discover the line; keep it always in your eye, and learn to walk upon it; rest upon Mr. Harte, and he will poise you, till you are able to go alone. By the way, there are fewer people who walk well upon that line, than upon the slack rope; and therefore a good performer shines so much the more.

Your friend Comte Pertingue, who constantly inquires after you, has written to Comte Salmour, the Governor of the Academy at Turin, to prepare a room for you there, immediately after the Ascension: and has recommended you to him, in a manner which I hope you will give him no reason to repent or be ashamed of. As Comte Salmour's son, now residing at the Hague, is my particular acquaintance, I shall have regular and authentic accounts of all that you do at Turin.

During your stay at Berlin, I expect that you should inform yourself thoroughly of the present state of the civil, military and ecclesiastical government of the King of Prussia's² dominions; particularly of the military, which is upon a better footing in that country than in any other in Europe. You will attend at the reviews, see the troops exercised, and inquire into the numbers of troops and companies in the respective regiments of horse, foot, and dragoons; the numbers and titles of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the several troops and companies; and also take care to learn the technical military terms in the German language; for though you are not to be a military man, yet these military matters are so frequently the subjects of conversation, that you will look very awkwardly

¹[Horace, *Satires*, i., 1, 107.]

²[Frederic the Great.]

if you are ignorant of them. Moreover, they are commonly the objects of negotiation, and, as such, fall within your future profession. You must also inform yourself of the reformation which the King of Prussia has lately made in the law ; by which he has both lessened the number, and shortened the duration of law-suits ; a great work, and worthy of so great a Prince ! As he is indisputably the ablest Prince in Europe, every part of his government deserves your most diligent inquiry, and your most serious attention. It must be owned, that you set out well, as a young politician, by beginning at Berlin, and then going to Turin, where you will see the next ablest monarch to that of Prussia : so that, if you are capable of making political reflections, those two princes will furnish you with sufficient matter for them.

I would have you endeavour to get acquainted with Monsieur de Maupertuis,¹ who is so eminently distinguished by all kinds of learning and merit, that one should be both sorry and ashamed of having been even a day in the same place with him, and not to have seen him. If you should have no other way of being introduced to him, I will send you a letter from hence. Monsieur Cagnoni, at Berlin, to whom I know you are recommended, is a very able man of business, thoroughly informed of every part of Europe ; and his acquaintance, if you deserve and improve it as you should do, may be of great use to you.

Remember to take the best dancing-master at Berlin, more to teach you to sit, stand, and walk gracefully, than to dance finely. The Graces, the Graces ; remember the Graces ! Adieu !

LETTER CLXXV

LONDON, *January 24, O.S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY : I have received your letter of the 12th, N. S., in which I was surprised to find no mention of your approaching journey to Berlin, which, according to the first plan, was to be

¹[Pierre Louis Moreau de Maupertuis (1698-1759) was a celebrated philosopher and mathematician. After the death of Leibnitz, in 1716, the Academy of Berlin may be said to have existed only in name. The task of reconstructing it fell on Maupertuis, who was made president by Frederick the Second. He aroused the enmity of Voltaire, who in *Micromégas* wrote against the Berlin Academy and its president.]

on the 20th, N. S., and upon which supposition I have, for some time, directed my letters to you and Mr. Harte at Berlin. I should be glad that yours were more minute, with regard to your motions and transactions ; and I desire that for the future they may contain accounts of what and whom you see and hear in your several places of residence ; for I interest myself as much in the company you keep, and the pleasures you take, as in the studies you pursue ; and therefore equally desire to be informed of them all. Another thing I desire, which is, that you will acknowledge my letters by their dates, that I may know which you do, and which you do not receive.

As you found your brain considerably affected by the cold, you were very prudent not to turn it to poetry in that situation ; and not less judicious in declining the borrowed aid of a stove, whose fumigation, instead of inspiration, would, at best, have produced what Mr. Pope calls a *souterkin* of wit. I will show your letter to Duval, by way of justification for not answering his challenge ; and I think he must allow the validity of it ; for a frozen brain is as unfit to answer a challenge in poetry, as a blunt sword is for a single combat.

You may, if you please, and therefore I flatter myself that you will, profit considerably by your stay at Berlin, in the article of manners and useful knowledge. Attention to what you will see and hear there, together with proper inquiries, and a little care and method in taking notes of what is more material, will procure you much useful knowledge. Many young people are so light, so dissipated, and so incurious, that they can hardly be said to see what they see, or hear what they hear : that is, they hear in so superficial and inattentive a manner, that they might as well not see nor hear at all. For instance, if they see a public building, as a college, an hospital, an arsenal, etc., they content themselves with the first *coup d'œil*, and neither take the time nor the trouble of informing themselves of the material parts of them ; which are the constitution, the rules, and the order and economy in the inside. You will, I hope, go deeper, and make your way into the substance of things. For example, should you see a regiment reviewed at Berlin or Potsdam, instead of contenting yourself with the general glitter of the collective corps, and saying, *par manière d'acquit*, " that is very fine," I hope

you will ask, what number of troops or companies it consists of ; what number of officers of the *Etat Major*, and what number of *Subalternes* ; how many *Bas Officiers*, or non-commissioned officers, as *Sergeants*, *Corporals*, *Anspessades*, *frey Corporals*, etc., their pay, their clothing, and by whom ; whether by the Colonels, or Captains, or Commissaries appointed for that purpose ; to whom they are accountable ; the method of recruiting, completing, etc.

The same in civil matters : inform yourself of the jurisdiction of a court of justice ; of the rules and numbers, and endowments of a college, or an academy, and not only of the dimensions of the respective edifices ; and let your letters to me contain these informations, in proportion as you acquire them.

I often reflect, with the most flattering hopes, how proud I shall be of you, if you should profit, as you may, of the opportunities which you have had, still have, and will have, of arriving at perfection ; and, on the other hand, with dread of the grief and shame you will give me, if you do not. May the first be the case ! God bless you !

LETTER CLXXVI

LONDON, *February 7, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY : You are now come to an age capable of reflection, and I hope you will do what, however, few people at your age do, exert it for your own sake, in the search of truth and sound knowledge. I will confess (for I am not unwilling to discover my secrets to you) that it is not many years since I have presumed to reflect for myself. Till sixteen or seventeen I had no reflection ; and for many years after that, I made no use of what I had. I adopted the notions of the books I read, or the company I kept, without examining whether they were just or not ; and I rather chose to run the risk of easy error, than to take the time and trouble of investigating truth. Thus, partly from laziness, partly from dissipation, and partly from the *mauvaise honte* of rejecting fashionable notions, I was (as I have since found) hurried away by prejudices, instead of being guided by reason ; and quietly cherished error, instead of seeking for truth. But since I have taken the trouble of reasoning for myself, and have had the courage to own that I do so, you

cannot imagine how much my notions of things are altered, and in how different a light I now see them, from that in which I formerly viewed them, through the deceitful medium of prejudice or authority. Nay, I may possibly still retain many errors, which, from long habit, have perhaps grown into real opinions; for it is very difficult to distinguish habits, early acquired and long entertained, from the result of our reason and reflection.

My first prejudice (for I do not mention the prejudices of boys and women, such as hobgoblins, ghosts, dreams, spilling salt, etc.) was my classical enthusiasm, which I received from the books I read, and the masters who explained them to me. I was convinced there had been no common sense nor common honesty in the world for these last fifteen hundred years; but that they were totally extinguished with the ancient Greek and Roman governments. Homer and Virgil could have no faults, because they were ancient; Milton and Tasso could have no merit, because they were modern. And I could almost have said, with regard to the ancients, what Cicero, very absurdly and unbecomingly for a philosopher, says with regard to Plato, *Cum quo errare malim quam cum aliis recte sentire*. Whereas now, without any extraordinary effort of genius, I have discovered, that nature was the same three thousand years ago as it is at present; that men were but men then as well as now; that modes and customs vary often, but that human nature is always the same. And I can no more suppose, that men were better, braver, or wiser, fifteen hundred or three thousand years ago, than I can suppose that the animals or vegetables were better then than they are now. I dare assert too, in defiance of the favourers of the ancients, that Homer's hero, Achilles, was both a brute and a scoundrel, and consequently an improper character for the hero of an epic poem; he had so little regard for his country, that he would not act in defence of it, because he had quarrelled with Agamemnon about a w—e; and then afterwards, animated by private resentment only, he went about killing people basely, I will call it, because he knew himself invulnerable; and yet, invulnerable as he was, he wore the strongest armour in the world; which I humbly apprehend to be a blunder; for a horse-shoe clapped to his vulnerable heel would have been sufficient. On the other hand, with submission to the favourers

of the moderns, I assert with Mr. Dryden, that the devil is in truth the hero of Milton's poem; his plan, which he lays, pursues, and at last executes, being the subject of the poem. From all which considerations, I impartially conclude, that the ancients had their excellencies and their defects, their virtues and their vices, just like the moderns; pedantry and affectation of learning decide clearly in favour of the former: vanity and ignorance, as peremptorily in favour of the latter. Religious prejudices kept pace with my classical ones; and there was a time when I thought it impossible for the honestest man in the world to be saved, out of the pale of the Church of England, not considering that matters of opinion do not depend upon the will; and that it is as natural, and as allowable, that another man should differ in opinion from me, as that I should differ from him; and that if we are both sincere, we are both blameless; and should consequently have mutual indulgence for each other.

The next prejudices that I adopted, were those of the *beau monde*, in which, as I was determined to shine, I took what are commonly called the genteel vices to be necessary. I had heard them reckoned so, and without further inquiry I believed it, or, at least, should have been ashamed to have denied it, for fear of exposing myself to the ridicule of those whom I considered as the models of fine gentlemen. But I am now neither ashamed nor afraid to assert that those genteel vices, as they are falsely called, are only so many blemishes in the character of even a man of the world, and what is called a fine gentleman, and degrade him in the opinions of those very people, to whom he hopes to recommend himself by them. Nay, this prejudice often extends so far, that I have known people pretend to vices they had not, instead of carefully concealing those they had.

Use and assert your own reason; reflect, examine, and analyse everything, in order to form a sound and mature judgment; let no *οὔτος ἔφα* impose upon your understanding, mislead your actions, or dictate your conversation. Be early what, if you are not, you will, when too late, wish you had been. Consult your reason betimes: I do not say that it will always prove an unerring guide; for human reason is not infallible; but it will prove the least erring guide that you can follow. Books and conversation may assist it; but adopt neither blindly and im-

PLICITLY; try both by that best rule, which God has given to direct us, reason. Of all the troubles, do not decline, as many people do, that of thinking. The herd of mankind can hardly be said to think; their notions are almost all adoptive; and, in general, I believe it is better that it should be so, as such common prejudices contribute more to order and quiet, than their own separate reasonings would do, uncultivated and unimproved as they are. We have many of those useful prejudices in this country, which I should be very sorry to see removed. The good Protestant conviction, that the Pope is both Antichrist and the Whore of Babylon, is a more effectual preservative, in this country, against popery, than all the solid and unanswerable arguments of Chillingworth.

The idle story of the Pretender's having been introduced in a warming pan into the Queen's bed, though as destitute of all probability as of all foundation, has been much more prejudicial to the cause of Jacobitism than all that Mr. Locke and others have written to show the unreasonableness and absurdity of the doctrines of indefeasible hereditary right, and unlimited passive obedience. And that silly, sanguine notion, which is firmly entertained here, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, encourages, and has sometimes enabled, one Englishman in reality to beat two.

A Frenchman ventures his life with alacrity *pour l'honneur du Roi*; were you to change the object, which he has been taught to have in view, and tell him that it was *pour le bien de la Patrie*, he would very probably run away. Such gross local prejudices prevail with the herd of mankind, and do not impose upon cultivated, informed, and reflecting minds. But then there are notions equally false, though not so glaringly absurd, which are entertained by people of superior and improved understandings, merely for want of the necessary pains to investigate, the proper attention to examine, and the penetration requisite to determine the truth. Those are the prejudices which I would have you guard against, by a manly exertion and attention of your reasoning faculty. To mention one instance of a thousand that I could give you—It is a general prejudice, and has been propagated for these sixteen hundred years, that Arts and Sciences cannot flourish under an absolute government; and that Genius must

necessarily be cramped where Freedom is restrained. This sounds plausible, but is false in fact. Mechanic arts, as Agriculture, etc., will indeed be discouraged, where the profits and property are, from the nature of the government, insecure. But why the despotism of a government should cramp the genius of a Mathematician, an Astronomer, a Poet, or an Orator, I confess I never could discover. It may indeed deprive the Poet, or the Orator, of the liberty of treating of certain subjects in the manner they would wish; but it leaves them subjects enough to exert genius upon, if they have it. Can an author with reason complain that he is cramped and shackled, if he is not at liberty to publish blasphemy, bawdry, or sedition? all which are equally prohibited in the freest governments, if they are wise and well regulated ones. This is the present general complaint of the French authors; but indeed chiefly of the bad ones. No wonder, say they, that England produces so many great geniuses; people there may think as they please, and publish what they think. Very true: but what hinders them from thinking as they please? If indeed, they think in manner destructive of all religion, morality, or good manners, or to the disturbance of the state, an absolute government will certainly more effectually prohibit them from, or punish them for, publishing such thoughts, than a free one could do. But how does that cramp the genius of an epic, dramatic, or lyric Poet? or how does it corrupt the eloquence of an Orator in the pulpit, or at the bar? The number of good French authors, such as Corneille, Racine, Molière, Boileau, and La Fontaine, who seemed to dispute it with the Augustan age, flourished under the despotism of Louis the Fourteenth; and the celebrated authors of the Augustan age did not shine, till after the fetters were riveted upon the Roman people by that cruel and worthless Emperor. The revival of letters was not owing, neither, to any free government, but to the encouragement and protection of Leo the Tenth and Francis the First; the one as absolute a pope, and the other as despotic a prince, as ever reigned. Do not mistake, and imagine, that while I am only exposing a prejudice, I am speaking in favour of arbitrary power; which from my soul I abhor, and look upon as a gross and criminal violation of the natural rights of mankind. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVII

LONDON, *February 28, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY : I was very much pleased with the account that you gave me of your reception at Berlin ; but I was still better pleased with the account which Mr. Harte sent me of your manner of receiving that reception ; for he says that you behaved yourself to those crowned heads with all the respect and modesty due to them ; but, at the same time, without being any more embarrassed, that if you had been conversing with your equals. This easy respect is the perfection of good-breeding, which nothing but superior good sense, or a long usage of the world, can produce ; and as, in your case, it could not be the latter, it is a pleasing indication to me of the former.

You will now, in the course of a few months, have been rubbed at three of the considerable courts of Europe : Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna ; so that I hope you will arrive at Turin tolerably smooth, and fit for the last polish. There you may get the best ; there being no court I know of that forms more well-bred and agreeable people. Remember now, that good breeding, genteel carriage, address, and even dress (to a certain degree), are become serious objects, and deserve a part of your attention.

The day, if well employed, is long enough for them all. One half of it bestowed upon your studies and your exercises, will finish your mind and your body ; the remaining part of it, spent in good company, will form your manners, and complete your character. What would I not give to have you read Demosthenes critically in the morning, and understand him better than anybody ; at noon, behave yourself better than any person at court ; and in the evenings, trifle more agreeably than anybody in mixed companies ? All this you may compass if you please ; you have the means, you have the opportunities. Employ them, for God's sake, while you may, and make yourself that all-accomplished man that I wish to have you. It entirely depends upon these two years ; they are the decisive ones.

I send you here enclosed a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Capello, at Venice, which you will deliver him immediately

upon your arrival, accompanying it with compliments from me to him and Madame; both whom you have seen here. He will, I am sure, be both very civil and very useful to you there, as he will also be afterwards at Rome, where he is appointed to go ambassador. By the way, wherever you are, I would advise you to frequent, as much as you can, the Venetian Ministers; who are always better informed of the courts they reside at than any other minister; the strict and regular accounts which they are obliged to give to their own government, making them very diligent and inquisitive.

You will stay at Venice as long as the Carnival lasts; for though I am impatient to have you at Turin, yet I would wish you to see thoroughly all that is to be seen at so singular a place as Venice, and at so showish a time as the Carnival. You will take also particular care to view all those meetings of the government, which strangers are allowed to see; as the Assembly of the Senate, etc., and also to inform yourself of that peculiar and intricate form of government. There are books that give an account of it, among which the best is Amelot de la Housaye,¹ which I would advise you to read previously; it will not only give you a general notion of that constitution, but also furnish you with materials for proper questions and oral informations upon the place, which are always the best. There are likewise many very valuable remains, in sculpture and paintings, of the best masters, which deserve your attention.

I suppose you will be at Vienna as soon as this letter will get thither; and I suppose, too, that I must not direct above one more to you there. After which, my next shall be directed to you at Venice, the only place where a letter will be likely to find you, till you are at Turin; but you may, and I desire that you will, write to me, from the several places in your way, from whence the post goes.

I will send you some other letters for Venice, to Vienna, or to your banker at Venice, to whom you will, upon your arrival there, send for them: for I will take care to have you so recommended from place to place, that you shall not run through

¹[Amelot de la Housaye (1634-1706) was secretary to the French Embassy at Venice. He wrote many works on history and philosophy, and edited the Letters of Cardinal d'Ossat (see note to Letter CXXIII.).]

them, as most of your countrymen do, without the advantage of seeing and knowing what best deserves to be seen and known ; I mean the men and the manners.

God bless you, and make you answer my wishes : I will now say, my hopes ! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVIII

DEAR BOY : I direct this letter to your banker at Venice, the surest place for you to meet with it, though I suppose that it will be there some time before you ; for as your intermediate stay anywhere else will be short, and as the post from hence, in this season of easterly winds, is uncertain, I direct no more letters to Vienna ; where I hope both you and Mr. Harte will have received the two letters which I sent you respectively ; with a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Capello, at Venice, which was enclosed in mine to you. I will suppose too, that the inland post, on your side of the water, has not done you justice ; for I received but one single letter from you, and one from Mr. Harte, during your whole stay at Berlin ; from whence I hoped for, and expected very particular accounts.

I persuade myself, that the time you stay at Venice will be properly employed, in seeing all that is to be seen in that extraordinary place ; and in conversing with people who can inform you, not of the raree-shows of the town, but of the constitution of the government ; for which purpose, I send you the enclosed letters of recommendation from Sir James Gray,¹ the King's Resident at Venice : but who is now in England. These, with mine to Monsieur Capello, will carry you, if you will go, into all the best company at Venice.

But the important point, and the important place, is Turin ; for there I propose your staying a considerable time, to pursue your studies, learn your exercises, and form your manners. I own, I am not without my anxiety for the consequences of your stay there, which must be either very good or very bad. To you

¹[This diplomatist was employed at Venice during several years. Lady Mary Wortley Montague writes of him : "Sir James Gray was, as I am told, universally esteemed during his residence here : but alas ! he is gone to Naples".—To the Countess of Bute, April 3, 1758. M.]

it will be entirely a new scene. Wherever you have hitherto been, you have conversed chiefly with people wiser and discreeter than yourself; and have been equally out of the way of bad advice or bad example; but in the Academy at Turin, you will probably meet with both, considering the variety of young fellows about your own age; among whom it is to be expected that some will be dissipated and idle, others vicious and profligate. I will believe, till the contrary appears, that you have sagacity enough to distinguish the good from the bad characters; and both sense and virtue enough to shun the latter, and connect yourself with the former: but however, for greater security, and for your sake alone, I must acquaint you, that I have sent positive orders to Mr. Harte, to carry you off, instantly, to a place which I have named to him, upon the very first symptom which he shall discover in you of drinking, gaming, idleness, or disobedience to his orders; so that, whether Mr. Harte informs me or not of the particulars, I shall be able to judge of your conduct in general, by the time of your stay at Turin. If it is short, I shall know why; and I promise you, that you shall soon find that I do; but if Mr. Harte lets you continue there as long as I propose that you should, I shall then be convinced that you make the proper use of your time; which is the only thing I have to ask of you. One year is the most that I propose you should stay at Turin; and that year, if you employ it well, perfects you. One year more of your late application, with Mr. Harte, will complete your classical studies. You will be likewise master of your exercises in that time; and will have formed yourself so well at that court, as to be fit to appear advantageously at any other. These will be the happy effects of your year's stay at Turin, if you behave and apply yourself there as you have done at Leipsig; but if either ill advice, or ill example, affect and seduce you, you are ruined forever. I look upon that year as your decisive year of probation; go through it well, and you will be all accomplished, and fixed in my tenderest affection for ever; but should the contagion of vice or idleness lay hold of you there, your character, your fortune, my hopes, and consequently my favour, are all blasted, and you are undone. The more I love you now, from the good opinion I have of you, the greater will be my indignation, if I should have reason to change

it. Hitherto you have had every possible proof of my affection, because you have deserved it; but when you cease to deserve it, you may expect every possible mark of my resentment. To leave nothing doubtful upon this important point, I will tell you fairly, beforehand, by what rule I shall judge of your conduct—by Mr. Harte's accounts. He will not, I am sure, nay, I will say more, he cannot be in the wrong with regard to you. He can have no other view but your good; and you will, I am sure, allow that he must be a better judge of it than you can possibly be at your age. While he is satisfied, I shall be so too; but whenever he is dissatisfied with you, I shall be much more so. If he complains, you must be guilty, and I shall not have the least regard for anything that you may allege in your own defence.

I will now tell you what I expect and insist upon from you at Turin: First, that you pursue your classical and other studies, every morning, with Mr. Harte, as long, and in whatever manner Mr. Harte shall be pleased to require: Secondly, that you learn, uninterruptedly, your exercises of riding, dancing, and fencing: Thirdly, that you make yourself master of the Italian language: And lastly, that you pass your evenings in the best company. I also require a strict conformity to the hours and rules of the Academy. If you will but finish your year in this manner at Turin, I have nothing further to ask of you; and I will give you everything that you can ask of me: you shall after that be entirely your own master; I shall think you safe; shall lay aside all authority over you; and friendship shall be our mutual and only tie. Weigh this, I beg of you, deliberately, in your own mind; and consider, whether the application, and the degree of restraint, which I require but for one year more, will not be amply repaid by all the advantages, and the perfect liberty, which you will receive at the end of it. Your own good sense will, I am sure, not allow you to hesitate one moment in your choice. God bless you! Adieu.

P. S. Sir James Gray's letters not being yet sent to me, as I thought they would, I shall enclose them in my next, which I believe will get to Venice as soon as you.

LETTER CLXXIX

LONDON, *April 12, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY : I received, by the last mail, a letter from Mr. Harte, dated Prague, April the 1st, N. S. ; for which I desire you will return him my thanks, and assure him, that I extremely approve of what he has done, and proposes eventually to do, in your way to Turin. Who would have thought you were old enough to have been so well acquainted with the Heroes of the *Bellum Tricennale*, as to be looking out for their great-grandsons in Bohemia, with that affection with which, I am informed, you seek for the Wallsteins, the Kinskis, etc. As I cannot ascribe it to your age, I must to your consummate knowledge of history, that makes every country, and every century, as it were, your own. Seriously, I am told that you are both very strong and very correct in history ; of which I am extremely glad. This is useful knowledge.

Comte du Perron, and Comte Lascaris, are arrived here : the former gave me a letter from Sir Charles Williams, the latter brought me your orders. They are very pretty men, and have both knowledge and manners ; which, though they always ought, seldom go together. I examined them, particularly Comte Lascaris, concerning you ; their report is a very favourable one, especially on the side of knowledge ; the quickness of conception, which they allow you, I can easily credit ; but the attention, which they add to it, pleases me the more, as, I own, I expected it less. Go on in the pursuit and the increase of knowledge ; nay, I am sure you will, for you now know too much to stop ; and if Mr. Harte would let you be idle, I am convinced you would not. But now that you have left Leipsig, and are entered into the great world, remember there is another object that must keep pace with and accompany knowledge ; I mean manners, politeness, and the Graces ; in which Sir Charles Williams, though very much your friend, owns that you are very deficient. The manners of Leipsig must be shook off ; and in that respect you must put on the new man. No scrambling at your meals, as at a German ordinary : no awkward overturns of glasses, plates, and salt-cellars ; no horse-play.

On the contrary, a gentleness of manners, a graceful carriage, and an insinuating address, must take their place. I repeat, and shall never cease repeating to you, *the Graces, the Graces*.

I desire that as soon as ever you get to Turin you will apply yourself diligently to the Italian language; that before you leave that place, you may know it well enough to be able to speak tolerably when you get to Rome; where you will soon make yourself perfectly master of Italian, from the daily necessity you will be under of speaking it. In the meantime, I insist upon your not neglecting, much less forgetting, the German you already know; which you may not only continue but improve, by speaking it constantly to your Saxon boy, and, as often as you can, to the several Germans you will meet in your travels. You remember, no doubt, that you must never write to me from Turin, but in the German language and character.

I send you the enclosed letter of recommendation to Mr. Smith the King's Consul at Venice; who can, and I dare say will, be more useful to you there than anybody. Pray make your court, and behave your best, to Monsieur and Madame Capello, who will be of great use to you at Rome. Adieu! Yours tenderly.

LETTER CLXXX

LONDON, *April 19, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: This letter will, I believe, still find you at Venice, in all the dissipation of Masquerades, Ridottos, Operas, etc. With all my heart; they are decent evening's amusements, and very properly succeed that serious application to which I am sure you devote your mornings. There are liberal and illiberal pleasures, as well as liberal and illiberal arts. There are some pleasures that degrade a gentleman as much as some trades could do. Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the honest and industrious profession of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said to *dérogé*.

As you are now in a musical country, where singing, fiddling, and piping, are not only the common topics of conversation, but almost the principal objects of attention, I cannot help cautioning

you against giving into those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts), to the degree that most of your countrymen do, when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it ; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you ; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light ; brings him into a great deal of bad company ; and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Comte du Perron, and Comte Lascaris, upon your subject : and I will tell you, very truly, what Comte du Perron (who is, in my opinion, a very pretty man), said of you : “ *Il a de l'esprit, un savoir peu commun à son âge, une grande vivacité, et quand il aura pris des manières il sera parfait ; car il faut avouer qu'il sent encore le collège ; mais cela viendra.* I was very glad to hear, from one whom I think so good a judge, that you wanted nothing but *des manières*, which I am convinced you will now soon acquire, in the company which henceforwards you are likely to keep. But I must add too, that if you should not acquire them, all the rest will be of little use to you. By *manières*, I do not mean bare common civility ; everybody must have that, who would not be kicked out of company ; but I mean engaging, insinuating, shining manners ; distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address ; a superior gracefulness in all you say and do. It is this alone that can give all your other talents their full lustre and value ; and consequently, it is this which should now be the principal object of your attention. Observe minutely, wherever you go, the allowed and established models of good breeding, and form yourself upon them. Whatever pleases you most in others, will infallibly please others in you. I have often repeated this to you ; now is your time of putting it in practice.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and tell him I have received his letter from Vienna of the 16th N. S., but that I shall not trouble him with an answer to it till I have received the other letter which he promises me, upon the subject of one of my last. I long to hear from him after your settlement at

Turin : the months that you are to pass there will be very decisive ones for you. The exercises of the Academy, and the manners of courts must be attended to and acquired; and at the same time, your other studies continued. I am sure you will not pass, nor desire, one single idle hour there: for I do not foresee that you can, in any part of your life, put out six months to greater interest than those next six at Turin.

We will talk hereafter about your stay at Rome, and in other parts of Italy. This only I will now recommend to you; which is, to extract the spirit of every place you go to. In those places, which are only distinguished by classical fame, and valuable remains of antiquity, have your classics in your hand and in your head: compare the ancient geography, and descriptions, with the modern; and never fail to take notes. Rome will furnish you with business enough of that sort; but then it furnishes you with many other objects, well deserving your attention; such as deep ecclesiastical craft and policy. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXI

LONDON, *April 27, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: I have received your letter from Vienna, of the 19th N. S., which gives me great uneasiness, upon Mr. Harte's account. You and I have reason to interest ourselves very particularly in everything that relates to him. I am glad, however, that no bone is broken or dislocated; which being the case, I hope he will have been able to pursue his journey to Venice. In that supposition I direct this letter to you at Turin; where it will either find, or at least, not wait very long for you; as I calculate that you will be there by the end of next month, N. S. I hope you reflect how much you have to do there, and that you are determined to employ every moment of your time accordingly. You have your classical and severer studies to continue with Mr. Harte; you have your exercises to learn; the turn and manners of a court to acquire; reserving always some time for the decent amusements and pleasures of a gentleman. You see I am never against pleasures; I loved them myself, when I was of your age, and it is as reasonable that you should love them now. But I *insist* upon it, that pleasures are very combinable with both

business and studies, and have a much better relish from the mixture. The man who cannot join business and pleasure, is either a formal coxcomb in the one, or a sensual beast in the other. Your evenings I therefore allot for company, assemblies, balls, and such sort of amusement; as I look upon those to be the best schools for the manners of a gentleman, which nothing can give but use, observation and experience. You have, besides, Italian to learn, to which I desire you will diligently apply; for though French is, I believe, the language of the court at Turin, yet Italian will be very necessary for you at Rome, and in other parts of Italy; and if you are well grounded in it while you are at Turin (as you easily may, for it is a very easy language), your subsequent stay at Rome will make you perfect in it. I would also have you acquire a general notion of fortification; I mean so far as not to be ignorant of the terms, which you will often hear mentioned in company; such as *Ravelin*, *Bastion*, *Glacis*, *Contrescarpe*, etc. In order to do this, I do not propose that you should make a study of fortification, as if you were to be an engineer; but a very easy way of knowing as much as you need know of them, will be to visit often the fortifications of Turin, in company with some old officer or engineer, who will show and explain to you the several works themselves; by which means you will get a clearer notion of them than if you were to see them only upon paper for seven years together. Go to originals whenever you can, and trust to copies and descriptions as little as possible. At your idle hours, while you are at Turin, pray read the History of the House of Savoy, which has produced a great many very great men. The late king, Victor Amédée, was undoubtedly one, and the present king¹ is, in my opinion, another. In general, I believe that little princes are more likely to be great men than those whose more extensive dominions and superior strength flatter them with a security which commonly produces negligence and idolence. A little prince, in the neighbourhood of great ones, must be alert, and look out sharp, if he would secure his own dominions: much more still if he would enlarge them. He must watch for conjunctures, or endeavour to make them. No princes have ever possessed this art better than those of

¹[Charles Emanuel, who had succeeded to the throne in 1730 on his father's resignation.]

the House of Savoy; who have enlarged their dominions prodigiously within a century, by profiting of conjunctures.

I send you here enclosed a letter from Comte Lascaris, who is a warm friend of yours: I desire that you will answer it very soon and cordially; and remember to make your compliments in it to Comte du Perron. A young man should never be wanting in those attentions; they cost little, and bring in a great deal, by getting you people's good word and affection. They gain the heart, to which I have always advised you to apply yourself particularly; it guides ten thousand for one that reason influences.

I cannot end this letter, or (I believe) any other, without repeating my recommendation of *the Graces*. They are to be met with at Turin: for God's sake sacrifice to them, and they will be propitious. People mistake grossly, to imagine that the least awkwardness, either in matter or manner, mind or body, is an indifferent thing, and not worthy of attention. It may possibly be a weakness in me (but in short we are all so made): I confess to you fairly, that when you shall come home, and that I first see you, if I find you ungraceful in your address, and awkward in your person and dress, it will be impossible for me to love you half so well as I should otherwise do, let your intrinsic merit and knowledge be ever so great. If that would be your case with me, as it really would, judge how much worse it might be with others, who have not the same affection and partiality for you, and to whose hearts you must make your own way.

Remember to write to me constantly, while you are in Italy, in the German language and character, till you can write to me in Italian; which will not be till you have been some time at Rome.

Adieu, my dear boy: may you turn out what Mr. Harte and I wish you. I must add, that if you do not, it will be both your own fault and your own misfortune.

LETTER CLXXXII

LONDON, May 15, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: This letter will, I hope, find you settled to your serious studies and your necessary exercises at Turin, after the *hurry* and the dissipation of the Carnival at Venice. I mean that

your stay at Turin should, and I flatter myself that it will, be an useful and ornamental period of your education ; but at the same time I must tell you, that all my affection for you has never yet given me so much anxiety, as that which I now feel. While you are in danger, I shall be in fear ; and you are in danger at Turin. Mr. Harte will, by his care, arm you as well as he can against it ; but your own good sense and resolution can alone make you invulnerable. I am informed there are now many English at the Academy at Turin ; and I fear, those are just so many dangers for you to encounter. Who they are, I do not know ; but I well know the general ill conduct, the indecent behaviour, and the illiberal views, of my young countrymen abroad ; especially wherever they are in numbers together. Ill example is of itself dangerous enough ; but those who give it, seldom stop there ; they add their infamous exhortations and invitations ; and if they fail, they have recourse to ridicule, which is harder for one of your age and inexperience to withstand, than either of the former. Be upon your guard, therefore, against these batteries, which will all be played upon you. You are not sent abroad to converse with your own countrymen : among them, in general, you will get little knowledge, no languages, and I am sure, no manners. I desire that you will form no connections, nor (what they impudently call) friendships, with these people ; which are, in truth, only combinations and conspiracies against good morals and good manners. There is commonly, in young people, a facility that makes them unwilling to refuse anything that is asked of them ; a *mauvaise honte*, that makes them ashamed to refuse ; and at the same time, an ambition of pleasing and shining in the company they keep : these several causes produce the best effect in good company, but the very worst in bad. If people had no vices but their own, few would have so many as they have. For my own part, I would sooner wear other people's clothes than their vices ; and they would sit upon me just as well. I hope you will have none ; but if ever you have, I beg, at least, they may be all your own. Vices of adoption are, of all others, the most disgraceful and unpardonable. There are degrees in vices, as well as in virtues ; and I must do my countrymen the justice to say, that they generally take their vices in the lower degree. Their gallantry is the infamous mean debauchery of

stews, justly attended and rewarded by the loss of their health, as well as their character. Their pleasures of the table end in beastly drunkenness, low riot, broken windows, and very often (as they well deserve) broken bones. They game for the sake of the vice, not of the amusement; and therefore carry it to excess; undo, or are undone by their companions. By such conduct, and in such company abroad, they come home, the unimproved, illiberal, and ungentlemanlike creatures, that one daily sees them, that is, in the park and in the streets, for one never meets them in good company; where they have neither manners to present themselves, nor merit to be received. But with the manners of footmen and grooms, they assume their dress too; for you must have observed them in the streets here, in dirty blue frocks, with oaken sticks in their hands, and their hair greasy and unpowdered, tucked up under their hats of an enormous size. Thus finished and adorned by their travels, they became the disturbers of play-houses; they break the windows, and commonly the landlords, of the taverns where they drink: and are at once the support, the terror, and the victims, of the bawdy-houses they frequent. These poor mistaken people think they shine, and so they do indeed; but it is as putrefaction shines, in the dark.

I am not now preaching to you, like an old fellow, upon either religious or moral texts; I am persuaded that you do not want the best instructions of that kind: but I am advising you as a friend, as a man of the world, as one who would not have you old while you are young, but would have you to take all the pleasures that reason points out, and that decency warrants. I will therefore suppose, for argument's sake (for upon no other account can it be supposed), that all the vices above mentioned were perfectly innocent in themselves: they would still degrade, vilify, and sink those who practised them; would obstruct their rising in the world, by debasing their characters; and give them a low turn of mind and manners, absolutely inconsistent with their making any figure in upper life, and great business.

What I have now said, together with your own good sense, is, I hope, sufficient to arm you against the seduction, the invitations, or the profligate exhortations (for I cannot call them temptations) of those unfortunate young people. On the other hand, when

they would engage you in these schemes, content yourself with a decent but steady refusal; avoid controversy upon such plain points. You are too young to convert them; and, I trust, too wise to be converted by them. Shun them not only in reality, but even in appearance, if you would be well received in good company; for people will always be shy of receiving a man who comes from a place where the plague rages, let him look ever so healthy. There are some expressions, both in French and English, and some characters, both in those two and in other countries, which have, I dare say, misled many young men to their ruin. *Une honnête débauche, une jolie débauche; an agreeable rake, a man of pleasure.* Do not think that this means debauchery and profligacy: nothing like it. It means, at most, the accidental and unfrequent irregularities of youth and vivacity, in opposition to dulness, formality, and want of spirit. A *commerce galant*, insensibly formed with a woman of fashion; a glass of wine or two too much, unwarily taken, in the warmth and joy of good company; or some innocent frolic, by which nobody is injured, are the utmost bounds of that life of pleasure, which a man of sense and decency, who has a regard for his character, will allow himself, or be allowed by others. Those who transgress them in the hopes of shining, miss their aim, and become infamous, or at least contemptible.

The length or shortness of your stay at Turin will sufficiently inform me (even though Mr. Harte should not) of your conduct there; for as I have told you before, Mr. Harte has the strictest orders to carry you away immediately from thence, upon the first and least symptom of infection that he discovers about you; and I know him to be too conscientiously scrupulous, and too much your friend and mine, not to execute them exactly. Moreover, I will inform you, that I shall have constant accounts of your behaviour from Comte Salmour, the Governor of the Academy; whose son is now here, and my particular friend. I have also other good channels of intelligence, of which I do not apprise you. But supposing that all turns out well at Turin, yet, as I propose your being at Rome for the Jubilee at Christmas, I desire that you will apply yourself diligently to your exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding at the Academy; as well for the sake of your health and growth, as to fashion and supple you.

You must not neglect your dress neither, but take care to be *bien mis*. Pray send for the best operator for the teeth at Turin, where I suppose there is some famous one; and let him put yours in perfect order; and then take care to keep them so, afterwards, yourself. You had very good teeth, and I hope they are so still; but even those who have bad ones, should keep them clean; for a dirty mouth is, in my mind, ill manners. In short, neglect nothing that can possibly please. A thousand nameless little things, which nobody can describe, but which everybody feels, conspire to form that *whole* of pleasing; as the several pieces of a Mosaic work, though separately of little beauty or value, when properly joined, form those beautiful figures which please everybody. A look, a gesture, an attitude, a tone of voice, all bear their parts in the great work of pleasing. The art of pleasing is more particularly necessary in your intended profession, than perhaps in any other; it is, in truth, the first half of your business; for if you do not please the court you are sent to, you will be of very little use to the court you are sent from. Please the eyes and the ears, they will introduce you to the heart; and nine times in ten, the heart governs the understanding.

Make your court particularly, and show distinguished attentions, to such men and women as are best at court, highest in the fashion, and in the opinion of the public; speak advantageously of them behind their backs, in companies whom you have reason to believe will tell them again. Express your admiration of the many great men that the House of Savoy has produced: observe, that nature, instead of being exhausted by those efforts, seems to have redoubled them, in the person of the present King, and the Duke of Savoy; wonder, at this rate, where it will end, and conclude that it must end in the government of all Europe. Say this, likewise, where it will probably be repeated; but say it unaffectedly, and the last especially, with a kind of *enjouement*. These little arts are very allowable, and must be made use of in the course of the world; they are pleasing to one party, useful to the other, and injurious to nobody.

What I have said with regard to my countrymen in general, does not extend to them all without exception; there are some

who have both merit and manners. Your friend Mr. Stevens is among the latter; and I approve of your connection with him. You may happen to meet with some others, whose friendship may be of great use to you hereafter, either from their superior talents, or their rank and fortune; cultivate them: but then I desire that Mr. Harte may be the judge of those persons.

Adieu, my dear child! Consider seriously the importance of the two next years, to your character, your figure, and your fortune.

LETTER CLXXXIII

LONDON, *May 22, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: I recommended to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those who, to make their own court much more than for your sake, will not fail to repeat and even amplify the praise to the party concerned. This is, of all flattery, the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practises the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world reminds us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principal of these things is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind and serenity of countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave, or pert coxcomb; the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which

you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living. The latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves. You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection, if properly used, will get the better: and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion or madness (for I see no difference between them, but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word, while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible; which steadiness you may get a habit of by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of those men of warm, quick passions; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations, I would extort rash unguarded expressions; and by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. *Volto sciolto con pensieri stretti*,¹ is a most useful maxim in business. It is so necessary at some games, such as *Berlan*, *Quinze*, etc., that a man who had not the command of his temper and countenance, would infallibly be outdone by those who had, even though they played fair. Whereas, in business, you always play with sharpers; to whom, at least, you should give no fair advantages. It may be objected, that I am now recommending dissimulation to you; I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*: I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation, no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal: that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made use of but by those who have not true

¹["Looks loose, with thoughts close." A maxim often quoted by Lord Chesterfield.—See note to Letter CLXVI.]

wisdom. And the same great man says, that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is put on, in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke, in his *Idea of a Patriot King*,¹ which he has lately published, and which I will send you by the first opportunity, says very justly, that simulation is a *stiletto*, not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, and the use of it very rarely to be excused, never justified. Whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour; and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business, without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in business without secrecy. He goes on, and says that those two arts, of dissimulation and secrecy, are like the alloy mingled with pure ore: a little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed (that is, simulation and cunning), the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper and your countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible; and as a man of sense never attempts impossibilities on one hand, on the other, he is never discouraged by difficulties: on the contrary, he redoubles his industry and his diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any point which prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest utility attends, let difficulties only animate your industry, not deter you from the pursuit. If one way has failed, try another; be active, persevere, and you will conquer. Some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing; but in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skilfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several

¹[*The Idea of a Patriot King*, by Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), was dated 1738, and was called forth by the dissensions between the Prince of Wales and his father. The manuscript was entrusted to Pope, but not published. On Pope's death, in 1744, Bolingbroke discovered that the poet had secretly printed fifteen hundred copies of *The Patriot King*. His indignation was aroused; he determined to publish a correct edition. David Mallet edited the book, and was said to be the author of the preface, attacking Pope for breach of faith. Warburton retorted, and Bolingbroke replied, or inspired a reply, to the retort. The controversy closed with a letter of unknown authorship, "to the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, occasioned by his treatment of a deceased friend".]

weak places. The time should likewise be judiciously chosen ; every man has his *mollia tempora*, but that is far from being all day long ; and you would choose your time very ill, if you applied to a man about one business, when his head was full of another, or when his heart was full of grief, anger, or any other disagreeable sentiment.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own ; for men in general are very much alike ; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same ; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others, will *mutatis mutandis* engage, disgust, please, or offend others, in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will ; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance, do you find yourself hurt and mortified when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority, in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune ? You will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship, you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wish to engage and please ? Surely not, and I hope you wish to engage and please, almost universally. The temptation of saying a smart and witty thing, or *bon mot* ; and the malicious applause with which it is commonly received ; has made people who can say them, and, still oftener, people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other thing that I know of. When such things, then, shall happen to be said at your expense (as sometimes they certainly will), reflect seriously upon the sentiments of uneasiness, anger, and resentment, which they excite in you ; and consider whether it can be prudent, by the same means, to excite the same sentiments in others against you. It is a decided folly to lose a friend for a jest ; but in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person, for the sake of a *bon mot*. When things of this kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent way is to seem not to suppose that they are meant at you, but

to dissemble and conceal whatever degree of anger you may feel inwardly ; but should they be so plain that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their meaning, to join in the laugh of the company against yourself ; acknowledge the hit to be a fair one, and the jest a good one, and play off the whole thing in seeming good humour ; but by no means reply in the same way ; which only shows that you are hurt, and publishes the victory which you might have concealed. Should the thing said, indeed, injure your honour or moral character, there is but one proper reply ; which I hope you never will have occasion to make.

As the female part of the world has some influence, and often too much, over the male, your conduct with regard to women (I mean women of fashion, for I cannot suppose you capable of conversing with any others), deserves some share in your reflections. They are a numerous and loquacious body : their hatred would be more prejudicial than their friendship can be advantageous to you. A general complaisance and attention to that sex is therefore established by custom and certainly necessary. But where you would particularly please any one, whose situation, interest, or connections, can be of use to you, you must show particular preference. The least attentions please, the greatest charm them. The innocent but pleasing flattery of their persons, however gross, is greedily swallowed and kindly digested : but a seeming regard for their understandings, a seeming desire of, and deference for, their advice, together with a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, turns their heads entirely in your favour. Nothing shocks them so much as the least appearance of that contempt which they are apt to suspect men of entertaining of their capacities ; and you may be very sure of gaining their friendship if you seem to think it worth gaining. Here dissimulation is very often necessary, and even simulation sometimes allowable ; which, as it pleases them, may be useful to you, and is injurious to nobody.

This torn sheet,¹ which I did not observe when I began upon it, as it alters the figure, shortens too the length of my letter. It may very well afford it : my anxiety for you carries me in-

¹ The original is written upon a sheet of paper, the corner of which is torn.

sensibly to these lengths. I am apt to flatter myself, that my experience, at the latter end of my life, may be of use to you at the beginning of yours; and I do not grudge the greatest trouble, if it can procure you the least advantage. I even repeat frequently the same things, the better to imprint them on your young, and I suppose, yet giddy mind; and I shall think that part of my time the best employed, that contributes to make you employ yours well. God bless you, child!

LETTER CLXXXIV

LONDON, *June 16, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: I do not guess where this letter will find you, but I hope it will find you well: I direct it eventually to Laubach; from whence I suppose you have taken care to have your letters sent after you. I received no account from Mr. Harte by last post, and the mail due this day is not yet come in: so that my informations come down no lower than the 2d June, N. S., the date of Mr. Harte's last letter. As I am now easy about your health, I am only curious about your motions, which, I hope, have been either to Inspruck or Verona; for I disapprove extremely of your proposed long and troublesome journey to Switzerland. Wherever you may be, I recommend to you to get as much Italian as you can, before you go either to Rome or Naples: a little will be of great use to you upon the road; and the knowledge of the grammatical part, which you can easily acquire in two or three months, will not only facilitate your progress, but accelerate your perfection in that language, when you go to those places where it is generally spoken; as Naples, Rome, Florence, etc.

Should the state of your health not yet admit of your usual application to books, you may, in a great degree, and I hope you will, repair that loss, by useful and instructive conversations with Mr. Harte: you may, for example, desire him to give you, in conversation, the outlines, at least, of Mr. Locke's *Logic*; a general notion of ethics, and a verbal epitome of rhetoric; of all which Mr. Harte will give you clearer ideas in half an hour, by word of mouth, than the books of most of the dull fellows *who have written upon those subjects would do in a week.*

I have waited so long for the post, which I hoped would come, that the post, which is just going out, obliges me to cut this letter short. God bless you, my dear child! and restore you soon to perfect health!

My compliments to Mr. Harte; to whose care your life is the least thing that you owe.

LETTER CLXXXV

LONDON, *June 22, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: The outside of your letter of the 7th, N. S., directed by your own hand, gave me more pleasure than the inside of any other letter ever did. I received it yesterday at the same time with one from Mr. Harte of the 6th. They arrived at a very proper time, for they found a consultation of physicians in my room, upon account of a fever which I had for four or five days, but which has now entirely left me. As Mr. Harte says, *that your lungs now and then give you a little pain; and that your swellings come and go variably;* but as he mentions nothing of your coughing, spitting, or sweating, the doctors take it for granted, that you are entirely free from those three bad symptoms: and from thence conclude, that the pain which you sometimes feel upon your lungs, is only symptomatical of your rheumatic disorder, from the pressure of the muscles, which hinders the free play of the lungs. But, however, as the lungs are a point of the utmost importance and delicacy, they insist upon your drinking, in all events, asses' milk twice a day, and goats' whey as often as you please, the oftener the better: in your common diet, they recommend an attention to pectorals, such as sago, barley, turnips, etc. These rules are equally good in rheumatic as in consumptive cases; you will therefore, I hope, strictly observe them; for I take it for granted that you are above the silly likings or dislikings, in which silly people indulge their tastes, at the expense of their healths.

I approve of your going to Venice, as much as I disapproved of your going to Switzerland. I suppose that you are by this time arrived; and in that supposition, I direct this letter there. But if you should find the heat too great, or the water offensive,

at this time of the year, I would have you go immediately to Verona, and stay there till the great heats are over, before you return to Venice.

The time which you will probably pass at Venice will allow you to make yourself master of that intricate and singular form of government, of which few of our travellers know anything. Read, ask, and see everything that is relative to it. There are likewise many valuable remains of the remotest antiquity, and many fine pieces of the *Antico Moderno*; all which deserve a different sort of attention from that which your countrymen commonly give them. They go to see them, as they go to see the lions, and kings on horseback, at the Tower here, only to say that they have seen them. You will, I am sure, view them in another light; you will consider them as you would a poem, to which indeed they are akin. You will observe whether the sculptor has animated his stone, or the painter his canvas, into the just expression of those sentiments and passions which should characterise and mark their several figures. You will examine, likewise, whether in their groups there be an unity of action, or proper relation; a truth of dress and manners. Sculpture and painting are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed even above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country. The Venetian school produced many great painters, such as Paul Veronese, Titian, Palma, etc., of whom you will see, as well in private houses as in churches, very fine pieces. The Last Supper, of Paul Veronese, in the church of St. George, is reckoned his capital performance, and deserves your attention; as does also the famous picture of the Cornaro family, by Titian. A taste for sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste for fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry; the latter, with nothing that I know of, but bad company.

Learn Italian as fast as ever you can, that you may be able to understand it tolerably, and speak it a little, before you go to Rome and Naples. There are many good historians in that

language, and excellent translations of the ancient Greek and Latin authors ; which are called the *Collana* ; but the only two Italian poets that deserve your acquaintance, are Ariosto and Tasso ; and they undoubtedly have great merit.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, and tell him that I have consulted about his leg, and that if it was only a sprain, he ought to keep a tight bandage about the part, for a considerable time, and do nothing else to it. Adieu ! *Jubeo te bene valere.*

LETTER CLXXXVI

LONDON, July 6, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : As I am now no longer in pain about your health, which I trust is perfectly restored ; and as, by the various accounts I have had of you, I need not be in pain about your learning ; our correspondence may, for the future, turn upon less important points, comparatively, though still very important ones : I mean, the knowledge of the world, decorum, manners, address, and all those (commonly called little) accomplishments, which are absolutely necessary to give greater accomplishments their full value and lustre.

Had I the admirable ring of Gyges, which rendered the wearer invisible ; and had I, at the same time, those magic powers, which were very common formerly, but are now very scarce, of transporting myself, by a wish, to any given place ; my first expedition would be to Venice, there to *reconnoitre* you, unseen myself. I would first take you in the morning, at breakfast with Mr. Harte, and attend to your natural and unguarded conversation with him ; from whence, I think, I could pretty well judge of your natural turn of mind. How I should rejoice if I overheard you asking him pertinent questions upon useful subjects ! or making judicious reflections upon the studies of that morning, or the occurrences of the former day ! Then I would follow you into the different companies of the day, and carefully observe in what manner you presented yourself to, and behaved yourself with, men of sense and dignity ; whether your address was respectful, and yet easy ; your air modest, and yet unembarrassed ; and I would, at the same time, penetrate

into their thoughts, in order to know whether your first *abond* made that advantageous impression upon their fancies, which a certain address, air, and manners, never fail doing. I would afterwards follow you to the mixed companies of the evening; such as assemblies, suppers, etc., and there watch if you trifled gracefully and genteelly: if your good breeding and politeness made way for your parts and knowledge. With what pleasure should I hear people cry out, *Che garbato Cavaliere, com' è pulito, disinvolto, spiritoso!* If all these things turned out to my mind, I would immediately assume my own shape, become visible, and embrace you: but if the contrary happened, I would preserve my invisibility, make the best of my way home again, and sink my disappointment upon you and the world. As, unfortunately, these supernatural powers of Genii, Fairies, Sylphs, and Gnomes, have had the fate of the oracles they succeeded, and have ceased for some time, I must content myself (till we meet naturally, and in the common way), with Mr. Harte's written accounts of you, and the verbal ones which I now and then receive from people who have seen you. However, I believe it would do you no harm, if you would always imagine that I were present, and saw and heard everything you did and said.

There is a certain concurrence of various little circumstances, which compose what the French call *l'aimable*; and which, now that you are entering into the world, you ought to make it your particular study to acquire. Without them, your learning will be pedantry, your conversation often improper, always unpleasant, and your figure, however good in itself, awkward and unengaging. A diamond, while rough, has indeed its intrinsic value; but, till polished, is of no use, and would neither be sought for nor worn. Its great lustre, it is true, proceeds from its solidity, and strong cohesion of parts; but without the last polish, it would remain for ever a dirty, rough mineral, in the cabinets of some few curious collectors. You have, I hope, that solidity and cohesion of parts; take now as much pains to get the lustre. Good company, if you make the right use of it, will cut you into shape, and give you the true brilliant polish. *A propos* of diamonds; I have sent you, by Sir James Gray, the King's Minister, who will be at Venice about the middle of September, my own diamond buckles; which are fitter for your young feet, than for my old

ones : they will properly adorn you ; they would only expose me. If Sir James finds anybody whom he can trust, and who will be at Venice before him, he will send them by that person ; but if he should not, and that you should be gone from Venice before he gets there, he will in that case give them to your banker, Monsieur Cornet, to forward to you, wherever you may then be. You are now of an age, at which the adorning your person is not only not ridiculous, but proper and becoming. Negligence would imply either an indifference about pleasing, or else an insolent security of pleasing, without using those means to which others are obliged to have recourse. A thorough cleanliness in your person is as necessary, for your own health, as it is not to be offensive to other people. Washing yourself, and rubbing your body and limbs frequently with a flesh-brush, will conduce as much to health as to cleanliness. A particular attention to the cleanliness of your mouth, teeth, hands, and nails, is but common decency, in order not to offend people's eyes and noses.

I send you here enclosed a letter of recommendation to the Duke of Nivernois,¹ the French Ambassador at Rome ; who is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest men I ever knew in my life. I do not know a better model for you to form yourself upon ; pray observe and frequent him as much as you can. He will show you what manners and graces are. I shall, by successive posts, send you more letters, both for Rome and Naples, where it will be your own fault entirely, if you do not keep the very best company.

As you will meet swarms of Germans wherever you go, I desire that you will constantly converse with them in their own language, which will improve you in that language, and be, at the same time, an agreeable piece of civility to them.

Your stay in Italy will, I do not doubt, make you critically master of Italian ; I know it may, if you please, for it is a very regular, and consequently a very easy language. Adieu ! God bless you !

¹[Louis Jules Mancini, Duc de Nivernois, afterwards Ambassador to England (1716-98). Besides the "manners and graces," for which Lord Chesterfield extols him, he was remarkable for combining, like Lord Chesterfield himself, though in a much less eminent degree, literary taste with political distinction. M.]

LETTER CLXXXVII

LONDON, *July 20, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: I wrote to Mr. Harte last Monday, the 17th, O. S., in answer to his letter of the 20th June, N. S., which I had received but the day before, after an interval of eight posts; during which, I did not know whether you or he existed, and indeed I began to think that you did not. By that letter you ought at this time to be at Venice; where I hope you are arrived in perfect health, after the baths of Tieffer, in case you have made use of them. I hope they are not hot baths, if your lungs are still tender.

Your friend, the Comte d'Einsiedlen, is arrived here: he has been at my door, and I have been at his; but we have not yet met. He will dine with me some day this week. Comte Las-caris inquires after you very frequently, and with great affection; pray answer the letter which I forwarded to you a great while ago from him. You may enclose your answer to me, and I will take care to give it him. Those attentions ought never to be omitted; they cost little, and please a great deal; but the neglect of them offends more than you can yet imagine. Great merit, or great failings, will make you respected or despised; but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done, or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked, in the general run of the world. Examine yourself why you like such and such people, and dislike such and such others; and you will find, that those different sentiments proceed from very slight causes. Moral virtues are the foundation of society in general, and of friendship in particular; but attentions, manners, and graces, both adorn and strengthen them. My heart is so set upon your pleasing, and consequently succeeding, in the world, that possibly I have already (and probably shall again) repeat the same things over and over to you. However, to err, if I do err, on the surer side, I shall continue to communicate to you those observations upon the world which long experience has enabled me to make, and which I have generally found to hold true. Your youth and talents, armed with my experience, may go a great way; and that armour is very much at your service, if you please to

wear it. I premise that it is not my imagination, but my memory, that gives you these rules : I am not writing pretty, but useful reflections. A man of sense soon discovers, because he carefully observes, where, and how long, he is welcome ; and takes care to leave the company, at least as soon as he is wished out of it. Fools never perceive where they are either ill-timed or ill-placed.

I am this moment agreeably stopped, in the course of my reflections, by the arrival of Mr. Harte's letter of the 13th July, N. S., to Mr. Grevenkop, with one enclosed for your Mamma. I find by it that many of his and your letters to me must have miscarried ; for he says, that I have had regular accounts of you : whereas all those accounts have been only, his letter of the 6th and yours of the 7th June, N. S. ; his of the 20th June, N. S., to me ; and now his of the 13th July, N. S., to Mr. Grevenkop. However, since you are so well, as Mr. Harte says you are, all is well. I am extremely glad that you have no complaint upon your lungs ; but I desire that you will think you have, for three or four months to come. Keep in a course of asses' or goats' milk, for one is as good as the other, and possibly the latter is the best ; and let your common food be as pectoral as you can conveniently make it. Pray tell Mr. Harte that, according to his desire, I have wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Firmian. I hope you write to him too, from time to time. The letters of recommendation of a man of his merit and learning will, to be sure, be of great use to you among the learned world in Italy ; that is, provided you take care to keep up to the character he gives you in them ; otherwise they will only add to your disgrace.

Consider that you have lost a good deal of time by your illness ; fetch it up now that you are well. At present you should be a good economist of your moments, of which company and sights will claim a considerable share ; so that those which remain for study must be not only attentively, but greedily employed. But indeed I do not suspect you of one single moment's idleness in the whole day. Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools. I do not call good company and liberal pleasures, idleness ; far from it : I recommend to you a good share of both.

I send you here enclosed a letter for Cardinal Alexander Albani,¹ which you will give him, as soon as you get to Rome, and before you deliver any others; the Purple expects that preference; go next to the Duc de Nivernois, to whom you are recommended by several people at Paris, as well as by myself. Then you may carry your other letters occasionally.

Remember to pry narrowly into every part of the government of Venice: inform yourself of the History of that Republic, especially of its most remarkable æras; such as the *Ligue de Cambray*, in 1509, by which it had like to have been destroyed; and the conspiracy formed by the Marquis de Bedmar, the Spanish Ambassador, to subject it to the Crown of Spain. The famous disputes between that Republic and the Pope are worth your knowledge; and the writings of the celebrated and learned *Fra Paolo di Sarpi*,² upon that occasion, worth your reading. It was once the greatest commercial power in Europe, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries made a considerable figure; but at present its commerce is decayed, and its riches consequently decreased; and far from meddling now with the affairs of the Continent, it owes its security to its neutrality and inefficiency; and that security will last no longer, than till one of the great Powers in Europe engrosses the rest of Italy; an event which this century possibly may, but which the next probably will see.

Your friend Comte d'Einsiedlen, and his Governor, have been with me this moment, and delivered me your letter from Berlin, of February the 28th, N. S. I like them both so well, that I am glad you did; and still more glad to hear what they say of you, Go on, and continue to deserve the praises of those who deserve praises themselves. Adieu.

I break open this letter to acknowledge yours of the 30th June, N. S., which I have but this instant received, though

¹[Alexander Albani, of the Urbino branch of the ancient Albani family, was born in 1692, and was nephew of Pope Clement the Eleventh. He was raised to the Cardinalate in 1721, and was made librarian of the Vatican. He went with much splendour of retinue as Nuncio to the Emperor. The Cardinal was remarkable for exquisite taste, learning, and love of literature, and he spent the greater part of his fortune in the purchase of works of art.]

²[See note to Letter CXCVII.]

thirteen days antecedent in date to Mr. Harte's last. I never in my life heard of bathing four hours a day; and I am impatient to hear of your safe arrival at Venice, after so extraordinary an operation.

LETTER CLXXXVIII

LONDON, July 30, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: Mr. Harte's letters and yours drop in upon me most irregularly; for I received, by the last post, one from Mr. Harte, of the 9th, N. S., and that which Mr. Grevenkop had received from him, the post before, was the 13th; at last, I suppose, I shall receive them all.

I am very glad that my letter, with Dr. Shaw's opinion, has lessened your bathing; for since I was born, I never heard of bathing four hours a day; which would surely be too much, even in Medea's kettle, if you wanted (as you do not yet) new boiling.

Though, in that letter of mine, I proposed your going to Inspruck, it was only in opposition to Lausanne, which I thought much too long and painful a journey for you; but you will have found, by my subsequent letters, that I entirely approved of Venice; where I hope you have now been some time, and which is a much better place for you to reside at, till you go to Naples, than either Tieffer or Laubach. I love capitals extremely; it is in capitals that the best company is always to be found; and consequently, the best manners to be learned. The very best provincial places have some awkwardnesses, that distinguish their manners from those of the metropolis. *A propos* of capitals, I send you here two letters of recommendation to Naples, from Monsieur Finochetti, the Neapolitan Minister at the Hague; and in my next I shall send you two more, from the same person, to the same place.

I have examined Comte Einsiedlen so narrowly concerning you, that I have extorted from him a confession, that you do not care to speak German, unless to such as understand no other language. At this rate, you will never speak it well, which I am very desirous that you should do, and of which you would,

in time, find the advantage. Whoever has not the command of a language, and does not speak it with facility, will always appear below himself, when he converses in that language; the want of words and phrases will cramp and lame his thoughts. As you now know German enough to express yourself tolerably, speaking it very often will soon make you speak it very well: and then you will appear in it whatever you are. What with your own Saxon servant and the swarms of Germans you will meet with wherever you go, you may have opportunities of conversing in that language half the day; and I do very seriously desire that you will, or else all the pains that you have already taken about it are lost. You will remember likewise, that till you can write in Italian, you are always to write to me in German.

Mr. Harte's conjecture concerning your distemper seems to be a very reasonable one; it agrees entirely with mine, which is the universal rule by which every man judges of another man's opinion. But whatever may have been the cause of your rheumatic disorder, the effects are still to be attended to; and as there must be a remaining acrimony in your blood, you ought to have regard to that, in your common diet as well as in your medicines; both which should be of a sweetening alkaline nature, and promotive of perspiration. Rheumatic complaints are very apt to return, and those returns would be very vexatious and detrimental to you, at your age, and in your course of travels. Your time is, now particularly, inestimable; and every hour of it, at present, worth more than a year will be to you twenty years hence. You are now laying the foundation of your future character and fortune; and one single stone wanting in that foundation is of more consequence than fifty in the superstructure; which can always be mended and embellished if the foundation is solid. To carry on the metaphor of building: I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate. The Tuscan column is coarse, clumsy, and unpleasant; nobody looks at it twice; the Corinthian fluted column is beautiful and attractive; but without a solid foundation, can hardly be seen twice, because it must soon tumble down. Yours affectionately,

LETTER CLXXXIX

LONDON, August 7, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: By Mr. Harte's letter to me of the 18th July, N. S., which I received by the last post, I am at length informed of the particulars both of your past distemper, and of your future motions. As to the former, I am now convinced, and so is Dr. Shaw, that your lungs were only symptomatically affected; and that the rheumatic tendency is what you are chiefly now to guard against, but (for greater security) with due attention still to your lungs, as if they had been, and still were, a little affected. In either case, a cooling, pectoral regimen is equally good. By cooling, I mean cooling in its consequences, not cold to the palate; for nothing is more dangerous than very cold liquors, at the very time that one longs for them the most; which is, when one is very hot. Fruit, when full ripe, is very wholesome; but then it must be within certain bounds as to quantity; for I have known many of my countrymen die of bloody-fluxes, by indulging in too great a quantity of fruit, in those countries where, from the goodness and ripeness of it, they thought it could do them no harm. *Ne quid nimis*, is a most excellent rule in everything; but commonly the least observed, by people of your age, in anything.

As to your future motions, I am very well pleased with them, and greatly prefer your intended stay at Verona, to Venice, whose almost stagnating waters must, at this time of the year, corrupt the air. Verona has a pure and clear air, and, as I am informed, a great deal of good company. Marquis Maffei,¹ alone, would be worth going there for. You may, I think, very well leave Verona about the middle of September, when the great heats will be quite over, and then make the best of your way to Naples; where, I own, I want to have you by way of precaution (I hope it is rather over caution), in case of the last remains of a pulmonic disorder. The amphitheatre at Verona is worth your

¹[At the age of twenty-seven Francesco Scipione Maffei, a celebrated Italian writer, and a marquis (1675-1755), distinguished himself at Verona by publicly supporting a thesis on love, in which ladies were the judges and assessors; and he at the same time displayed his talents for gallantry, eloquence and poetry.]

attention ; as are also many buildings there and at Vicenza, of the famous Andrea Palladio,¹ whose taste and style of buildings were truly *antique*. It would not be amiss, if you employed three or four days in learning the five orders of Architecture, with their general proportions ; and you may know all that you need know of them in that time. Palladio's own book of Architecture is the best you can make use of for that purpose, skipping over the lowest mechanical part of it, such as the materials, the cement, etc.

Mr. Harte tells me, that your acquaintance with the Classics is renewed ; the suspension of which has been so short, that I dare say it has produced no coldness. I hope and believe, you are now so much master of them, that two hours every day, uninterruptedly, for a year or two more, will make you perfectly so ; and I think you cannot now allot them a greater share than that of your time, considering the many other things you have to learn and to do. You must know how to speak and write Italian perfectly : you must learn some Logic, some Geometry, and some Astronomy ; not to mention your Exercises, where they are to be learned ; and above all, you must learn the World, which is not soon learned ; and only to be learned by frequenting good and various companies.

Consider, therefore, how precious every moment of time is to you now. The more you apply to your business, the more you will taste your pleasures. The exercise of the mind in the morning whets the appetite for the pleasures of the evening, as much as the exercise of the body whets the appetite for dinner. Business and pleasure, rightly understood, mutually assist each other ; instead of being enemies, as silly or dull people often think them. No man tastes pleasures truly, who does not earn them by previous business ; and few people do business well, who do nothing else. Remember that when I speak of pleasures, I always mean the elegant pleasures of a rational being, and not the brutal ones of a swine. I mean *la bonne chère*, short of gluttony ; wine, infinitely short of drunkenness ; play, without the least gaming ; and gallantry, without debauchery. There is a line in all these things, which men of sense, for greater security,

¹[Andrea Palladio, born in Vicenza in 1518, died in 1580.]

take care to keep a good deal on the right side of; for sickness, pain, contempt and infamy, lie immediately on the other side of it. Men of sense and merit, in all other respects, may have had some of these failings; but then those few examples, instead of inviting us to imitation, should only put us the more upon our guard against such weaknesses: and whoever thinks them fashionable, will not be so himself; I have often known a fashionable man have some one vice; but I never in my life knew a vicious man a fashionable man. Vice is as degrading as it is criminal. God bless you, my dear child!

LETTER CXC

LONDON, *August 30, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: Let us resume our reflections upon men, their characters, their manners, in a word, our reflections upon the world. They may help you to form yourself, and to know others; a knowledge very useful at all ages, very rare at yours. It seems as if it were nobody's business to communicate it to young men. Their masters teach them, singly, the languages, or the sciences of their several departments; and are indeed generally incapable of teaching them the world: their parents are often so too, or at least neglect doing it; either from avocations, indifference, or from an opinion, that throwing them into the world (as they call it) is the best way of teaching it them. This last notion is in a great degree true; that is, the world can doubtless never be well known by theory: practice is absolutely necessary; but surely it is of great use to a young man, before he sets out for that country, full of mazes, windings, and turnings, to have at least a general map of it, made by some experienced traveller.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors,

or else dubs you their dependent, and led-captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking; but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt than with indignation; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence to other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz,¹ very

¹[Cardinal de Retz, a pupil of St. Vincent de Paul, was born in 1614. He became, in 1643, coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, lived in great magnificence, and was known as a turbulent political leader. At the request of Louis the

sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi¹ for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough, but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the *τὸ πρέπον*, even though affected and put on! Pray read frequently, and with the utmost attention, nay, get by heart, if you can, that incomparable chapter in Cicero's Offices, upon the *τὸ πρέπον*, or the *Decorum*. It contains whatever is necessary for the dignity of manners.

In my next I will send you a general map of courts; a region yet unexplored by you; but which you are one day to inhabit. The ways are generally crooked and full of turnings, sometimes strewed with flowers, sometimes choked up with briars; rotten ground and deep pits frequently lie concealed under a smooth and pleasing surface; all the paths are slippery, and every slip is dangerous. Sense and discretion must accompany you at your

Fourteenth he was made Cardinal in 1651. Owing to political troubles de Retz was obliged to fly the country; he passed years in exile in England and Holland. Towards the close of his life he retrenched his expenditure and paid his debts; he is reported to have "made a pious end". His *Memoires* were published in 1717, but the best edition is that of 1731. They have been much commended, but some of their portraits (notably that of Anne of Austria) are certainly unfair.]

¹[Elected Pope, in 1655, as Alexander the Seventh. He is chiefly known by the acts of his pontificate—his vigorous reforms, his strong policy against Jansenism, his patronage of literature, his magnificent gifts to the universities, and his embellishment of Rome by stately monuments.]

first setting out ; but, notwithstanding those, till experience is your guide, you will every now and then step out of your way, or stumble.

Lady Chesterfield has just now received your German letter, for which she thanks you ; she says the language is very correct ; and I can plainly see that the character is well formed, not to say better than your English character. Continue to write German frequently, that it may become quite familiar to you. Adieu.

LETTER CXCI

LONDON, August 21, O.S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : By the last letter that I received from Mr. Harte, of the 31st July, N. S., I suppose you are now either at Venice or Verona, and perfectly recovered of your late illness : which, I am daily more and more convinced, had no consumptive tendency ; however, for some time still, *faites comme s'il y en avoit*, be regular, and live pectorally.

You will soon be at courts, where, though you will not be concerned, yet reflection and observation upon what you see and hear there may be of use to you, when hereafter you may come to be concerned in courts yourself. Nothing in courts is exactly as it appears to be ; often very different ; sometimes directly contrary. Interest, which is the real spring of everything there, equally creates and dissolves friendships, produces and reconciles enmities ; or rather, allows of neither real friendships nor enmities ; for as Dryden very justly observes, *Politicians neither love nor hate*. This is so true, that you may think you connect yourself with two friends to-day, and be obliged to-morrow to make your option between them as enemies ; observe, therefore, such a degree of reserve with your friends, as not to put yourself in their power, if they should become your enemies ; and such a degree of moderation with your enemies, as not to make it impossible for them to become your friends.

Courts are, unquestionably, the seats of politeness and good breeding ; were they not so, they would be the seats of slaughter and desolation. Those who now smile upon and embrace, would

affront and stab each other, if manners did not interpose ; but ambition and avarice, the two prevailing passions at courts, found dissimulation more effectual than violence ; and dissimulation introduced that habit of politeness, which distinguishes the courtier from the country gentleman. In the former case the strongest body would prevail ; in the latter, the strongest mind.

A man of parts and efficiency need not flatter everybody at court ; but he must take great care to offend nobody personally ; it being in the power of very many to hurt him, who cannot serve him. Homer supposes a chain let down from Jupiter to the earth, to connect him with mortals. There is, at all courts, a chain which connects the prince or the minister with the page of the back-stairs, or the chambermaid. The king's wife, or mistress, has an influence over him ; a lover has an influence over her ; the chambermaid, or the *valet de chambre*, has an influence over both ; and so *ad infinitum*. You must, therefore, not break a link of that chain, by which you hope to climb up to the prince.

You must renounce courts, if you will not connive at knaves, and tolerate fools. Their number makes them considerable. You should as little quarrel as connect yourself with either.

Whatever you say or do at court, you may depend upon it, will be known ; the business of most of those who crowd levees and antechambers, being to repeat all that they see or hear, and a great deal that they neither see nor hear, according as they are inclined to the persons concerned, or according to the wishes of those to whom they hope to make their court. Great caution is therefore necessary ; and if, to great caution, you can join seeming frankness and openness, you will unite what Machiavel reckons very difficult, but very necessary to be united ; *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*.

Women are very apt to be mingled in court intrigues ; but they deserve attention better than confidence ; to hold by them is a very precarious tenure.

I am agreeably interrupted in these reflections by a letter which I have this moment received from Baron Firman. It contains your panegyric, and with the strongest protestations imaginable that he does you only justice. I received this favour-

able account of you with pleasure, and I communicate it to you with as much. While you deserve praise, it is reasonable you should know that you meet with it; and I make no doubt, but that it will encourage you in persevering to deserve it. This is one paragraph of the Baron's letter. "*Ses mœurs dans un âge si tendre, réglées selon toutes les lois d'une morale exacte et sensée; son application (that is what I like) à tout ce qui s'appelle étude sérieuse, et Belles-Lettres, éloignée de l'ombre même d'un Faste Pédantesque, le rendent très digne de vos tendres soins; et j'ai l'honneur de vous assurer que chacun se louera beaucoup de son commerce aisé, et de son amitié; j'en ai profité avec plaisir ici et à Vienne, et je me crois très heureux de la permission, qu'il m'a accordée, de la continuer par la voie de lettres.*"—Reputation, like health, is preserved and increased by the same means by which it is acquired. Continue to desire and deserve praise, and you will certainly find it. Knowledge, adorned by manners, will infallibly procure it. Consider, that you have but a little way farther to get to your journey's end; therefore, for God's sake, do not slacken your pace; one year and a half more of sound application, Mr. Harte assures me, will finish this work; and when this work is finished well, your own will be very easily done afterwards. *Les Manières et les Grâces* are no immaterial parts of that work; and I beg that you will give as much of your attention to them as to your books. Everything depends upon them; *senza di noi ogni fatica è vana*. The various companies you now go into will procure them you, if you will carefully observe, and form yourself upon those who have them.

Adieu! God bless you! and may you ever deserve that affection with which I am now, Yours.

LETTER CXCII

LONDON, September 5, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: I have received yours from Laubach, of the 17th of August, N. S., with the enclosed for Comte Lascaris; which I have given him, and with which he is extremely pleased, as I am with your account of Carniola. I am very glad that you attend to, and inform yourself of, the political objects of the

country you go through. Trade and manufactures are very considerable, not to say the most important ones ; for though armies and navies are the shining marks of the strength of countries, they would be very ill paid, and consequently fight very ill, if manufactures and commerce did not support them. You have certainly observed in Germany the inefficiency of great powers, with great tracts of country and swarms of men ; which are absolutely useless, if not paid by other powers, who have the resources of manufactures and commerce. This we have lately experienced to be the case of the two Empresses of Germany and Russia : England, France, and Spain, must pay their respective allies, or they may as well be without them.

I have not the least objection to your taking, into the bargain, the observation of natural curiosities ; they are very welcome, provided they do not take up the room of better things. But the forms of government, the maxims of policy, the strength or weakness, the trade and commerce of the several countries you see or hear of are the important objects, which I recommend to your most minute inquiries, and most serious attention. I thought that the republic of Venice had by this time laid aside that silly and frivolous piece of policy, of endeavouring to conceal their form of government ; which anybody may know, pretty nearly, by taking the pains to read four or five books, which explain all the great parts of it ; and as for some of the little wheels of that machine, the knowledge of them would be as little useful to others as dangerous to themselves. Their best policy (I can tell them) is to keep quiet, and to offend no one great Power, by joining with another. Their escape, after the *Ligue of Cambray*, should prove an useful lesson to them.

I am glad you frequent the assemblies at Venice. Have you seen Monsieur and Madame Capello : and how did they receive you ? Let me know who are the ladies whose houses you frequent the most. Have you seen the Comtesse d'Orselska, Princess of Holstein ? Is Comte Algarotti, who was the *tenant* there, at Venice ?

You will, in many parts of Italy, meet with numbers of the Pretender's people (English, Scotch and Irish fugitives), especially at Rome ; and probably the Pretender himself. It is none of your business to declare war on these people ; as little as it is

your interest, or I hope, your inclination, to connect yourself with them; and therefore I recommend to you a perfect neutrality. Avoid them as much as you can with decency and good manners; but when you cannot, avoid any political conversation or debates with them; tell them that you do not concern yourself with political matters: that you are neither a maker nor a deposer of kings; that when you left England, you left a king in it, and have not since heard either of his death, or of any revolution that has happened; and that you take kings and kingdoms as you find them; but enter no further into matters with them, which can be of no use, and might bring on heats and quarrels. When you speak of the old Pretender, you will call him only the Chevalier de St. George; but mention him as seldom as possible. Should he chance to speak to you at any assembly (as, I am told, he sometimes does to the English), be sure that you seem not to know him; and answer him civilly, but always either in French or in Italian; and give him, in the former, the appellation of *Monsieur*, and in the latter, of *Signore*. Should you meet with the Cardinal of York,¹ you will be under no difficulty; for he has, as Cardinal, an undoubted right to *Eminenza*. Upon the whole, see any of those people as little as possible; when you do see them, be civil to them, upon the footing of strangers; but never be drawn into any altercations with them, about the imaginary right of their king, as they call him.

It is to no sort of purpose to talk to those people of the natural rights of mankind, and the particular constitution of this country. Blinded by prejudices, soured by misfortunes, and tempted by their necessities, they are as incapable of reasoning rightly, as they have hitherto been of acting wisely. The late Lord Pembroke never would know anything that he had not a mind to know; and in this case, I advise you to follow his example. Never know either the father or the two sons, any otherwise than as foreigners; and so, not knowing their pretensions, you have no occasion to dispute them.

¹[Henry, the second son of the Pretender (James), was raised to the purple in 1747, with the title of Cardinal York. After the death of Charles Edward, a medal was struck in his name as Henry the Ninth, King of England. For many years he received a pension from George the Third, and died in Rome, 1807.]

I can never help recommending to you the utmost attention and care, to acquire *les Manners, la Tourneure, et les Grâces, d'un galant homme et d'un homme de cour*. They should appear in every look, in every action; in your address, and even in your dress, if you would either please or rise in the world. That you may do both (and both are in your power) is most ardently wished you, by Yours.

P. S. I made Comte Lascaris show me your letter, which I liked very well; the style was easy and natural, and the French pretty correct. There were so few faults in the orthography, that a little more observation of the best French authors would make you a correct master of that necessary language.

I will not conceal from you, that I have lately had extraordinary good accounts of you, from an unexpected and judicious person, who promises me, that with a little more of the world, your manners and address will equal your knowledge. This is the more pleasing to me, as those were the two articles of which I was the most doubtful. These commendations will not, I am persuaded, make you vain and coxcomical, but only encourage you to go on in the right way.

LETTER CXCIH

LONDON, September 12, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: It seems extraordinary, but it is very true, that my anxiety for you increases in proportion to the good accounts which I receive of you from all hands. I promise myself so much from you, that I dread the least disappointment. You are now so near the port which I have so long wished and laboured to bring you safe into, that my concern would be doubled, should you be shipwrecked within sight of it. The object, therefore, of this letter is (laying aside all the authority of a parent), to conjure you as a friend, by the affection you have for me (and surely you have reason to have some), and by the regard you have for yourself, to go on, with assiduity and attention, to complete that work which, of late, you have carried on so well, and which is now so near being finished. My wishes and my

plan were to make you shine and distinguish yourself equally in the learned and the polite world. Few have been able to do it. Deep learning is generally tainted with pedantry, or at least unadorned by manners: as, on the other hand, polite manners, and the turn of the world, are too often unsupported by knowledge, and consequently end contemptibly, in the frivolous dissipation of drawing-rooms and *ruelles*. You are now got over the dry and difficult parts of learning; what remains requires much more time than trouble. You have lost time by your illness; you must regain it now or never. I therefore most earnestly desire, for your own sake, that for these next six months, at least six hours every morning, uninterruptedly, may be inviolably sacred to your studies with Mr. Harte. I do not know whether he will require so much; but I know that I do, and hope you will, and consequently prevail with him to give you that time; I own it is a good deal: but when both you and he consider that the work will be so much better, and so much sooner done, by such an assiduous and continued application, you will neither of you think it too much, and each will find his account in it. So much for the mornings, which from your own good sense, and Mr. Harte's tenderness and care of you will, I am sure, be thus well employed. It is not only reasonable, but useful too, that your evenings should be devoted to amusements and pleasures: and therefore I not only allow, but recommend, that they should be employed at assemblies, balls, *spectacles*, and in the best companies; with this restriction only, that the consequences of the evening's diversions may not break in upon the morning's studies, by breakfastings, visits, and idle parties into the country. At your age, you need not be ashamed, when any of these morning parties are proposed, to say that you must beg to be excused, for you are obliged to devote your mornings to Mr. Harte; that I will have it so; and that you dare not do otherwise. Lay it all upon me; though I am persuaded it will be as much your own inclination as it is mine. But those frivolous, idle people, whose time hangs upon their own hands, and who desire to make others lose theirs too, are not to be reasoned with: and indeed it would be doing them too much honour. The shortest civil answers are the best; *I cannot, I dare not*, instead of *I will not*; for if you were to enter with

them, into the necessity of study, and the usefulness of knowledge, it would only furnish them with matter for silly jests; which, though I would not have you mind, I would not have you invite. I will suppose you at Rome studying six hours uninterruptedly with Mr. Harte every morning, and passing your evenings with the best company of Rome, observing their manners, and forming your own; and I will suppose a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another, supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each other's lodgings; commonly in riots and scrapes when drunk; and never in good company when sober. I will take one of these pretty fellows, and give you the dialogue between him and yourself; such as, I dare say, it will be on his side; and such as, I hope, it will be on yours.

Englishman. Will you come and breakfast with me to-morrow; there will be four or five of our countrymen; we have provided chaises, and we will drive somewhere out of town after breakfast?

Stanhope. I am very sorry I cannot; but I am obliged to be at home all morning.

Englishman. Why then we will come and breakfast with you.

Stanhope. I can't do that neither; I am engaged.

Englishman. Well, then, let it be the next day.

Stanhope. To tell you the truth, it can be no day in the morning; for I neither go out, nor see anybody at home before twelve.

Englishman. And what the devil do you do with yourself till twelve o'clock?

Stanhope. I am not by myself, I am with Mr. Harte.

Englishman. Then what the devil do you do with him?

Stanhope. We study different things; we read, we converse.

Englishman. Very pretty amusement indeed! Are you to take Orders then?

Stanhope. Yes, my father's orders, I believe I must take.

Englishman. Why hast thou no more spirit, than to mind an old fellow a thousand miles off?

Stanhope. If I don't mind his orders he won't mind my drafts.

Englishman. What, does the old prig threaten then? threatened folks live long: never mind threats.

Stanhope. No, I can't say that he has ever threatened me in his life ; but I believe I had best not provoke him.

Englishman. Pooh ! you would have one angry letter from the old fellow, and there would be an end of it.

Stanhope. You mistake him mightily ; he always does more than he says. He has never been angry with me yet, that I remember, in his life : but if I were to provoke him, I am sure he would never forgive me ; he would be coolly immovable, and I might beg and pray, and write my heart out to no purpose.

Englishman. Why then he is an odd dog, that's all I can say ; and pray are you to obey your dry-nurse too, this same, what's his name—Mr. Harte ?

Stanhope. Yes.

Englishman. So he stuffs you all morning with Greek, and Latin, and Logic, and all that. Egad, I have a dry-nurse too, but I never looked into a book with him in my life ; I have not so much as seen the face of him this week, and don't care a louse if I never see it again.

Stanhope. My dry-nurse never desires anything of me that is not reasonable, and for my own good ; and therefore I like to be with him.

Englishman. Very sententious and edifying, upon my word ! at this rate you will be reckoned a very good young man.

Stanhope. Why, that will do me no harm.

Englishman. Will you be with us to-morrow in the evening then ? We shall be ten with you ; and I have got some excellent good wine ; and we'll be very merry.

Stanhope. I am very much obliged to you, but I am engaged for all the evening, to-morrow ; first at Cardinal Albani's ; and then to sup at the Venetian Ambassador's.

Englishman. How the devil can you like being always with these foreigners ? I never go amongst them, with all their formalities and ceremonies. I am never easy in company with them, and I don't know why, but I am ashamed.

Stanhope. I am neither ashamed nor afraid ; I am very easy with them ; they are very easy with me ; I get the language, and I see their characters, by conversing with them ; and that is what we are sent abroad for, is it not ?

Englishman. I hate your modest women's company ; your

women of fashion as they call 'em ; I don't know what to say to them for my part.

Stanhope. Have you ever conversed with them ?

Englishman. No ; I never conversed with them ; but I have been sometimes in their company, though much against my will.

Stanhope. But at least they have done you no hurt ; which is probably more than you can say of the women you do converse with.

Englishman. That's true, I own ; but for all that, I would rather keep company with my surgeon half the year, than with your women of fashion the year round.

Stanhope. Tastes are different, you know, and every man follows his own.

Englishman. That's true ; but thine's a devilish odd one, Stanhope. All morning with thy dry-nurse ; all the evening in formal fine company ; and all day long afraid of old Daddy in England. Thou art a queer fellow, and I am afraid there is nothing to be made of thee.

Stanhope. I am afraid so too.

Englishman. Well then : good-night to you : you have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be.

Stanhope. Not in the least ; nor to your being sick to-morrow, which you as certainly will be ; and so good-night too.

You will observe, that I have not put into your mouth those good arguments, which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you ; as piety and affection towards me ; regard and friendship for Mr. Harte ; respect for your own moral character, and for all the relative duties of man, son, pupil, and citizen. Such solid arguments would be thrown away upon such shallow puppies. Leave them to their ignorance, and to their dirty, disgraceful vices. They will severely feel the effects of them, when it will be too late. Without the comfortable refuge of learning, and with all the sickness and pains of a ruined stomach, and a rotten carcass, if they happen to arrive at old age, it is an uneasy and ignominious one. The ridicule which such fellows endeavour to throw upon those who are not like them, is, in the opinion of all men of sense, the most authentic panegyric. Go

on, then, my dear child, in the way you are in, only for a year and a half more; that is all I ask of you. After that, I promise that you shall be your own master, and that I will pretend to no other title than that of your best and truest friend. You shall receive advice, but no orders, from me; and in truth you will want no other advice but such as youth and inexperience must necessarily require. You shall certainly want nothing that is requisite, not only for your conveniency, but also for your pleasures, which I always desire shall be gratified. You will suppose that I mean the pleasures *d'un honnête homme*.

While you are learning Italian, which I hope you do with diligence, pray take care to continue your German, which you may have frequent opportunities of speaking. I would also have you keep up your knowledge of the *Jus Publicum Imperii*, by looking over, now and then, those *inestimable manuscripts*, which Sir Charles Williams, who arrived here last week, assures me you have made upon that subject. It will be of very great use to you, when you come to be concerned in foreign affairs; as you shall be (if you qualify yourself for them) younger than ever any other was: I mean before you are twenty. Sir Charles tells me, that he will answer for your learning; and that he believes you will acquire that address, and those graces, which are so necessary to give it its full lustre and value. But he confesses, that he doubts more of the latter than of the former. The justice which he does Mr. Harte, in his panegyrics of him, makes me hope, that there is likewise a great deal of truth in his encomiums of you. Are you pleased with, and proud of the reputation which you have already acquired? Surely you are, for I am sure I am. Will you do anything to lessen or forfeit it? Surely you will not. And will you not do all you can to extend and increase it? Surely you will. It is only going on for a year and half longer, as you have gone on for the two years last past, and devoting half the day only to application; and you will be sure to make the earliest figure and fortune in the world, that ever man made. Adieu.

LETTER CXCIV

LONDON, *Sept.* 22nd, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : If I had faith in philters and love potions, I should suspect that you had given Sir Charles Williams some, by the manner in which he speaks of you, not only to me, but to everybody else. I will not repeat to you what he says of the extent and correctness of your knowledge, as it might either make you vain, or persuade you that you had already enough of what nobody can have too much. You will easily imagine how many questions I asked, and how narrowly I sifted him upon your subject ; he answered me, and I daresay with truth, just as I could have wished ; till, satisfied entirely with his accounts of your character and learning, I inquired into other matters, intrinsically indeed of less consequence, but still of great consequence to every man, and of more to you than to almost any man : I mean your address, manners, and air. To these questions, the same truth which he had observed before, obliged him to give me much less satisfactory answers. And as he thought himself, in friendship both to you and me, obliged to tell me the disagreeable as well as the agreeable truths, upon the same principle I think myself obliged to repeat them to you.

He told me then, that in company you were frequently most *provokingly* inattentive, absent, and *distrail* : that you came into a room, and presented yourself, very awkwardly : that at table you constantly threw down knives, forks, napkins, bread, etc., and that you neglected your person and dress, to a degree unpardonable at any age, and much more so at yours.

These things, howsoever immaterial they may seem to people who do not know the world, and the nature of mankind, give me, who know them to be exceedingly material, very great concern. I have long distrusted you, and therefore frequently admonished you, upon these articles ; and I tell you plainly, that I shall not be easy till I hear a very different account of them. I know no one thing more offensive to a company, than that inattention and *distractio*n. It is showing them the utmost contempt ; and people never forgive contempt. No man is *distrail* with the man he fears, or the woman he loves ; which is a proof that every man

can get the better of that *distraction*, when he thinks it worth his while to do so ; and take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part, I would rather be in company with a dead man, than with an absent one ; for if the dead man gives me no pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt ; whereas the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company ? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which, if I were they, I would not), and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man ; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is, in truth, a practical blunder, to address ourselves to a man who we see plainly neither hears, minds, or understands us. Moreover I aver, that no man is in any degree fit for either business or conversation, who cannot and does not direct and command his attention to the present object, be that what it will. You know, by experience, that I grudge no expense in your education, but I will positively not keep you a Flapper. You may read, in Dr. Swift, the description of these flappers, and the use they were of to your friends the Laputans ; whose minds (Gulliver says) are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing ; for which reason, those people who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper in their family, as one of their domestics ; nor ever walk about, or make visits without him. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks ; and, upon occasion, to give a soft flap upon his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and in the streets, of jostling others, or being jostled into the kennel himself. If *Christian* will undertake this province into the bargain, with all my heart ; but I will not allow him any increase of wages upon that score. In short, I give you fair warning, that when we meet, if you are absent in mind, I will soon be absent in body ; for it will be impossible for me to stay in the room ; and if at table you throw down your knife, plate, bread, etc., and hack the wing of a chicken for half

an hour, without being able to cut it off, and your sleeve all the time in another dish, I must rise from table to escape the fever you would certainly give me. Good God! how I should be shocked, if you came into my room, for the first time, with two left legs, presenting yourself with all the graces and dignity of a tailor, and your clothes hanging upon you, like those in Monmouth street, upon tenter-hooks! whereas I expect, nay require, to see you present yourself with the easy and genteel air of a man of fashion, who has kept good company. I expect you not only well dressed but very well dressed; I expect a gracefulness in all your motions, and something particularly engaging in your address. All this I expect, and all this it is in your power, by care and attention, to make me find; but to tell you the plain truth, if I do not find it, we shall not converse very much together; for I cannot stand inattention and awkwardness; it would endanger my health. You have often seen and I have as often made you observe Lyttleton's¹ distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up, like a Laputan, in intense thought, and possibly sometimes in no thought at all (which, I believe, is very often the case with absent people), he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them as if he were at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them: his legs and arms, by his awkward management of them, seem to have undergone the *Question extraordinaire*; and his head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. I sincerely value and esteem him for his parts, learning, and virtue; but for the soul of me, I cannot love him in company. This will be universally the case, in common life, of every inattentive, awkward man, let his real merit and know-

¹(George, first Baron Lyttleton (1700-73), the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart., of Hagley, Worcestershire. Lyttleton, who was known as "the good Lord Lyttleton," was an amiable, absent-minded man, of unimpeachable integrity and benevolent character, with strong religious convictions and respectable talents. In spite of his "great abilities for set debates and solemn speeches" (Chatham Correspondence, i., 106) his ignorance of the world and his unreadiness in informal debate made him a poor practical politician. In appearance he was thin and lanky, with a meagre face and an awkward carriage, but "as disagreeable as his figure was, his voice was still more so, and his address more disagreeable than either".—Lord Hervey, *Memoirs*.)

ledge be ever so great. When I was of your age, I desired to shine, as far as I was able, in every part of life ; and was as attentive to my manners, my dress, and my air, in company of evenings, as to my books and my tutor in the mornings. A young fellow should be ambitious to shine in everything ; and, of the two, always rather overdo than underdo. These things are by no means trifles : they are of infinite consequence to those who are to be thrown into the great world, and who would make a figure or a fortune in it. It is not sufficient to deserve well ; one must please well too. Awkward, disagreeable merit will never carry anybody far. Wherever you find a good dancing-master, pray let him put you upon your haunches ; not so much for the sake of dancing, as for coming into a room, and presenting yourself genteelly and gracefully. Women, whom you ought to endeavour to please, cannot forgive a vulgar and awkward air and gestures ; *il leur faut du brillant*. The generality of men are pretty like them, and are equally taken by the same exterior graces.

I am very glad that you have received the diamond buckles safe ; all I desire in return for them is, that they may be buckled even upon your feet, and that your stockings may not hide them. I should be sorry that you were an egregious fop ; but I protest that, of the two, I would rather have you a fop than a sloven. I think negligence in my own dress, even at my age, when certainly I expect no advantages from my dress, would be indecent with regard to others. I have done with fine clothes ; but I will have my plain clothes fit me, and made like other people's. In the evenings, I recommend to you the company of women of fashion, who have a right to attention and will be paid it. Their company will smooth your manners, and give you a habit of attention and respect, of which you will find the advantage among men.

My plan for you, from the beginning, has been to make you shine equally in the learned and in the polite world ; the former part is almost completed to my wishes, and will, I am persuaded, in a little time more, be quite so. The latter part is still in your power to complete ; and I flatter myself that you will do it, or else the former part will avail you very little ; especially in your department, where the exterior address and graces do half the

business; they must be the harbingers of your merit, or your merit will be very coldly received; all can, and do judge of the former, few of the latter.

Mr. Harte tells me that you have grown very much since your illness; if you get up to five feet ten, or even nine inches, your figure will probably be a good one; and if well dressed and genteel, will probably please; which is a much greater advantage to a man than people commonly think. Lord Bacon calls it a letter of recommendation.

I would wish you to be the *omnis homo, l'homme universel*. You are nearer it, if you please, than ever anybody was at your age; and if you will but for the course of this next year only, exert your whole attention to your studies in the morning, and to your address, manners, air, and *tournure* in the evenings, you will be the man I wish you, and the man that is rarely seen.

Our letters go, at best, so irregularly, and so often miscarry totally, that for greater security I repeat the same things. So, though I acknowledged by last post Mr. Harte's letter of the 8th September, N. S., I acknowledge it again by this to you. If this should find you still at Verona, let it inform you that I wish you would set out soon for Naples; unless Mr. Harte should think it better for you to stay at Verona, or any other place on this side Rome, till you go there for the Jubilee. Nay, if he likes it better, I am very willing that you should go directly from Verona to Rome; for you cannot have too much of Rome, whether upon account of the language, the curiosities, or the company. My only reason for mentioning Naples, is for the sake of the climate, upon account of your health; but if Mr. Harte thinks that your health is now so well restored as to be above climate, he may steer your course wherever he thinks proper: and for aught I know, your going directly to Rome, and consequently staying there so much the longer, may be as well as anything else. I think you and I cannot put our affairs in better hands than in Mr. Harte's; and I will stake his infallibility against the Pope's, with some odds on his side. *A propos* of the Pope; remember to be presented to him before you leave Rome, and go through the necessary ceremonies for it, whether of kissing his slipper or his b—h; for I would never deprive myself of anything that I wanted to do or see, by refusing

to comply with an established custom. When I was in Catholic countries, I never declined kneeling in their churches at the elevation, nor elsewhere, when the Host went by. It is a complaisance due to the custom of the place, and by no means, as some silly people have imagined, an implied approbation of their doctrine. Bodily attitudes and situations are things so very indifferent in themselves, that I would quarrel with nobody about them. It may, indeed, be improper for Mr. Harte to pay that tribute of complaisance, upon account of his character.

This letter is a very long, and possibly a very tedious one ; but my anxiety for your perfection is so great, and particularly at this critical and decisive period of your life, that I am only afraid of omitting, but never of repeating, or dwelling too long upon anything that I think may be of the least use to you. Have the same anxiety for yourself, that I have for you, and all will do well. Adieu, my dear child.

LETTER CXCIV

LONDON, *September 27, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY : A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse ; but after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside ; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite : I cannot pretend to point them out to you ; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous ; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him : if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him ; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of

the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that *what is one man's meat, is another man's poison*. If anybody attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards*, such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs, and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word), loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new

raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness ; but he must be impenetrably dull, if in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous encumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat when it is not upon his head ; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks ; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice ; his very air condemns him ; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company ; a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les grâces, le je ne sais quoi qui plaît, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge, as the polish is to the diamond ; which, without that polish, would never be worn, whatever it might weigh. Do not imagine that these accomplishments are only useful with women ; they are much more so with men. In a public assembly, what an advantage has a graceful speaker, with genteel motions, a handsome figure, and a liberal air, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but destitute of these ornaments ! In business, how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them ! By the help of these I have known some men refuse favours less offensively than others granted them. The utility of them in courts and negotiations is inconceivable. You gain the hearts, and consequently the secrets, of nine in ten that you have to do with, in spite even of their prudence ; which will, nine times in ten, be the dupe of their hearts and of their senses. Consider the importance of these things as they deserve, and you will not lose one minute in the pursuit of them.

You are travelling now in a country once so famous both for *arts and arms*, that (however degenerate at present) it still

deserves your attention and reflection. View it therefore with care, compare its former with its present state, and examine into the causes of its rise and its decay. Consider it classically and politically, and do not run through it, as too many of your young countrymen do, musically, and (to use a ridiculous word) *knick-knackically*. No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you ; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible *Intaglios* and *Cameos* : and do not become a Virtuoso of small wares. Form a taste of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, if you please, by a careful examination of the works of the best ancient and modern artists ; those are liberal arts, and a real taste and knowledge of them become a man of fashion very well. But beyond certain bounds, the man of taste ends, and the frivolous Virtuoso begins.

Your friend Mendes, the good Samaritan, dined with me yesterday. He has more good nature and generosity than parts. However, I will show him all the civilities that his kindness to you so justly deserves. He tells me that you are taller than I am, which I am very glad of : I desire that you may excel me in everything else too ; and far from repining, I shall rejoice at your superiority. He commends your friend Mr. Stevens extremely ; of whom too I have heard so good a character from other people, that I am very glad of your connection with him. It may prove of use to you hereafter. When you meet with such sort of Englishmen abroad, who, either from their parts or their rank, are likely to make a figure at home, I would advise you to cultivate them, and get their favourable testimony of you here, especially those who are to return to England before you. Sir Charles Williams has puffed you (as the mob call it) here extremely. If three or four more people of parts do the same, before you come back, your first appearance in London will be to great advantage. Many people do, and indeed ought, to take things upon trust ; many more do, who need not ; and few dare dissent from an established opinion. Adieu.

LETTER CXCVI

LONDON, October 2, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : I received by the last post your letter of the 22d September, N. S., but I have not received that from Mr. Harte,

to which you refer, and which you say contained your reasons for leaving Verona and returning to Venice; so that I am entirely ignorant of them. Indeed the irregularity and negligence of the post provoke me, as they break the thread of the accounts I want to receive from you, and of the instructions and orders which I send you almost every post. Of these last twenty posts I am sure that I have wrote eighteen, either to you or to Mr. Harte, and it does not appear, by your letter, that all or even any of my letters have been received. I desire for the future, that both you and Mr. Harte will constantly, in your letters, mention the dates of mine. Had it not been for their miscarriage, you would not have been in the uncertainty you seem to be in at present, with regard to your future motions. Had you received my letters you would have been by this time at Naples: but we must now take things where they are.

Upon the receipt, then, of this letter, you will, as soon as conveniently you can, set out for Rome: where you will not arrive too long before the Jubilee, considering the difficulties of getting lodgings, and other accommodations there at this time. I leave the choice of the *route* to you; but I do by no means intend that you should leave Rome after the Jubilee, as you seem to hint in your letter: on the contrary, I will have Rome your headquarters for six months at least; till you shall have, in a manner, acquired the *Jus Civitatis* there. More things are to be seen and learned there, than in any other town in Europe; there are the best masters to instruct, and the best companies to polish you. In the spring you may make (if you please) frequent excursions to Naples; but Rome must still be your headquarters, till the heats of June drive you from thence to some other place in Italy, which we shall think of by that time. As to the expense which you mention, I do not regard it in the least; from your infancy to this day, I never grudged any expense in your education, and still less do it now that it is become more important and decisive. I attend to the objects of your expenses, but not to the sums. I will certainly not pay one shilling for your losing your nose, your money, or your reason; that is, I will not contribute to women, gaming, and drinking. But I will most cheerfully supply, not only every necessary, but every decent expense you can make. I do not care what the

best masters cost. I would have you as well dressed, lodged, and attended, as any reasonable man of fashion is in his travels. I would have you have that pocket-money that should enable you to make the proper expense *d'un honnête homme*. In short, I bar no expense, that has neither vice nor folly for its object; and under those two reasonable restrictions, draw and welcome.

As for Turin, you may go there hereafter, as a traveller, for a month or two; but you cannot conveniently reside there as an academian, for reasons which I have formerly communicated to Mr. Harte, and which Mr. Villettes,¹ since his return here, has shown me in a still stronger light than he had done by his letters from Turin, of which I sent copies to Mr. Harte, though probably he never received them.

After you have left Rome, Florence is one of the places with which you should be thoroughly acquainted. I know that there is a great deal of gaming there; but at the same time, there are, in every place, some people whose fortunes are either too small, or whose understandings are too good to allow them to play for anything above trifles; and with those people you will associate yourself, if you have not (as I am assured you have not, in the least) the spirit of gaming in you. Moreover, at suspected places, such as Florence, Turin, and Paris, I shall be more attentive to your drafts, and such as exceed a proper and handsome expense will not be answered: for I can easily know whether you game or not without being told.

Mr. Harte will determine your *route* to Rome, as he shall think best; whether along the coast of the Adriatic, or that of the Mediterranean, it is equal to me; but you will observe to come back a different way from that you went.

Since your health is so well restored, I am not sorry that you have returned to Venice, for I love capitals. Everything is best at capitals; the best masters, the best companies, and the best manners. Many other places are worth seeing, but capitals only are worth residing at. I am very glad that Madame Capello received you so well: Monsieur I was sure would: pray assure

¹[Arthur Villettes, Esq., many years British Resident at the Court of Sardinia; he died in 1776. He is praised by Lady Mary Wortley Montague in her letter of April 3, 1758, as one of the very few among our envoys at that period, "who knew how to support his character".—M.]

them both of my respects, and of my sensibility of their kindness to you. Their house will be a very good one for you at Rome ; and I would advise you to be domestic in it if you can. But Madame, I can tell you, requires great attentions. Madame Micheli has written a very favourable account of you to my friend the Abbé Grossa Testa, in a letter which he showed me, and in which there are so many civil things to myself, that I would wish to tell her how much I think myself obliged to her. I approve very much of the allotment of your time at Venice ; pray go on so for a twelve month at least, wherever you are. You will find your own account in it.

I like your last letter, which gives me an account of yourself, and your own transactions ; for though I do not recommend the *egotism* to you, with regard to anybody else, I desire that you will use it with me, and with me only. I interest myself in all that you do ; and as yet (excepting Mr. Harte) nobody else does. He must of course know all, and I desire to know a great deal.

I am glad you have received, and that you like the diamond buckles. I am very willing that you should make, but very unwilling that you should *cut*, a figure with them at the Jubilee ; the *cutting a figure* being the very lowest vulgarism in the English language ; and equal in elegance to Yes, my Lady, and No, my Lady. The word *vast*, and *vastly*, you will have found by my former letter that I had proscribed out of the diction of a gentleman ; unless in their proper signification of *size* and *bulk*. Not only in language, but in everything else, take great care that the first impressions you give of yourself may be not only favourable, but pleasing, engaging, nay, seducing. They are often decisive ; I confess they are a good deal so with me : and I cannot wish for farther acquaintance with a man whose first *abord* and address displease me.

So many of my letters have miscarried, and I know so little which, that I am forced to repeat the same thing over and over again eventually. This is one. I have wrote twice to Mr. Harte, to have your picture drawn in miniature, while you were at Venice, and to send it me in a letter : it is all one to me whether in enamel or in water-colours, provided it is but very like you. I would have you drawn exactly as you are, and in *no whimsical dress* : and I lay more stress upon the likeness of

the picture, than upon the taste and skill of the painter. If this be not already done, I desire that you will have it done forthwith before you leave Venice; and enclose it in a letter to me, which letter, for greater security, I would have you desire Sir James Gray to enclose in his packet to the office; as I, for the same reason, send this under his cover. If the picture be done upon vellum, it will be the most portable. Send me, at the same time, a thread of silk of your own length exactly. I am solicitous about your figure; convinced, by a thousand instances, that a good one is a real advantage. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the first and greatest blessing; I would add *et pulchro*, to complete it. May you have that and every other! Adieu.

Have you received my letters of recommendation to Cardinal Albani and the Duke de Nivernois, at Rome?

LETTER CXCVII

LONDON, *October 9, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: If this letter finds you at all, of which I am very doubtful, it will find you at Venice, preparing for your journey to Rome; which, by my last letter to Mr. Harte, I advised you to make along the coast of the Adriatic, through Rimini, Loretto, Ancona, etc., places that are all worth seeing, but not worth staying at. And such I reckon all places where the eyes only are employed. Remains of antiquity, public buildings, paintings, sculptures, etc., ought to be seen, and that with a proper degree of attention; but this is soon done, for they are only outsides. It is not so with more important objects; the insides of which must be seen; and they require and deserve much more attention. The characters, the heads, and the hearts of men, are the useful science of which I would have you perfect master. That science is best taught and best learnt in capitals, where every human passion has its object, and exerts all its force or all its art in the pursuit. I believe there is no place in the world, where every passion is busier, appears in more shapes, and is conducted with more art, than at Rome. Therefore, when you

are there, do not imagine that the Capitol, the Vatican, and the Pantheon, are the principal objects of your curiosity ; but for one minute that you bestow upon those, employ ten days in informing yourself of the nature of that government, the rise and decay of the papal power, the politics of that court, the *brigues* of the Cardinals, the tricks of the Conclaves ; and, in general, everything that relates to the interior of that extraordinary government, founded originally upon the ignorance and superstition of mankind, extended by the weakness of some princes, and the ambition of others ; declining of late in proportion as knowledge has increased ; and owing its present precarious security, not to the religion, the affection, or the fear of the temporal Powers, but to the jealousy of each other. The Pope's excommunications are no longer dreaded ; his indulgences little solicited, and sell very cheap ; and his territories, formidable to no power, are coveted by many, and will, most undoubtedly, within a century, be scantled out among the great Powers, who have now a footing in Italy, whenever they can agree upon the division of the bear's skin. Pray inform yourself thoroughly of the history of the Popes and the Popedom ; which, for many centuries, is interwoven with the history of all Europe. Read the best authors who treat of these matters, and especially Fra Paolo, de Beneficiis, a short, but very material book.¹ You will find at Rome some of all the religious orders in the Christian world. Inform yourself carefully of their origin, their founders, their rules, their reforms, and even their dresses : get acquainted with some of all of them, but particularly with the Jesuits ; whose society I look upon to be the most able and best governed society in the world. Get acquainted, if you can, with their General, who always resides at Rome ; and who, though he has no seeming power out of his own society, has (it may be) more real influence over the whole world, than any temporal prince in it. They have almost engrossed the education of youth ; they are, in general, confessors to most of the princes of Europe ; and they are the principal missionaries out of it ; which three articles

¹[Pietro Sarpi (whose name "in religion," as a Servite, was Paul—hence the title "Fra Paolo"—) was born in Venice in 1552, and died in 1623. His *Tractatus de beneficiis*, the work to which Lord Chesterfield refers, was included in the *Œuvres Complètes de Sarpi*, published in Verona in 1750.]

give them a most extensive influence, and solid advantages; witness their settlement in Paraguay. The Catholics in general declaim against that society; and yet are all governed by individuals of it. They have, by turns, been banished, and with infamy, almost every country in Europe; and have always found means to be restored, even with triumph. In short, I know no government in the world that is carried on upon such deep principles of policy, I will not add morality. Converse with them, frequent them, court them; but know them.

Inform yourself too of that infernal court, the Inquisition;¹ which, though not so considerable at Rome as in Spain and Portugal, will, however, be a good sample to you of what the villainy of some men can contrive, the folly of others receive, and both together establish; in spite of the first natural principles of reason, justice and equity.

These are the proper and useful objects of the attention of a man of sense, when he travels; and these are the objects for which I have sent you abroad; and I hope you will return thoroughly informed of them.

I receive this very moment Mr. Harte's letter of the 1st October, N. S., but I never received his former, to which he refers in this, and you refer in your last; in which he gave me the reasons for your leaving Verona so soon; nor have I ever received that letter in which your case was stated by your physicians. Letters to and from me have worse luck than other people's: for you have written to me, and I to you, for these last three months, by way of Germany, with as little success as before.

I am edified with your morning applications, and your evening gallantries at Venice, of which Mr. Harte gives me an account. Pray go on with both there, and afterwards at Rome; where, provided you arrive in the beginning of December, you may stay at Venice as much longer as you please.

¹[The Inquisition of Rome was a congregation of twelve cardinals and some other officers, presided over by the pope. It was founded in 1543 in the time of Pope Paul the Third, confirmed and extended by Pius the Fourth in 1564, reorganised by Sixtus the Fifth in 1588, and suppressed by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1808. The Spanish Inquisition began in 1480; Spain had its own Grand Inquisitor, who was nominated by the king and appointed by the pope. The post was first filled by the notorious Tomas de Torquemada. The great number of Jews and of Moors in Spain made the fight for orthodoxy fiercer and more difficult in that country than in Italy.]

Make my compliments to Sir James Gray and Mr. Smith, with my acknowledgments for the great civilities they show you.

I wrote to Mr. Harte by the last post, October the 6th, O. S., and will write to him in a post or two upon the contents of his last. Adieu! *Point de distractions*; and remember the *Graces*.

LETTER CXCVIII

LONDON, October 17, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: I have, at last, received Mr. Harte's letter of the 19th September, N. S., from Verona. Your reasons for leaving that place were very good ones; and as you stayed there long enough to see what was to be seen, Venice (as a capital) is, in my opinion, a much better place for your residence. Capitals are always the seats of arts and sciences, and the best companies. I have stuck to them all my lifetime, and I advise you to do so too.

You will have received, in my three or four last letters, my directions for your farther motions to another capital; where I propose that your stay shall be pretty considerable. The expense, I am well aware, will be so too; but that, as I told you before, will have no weight, when your improvement and advantage are in the other scale. I do not care a groat what it is, if neither vice nor folly are the objects of it, and if Mr. Harte gives his sanction.

I am very well pleased with your account of Carniola;¹ these are the kind of objects worthy of your inquiries and knowledge. The produce, the taxes, the trade, the manufactures, the strength, the weakness, the government of the several countries which a man of sense travels through, are the material points to which he attends; and leaves the steeples, the market-places, and the signs, to the laborious and curious researches of Dutch and German travellers.

Mr. Harte tells me, that he intends to give you, by means of Signor Vicentini, a general notion of civil and military architec-

¹[A duchy of Austria.]

ture ; with which I am very well pleased. They are frequent subjects of conversation ; and it is very right that you should have some idea of the latter ; and a good taste of the former ; and you may very soon learn as much as you need know of either. If you read about one-third of Palladio's Book of Architecture, with some skilful person, and then, with that person, examine the best buildings by those rules, you will know the different proportions of the different orders ; the several diameters of their columns ; their intercolumniations, their several uses, etc. The Corinthian Order is chiefly used in magnificent buildings, where ornament and decoration are the principal objects ; the Doric is calculated for strength, and the Ionic partakes of the Doric strength, and of the Corinthian ornaments. The Composite and the Tuscan Orders are more modern, and were unknown to the Greeks ; the one is too light, the other too clumsy. You may soon be acquainted with the considerable parts of Civil Architecture ; and for the minute and mechanical parts of it, leave them to masons, bricklayers, and Lord Burlington,¹ who has, to a certain extent, lessened himself by knowing them too well. Observe the same method as to military architecture ; understand the terms, know the general rules, and then see them in execution with some skilful person. Go with some engineer or old officer, and view, with care, the real fortifications of some strong place ; and you will get a clearer idea of bastions, half-moons, horn-works, ravelins, glacis, etc., than all the masters in the world could give you upon paper. And thus much I would, by all means, have you know of both civil and military architecture.

I would also have you acquire a liberal taste of the two liberal arts of Painting and Sculpture ; but without descending into

¹[Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork (1695-1753), was celebrated for his architectural tastes, and his friendship with men of letters. He passed many years in Italy before he attained his majority, and on his return to England spent large sums of money to gratify his taste in architecture. His earliest project in 1716 was to alter and partly reconstruct Burlington House, Piccadilly, which had been built by his grandfather, the first Earl of Burlington. He supplied designs for various buildings, including the Assembly Rooms at York, built at his own expense, the dormitory of Westminster School; Lord Harrington's house at Petersham, the Duke of Richmond's house at Whitehall, and General Wade's in Cork Street. The two last-named buildings were pulled down many years ago.]

those *minutiae*, which our modern Virtuosi most affectedly dwell upon. Observe the great parts attentively ; see if nature be truly represented ; if the passions are strongly expressed ; if the characters are preserved ; and leave the trifling parts, with their little jargon, to affected puppies. I would advise you also, to read the history of the painters and sculptors, and I know none better than Felibien's.¹ There are many in Italian : you will inform yourself which are the best. It is a part of history very entertaining, curious enough, and not quite useless. All these sorts of things I would have you know, to a certain degree ; but remember that they must only be the amusements, and not the business of a man of parts.

Since writing to me in German would take up so much of your time, of which I would not now have one moment wasted, I will accept of your composition, and content myself with a moderate German letter once a fortnight, to Lady Chesterfield, or Mr. Grevenkop. My meaning was only that you should not forget what you had already learned of the German language and character ; but on the contrary, that by frequent use it should grow more easy and familiar. Provided you take care of that, I do not care by what means : but I do desire, that you will, every day of your life, speak German to somebody or other (for you will meet with Germans enough), and write a line or two of it every day to keep your hand in. Why should you not (for instance) write your little memorandums and accounts in that language and character ? by which too you would have this advantage into the bargain, that if mislaid, few but yourself could read them.

I am extremely glad to hear that you like the assemblies at Venice well enough to sacrifice some suppers to them ; for I hear that you do not dislike your suppers neither. It is therefore plain, that there is somebody or something at those assemblies, which you like better than your meat. And as I know that there is none but good company at those assemblies, I am very glad to find that you like good company so well. I already imagine that you are a little smoothed by it ; and that you have

¹[*Entretiens sur les Vies et sur les Ouvrages des plus excellens Peintres, anciens et modernes, par Jean François Felibien.* London, 1705.]

either reasoned yourself, or that they have laughed you out of your absences and *distractions*; for I cannot suppose that you go there to insult them. I likewise imagine, that you wish to be welcome where you wish to go; and consequently, that you both present and behave yourself there *en galant homme, et pas en bourgeois*.

If you have vowed to anybody there, one of those eternal passions which I have sometimes known, by great accident, last three months, I can tell you, that without great attention, infinite politeness, and engaging air and manners, the omens will be sinister, and the goddess unpropitious. Pray tell me what are the amusements of those assemblies? Are they little commercial play, are they music, are they *la belle conversation*, or are they all three? *Y file-t-on le parfait amour? Y débite-t-on les beaux sentimens? Ou est-ce qu'on y parle Epigramme?* And pray which is your department? *Tutis depone in auribus*. Whichever it is, endeavour to shine, and excel in it. Aim, at least, at the perfection of everything that is worth doing at all; and you will come nearer it than you would imagine; but those always crawl infinitely short of it, whose aim is only mediocrity. Adieu.

P. S. By an uncommon diligence of the post, I have this moment received yours of the 9th, N. S.

LETTER CXCI

LONDON, October 24, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: By my last I only acknowledged, by this I answer, your letter of the 9th October, N. S.

I am very glad that you approved of my letter of September the 12th, O. S., because it is upon that footing that I always propose living with you. I will advise you seriously, as a friend of some experience, and I will converse with you cheerfully as a companion; the authority of a parent shall for ever be laid aside; for wherever it is exerted, it is useless; since, if you have neither sense nor sentiments enough to follow my advice as a friend, your unwilling obedience to my orders as a father,

will be a very awkward and unavailing one both to yourself and me. Tacitus, speaking of an army that awkwardly and unwillingly obeyed its generals, only from the fear of punishment, says, they obeyed indeed, *Sed ut qui mallent jussa Imperatorum interpretari, quam exequi*. For my own part, I disclaim such obedience.

You think, I find, that you do not understand Italian ; but I can tell you, that, like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,¹ who spoke prose without knowing it, you understand a great deal, though you do not know that you do ; for whoever understands French and Latin so well as you do, understands at least half the Italian language, and has very little occasion for a dictionary. And for the idioms, the phrases, and the delicacies of it, conversation and a little attention will teach them you, and that soon ; therefore, pray speak it in company, right or wrong, *à tort ou à travers*, as soon as ever you have got words enough to ask a common question, or give a common answer. If you can only say *buon giorno*, say it, instead of saying *bon jour*, I mean to every Italian ; the answer to it will teach you more words, and insensibly you will be very soon master of that easy language. You are quite right in not neglecting your German for it, and in thinking that it will be of more use to you ; it certainly will, in the course of your business ; but Italian has its use too, and is an ornament into the bargain ; there being many very polite and good authors in that language. The reason you assign for having hitherto met with none of my swarms of Germans in Italy, is a very solid one ; and I can easily conceive, that the expense necessary for a traveller must amount to a number of *Thalers*, *Groschen*, and *Kreutzers*, tremendous to a German fortune. However, you will find several at Rome, either ecclesiastics, or in the *suite* of the Imperial Minister ; and more, when you come into the Milanese, among the Queen of Hungary's Officers. Besides, you have a Saxon servant, to whom I hope you speak nothing but German.

I have had the most obliging letter in the world from Monsieur Capello, in which he speaks very advantageously of you, and promises you his protection at Rome. I have wrote him an answer by which I hope I have domesticated you at his *hôtel*

¹[Molière, *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, act ii., sc. 6.]

there ; which I advise you to frequent as much as you can. *Il est vrai qu'il ne paie pas beaucoup de sa figure* ; but he has sense and knowledge at bottom, with a great experience of business, having been already Ambassador at Madrid, Vienna, and London. And I am very sure that he will be willing to give you any informations, in that way, that he can.

Madame was a capricious, whimsical fine lady, till the small-pox, which she got here, by lessening her beauty, lessened her humours too ; but as I presume it did not change her sex, I trust to that for her having such a share of them left, as may contribute to smooth and polish you. She, doubtless, still thinks that she has beauty enough remaining, to entitle her to the attentions always paid to beauty ; and she has certainly rank enough to require respect. Those are the sort of women who polish a young man the most, and who give him that habit of complaisance, and that flexibility and versatility of manners, which prove of great use to him with mén, and in the course of business.

You must always expect to hear more or less from me, upon that important subject of manners, graces, address, and that undefinable *je ne sais quoi* that ever pleases. I have reason to believe that you want nothing else ; but I have reason to fear too, that you want those : and that want will keep you poor in the midst of all the plenty of knowledge which you may have treasured up. Adieu.

LETTER CC

LONDON, November 3, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine, to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow : in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education ; convinced that education, more than nature, is the cause of that great difference which you see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour, before your understanding was capable of showing you *their* beauty and utility. Those principles, which

you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And indeed they are so plain and clear, that they require but a very moderate degree of understanding, either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him. I have therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine, I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful learning. My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and *of late* (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular; and I have reason to believe, will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding: without which, all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this letter, therefore, shall be (and it will not be the last by a great many) upon that subject.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be, *the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.* Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me, that anybody who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both), can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, and places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to

be less difference, both between the crimes and between the punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another man's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general: I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect, which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest: and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of

respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinencies, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and if possible, guessed at and anticipated by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and *agrémens* which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, etc., but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will in your turn enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited

freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other ; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as anybody would. But notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom ? I assure you, I should not think so ; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to show you, by a manifest inattention to what you said to me, that I was thinking of something else the whole time ; were I to yawn extremely, snore, or break wind in your company, I should think that I behaved myself to you like a beast, and should not expect that you would care to frequent me. No. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, or a man and his mistress, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides, and it is as imprudent, as it is ill bred, to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you ; it would be misplaced between us : but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

I will say no more now, upon this important subject of good breeding, upon which I have already dwelt too long, it may be, for one letter ; and upon which I shall frequently refresh your memory hereafter ; but I will conclude with these axioms :—

That the deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet ; and consequently of little or no use at all.

That a man who is not perfectly well-bred, is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it ; will consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it ; and be reduced to solitude, or what is worse, low and bad company.

That a man who is not well-bred, is full as unfit for business as for company.

Make then, my dear child, I conjure you, good breeding the

great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day. Observe carefully the behaviour and manners of those who are distinguished by their good breeding; imitate, nay, endeavour to excel, that you may at least reach them; and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you! Adieu.

LETTER CCI

LONDON, *November 14, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: There is a natural good breeding, which occurs to every man of common sense, and is practised by every man of common good nature. This good breeding is general, independent of modes; and consists in endeavours to please and oblige our fellow-creatures by all good offices, short of moral duties. This will be practised by a good-natured American savage, as essentially as by the best bred European. But then, I do not take it to extend to the sacrifice of our own conveniences, for the sake of other people's. Utility introduced this sort of good breeding, as it introduced commerce; and established a truck of the little *agrémens* and pleasures of life. I sacrifice such a conveniency to you, you sacrifice another to me; this commerce circulates, and every individual finds his account in it upon the whole. The third sort of good breeding is local, and is variously modified, in not only different countries, but in different towns of the same country. But it must be founded upon the two former sorts: they are the matter, to which, in this case, fashion and custom only give the different shapes and impressions. Whoever has the two first sorts will easily acquire this third sort of good breeding, which depends singly upon attention and observation. It is, properly, the polish, the lustre, the last finishing strokes of good breeding. It is to be found only in capitals, and even there it varies: the good breeding of Rome differing, in some things, from that of Paris; that of Paris, in others, from that of Madrid; and that of Madrid, in many things, from that of London. A man of sense, therefore,

carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of fashion and good breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture; and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them, liberally, and not servilely; he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence. They anticipate the sentiments, before merit can engage the understanding; they captivate the heart, and gave rise, I believe, to the extravagant notions of charms and philters. Their effects are so surprising, that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best bred men, and the handsomest and genteelest women, give the most philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well dressed, but shining in your dress; let it have *du brillant*: I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. The women like and require it; they think it an attention due to them: but on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely, by this time, you must have caught a good air in good company. When you went from hence you were naturally awkward; but your awkwardness was adventitious and Westmonasterial. Leipsig, I apprehend, is not the seat of the graces; and I presume you acquired none there. But now, if you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. Besides, *la belle danse donne du brillant à un jeune homme*. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merit and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit*,

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rif; be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half a dozen women of fashion say, *Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable.* All this I do not mean singly with regard to women as the principal object; but with regard to men, and with a view of your making yourself considerable. For with very small variations, the same things that please women please men: and a man, whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and connect men much easier, and more than he would otherwise. You must be sensible that you cannot rise in the world without forming connections, and engaging different characters to conspire in your point. You must make them your dependents, without their knowing it, and dictate to them while you seem to be directed by them. Those necessary connections can never be formed, or preserved, but by an uninterrupted series of complaisance, attentions, politeness, and some constraint. You must engage their hearts, if you would have their support; you must watch the *mollia tempora*, and captivate them by the *agrémens*, and charms of conversation. People will not be called out to your service, only when you want them; and if you expect to receive strength from them, they must receive either pleasure or advantage from you.

I received in this instant a letter from Mr. Harte, of the 2d, N. S., which I will answer soon; in the meantime, I return him my thanks for it, through you. The constant good accounts which he gives me of you, will make me suspect him of partiality, and think him *le médecin tant mieux*. Consider, therefore, what weight any future deposition of his, against you, must necessarily have with me. As in that case, he will be a very unwilling, he must consequently be a very important witness. Adieu.

LETTER CCII

DEAR BOY: My last was upon the subject of good breeding; but I think it rather set before you the unfitness and disadvantages of ill breeding, than the utility and necessity of good;

it was rather negative than positive. This, therefore, shall go farther, and explain to you the necessity which you, of all people living, lie under, not only of being positively and actively well-bred, but of shining and distinguishing yourself by your good breeding. Consider your own situation in every particular, and judge whether it is not essentially your interest, by your own good breeding to others, to secure theirs to you : and that, let me assure you, is the only way of doing it ; for people will repay, and with interest too, inattention with inattention, neglect with neglect, and ill manners with worse ; which may engage you in very disagreeable affairs. In the next place, your profession requires, more than any other, the nicest and most distinguished good breeding. You will negotiate with very little success, if you do not previously, by your manners, conciliate and engage the affections of those with whom you are to negotiate. Can you ever get into the confidence and the secrets of the courts where you may happen to reside, if you have not those pleasing, insinuating manners, which alone can procure them ? Upon my word, I do not say too much, when I say, that superior good breeding, insinuating manners, and genteel address, are half your business. Your knowledge will have but very little influence upon the mind, if your manners prejudice the heart against you ; but on the other hand, how easily will you *dupe* the understanding, where you have first engaged the heart ! and hearts are by no means to be gained by that mere common civility which everybody practises. Bowing again to those who bow to you, answering drily those who speak to you, and saying nothing offensive to anybody, is such negative good breeding, that it is only not being a brute ; as it would be but a very poor commendation of any man's cleanliness, to say, that he did not stink. It is an active, cheerful, officious, seducing, good breeding, that must gain you the good will and first sentiments of the men, and the affections of the women. You must carefully watch and attend to their passions, their tastes, their little humours and weaknesses, and *aller au devant*. You must do it at the same time, with alacrity and *empressement*, and not as if you graciously condescended to humour their weaknesses.

For instance, suppose you invited anybody to dine or sup with you, you ought to recollect if you had observed that they

had any favourite dish, and take care to provide it for them ; and when it came, you should say, *You seemed to me, at such and such a place, to give this dish a preference, and therefore I ordered it : this is the wine that I observed you liked, and therefore I procured some.* The more trifling these things are, the more they prove your attention for the person, and are consequently the more engaging. Consult your own breast, and recollect how these little attentions, when shown you by others, flatter that degree of self-love and vanity, from which no man living is free. Reflect how they incline and attract you to that person, and how you are propitiated afterwards to all which that person says or does. The same causes will have the same effects in your favour. Women, in a great degree, establish or destroy every man's reputation of good breeding ; you must, therefore, in a manner, overwhelm them with these attentions : they are used to them, they expect them, and to do them justice, they commonly require them. You must be sedulous, and rather over-officious than under, in procuring them their coaches, their chairs, their conveniences in public places : not see what you should not see ; and rather assist, where you cannot help seeing. Opportunities of showing these attentions present themselves perpetually ; but if they do not, make them. As Ovid advises his lover, when he sits in the *Circus* near his mistress, to wipe the dust off her neck, even if there be none : *Si nullus, tamen excute nullum.* Your conversation with women should always be respectful ; but at the same time, *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. Men have possibly as much vanity as women, though of another kind ; and both art and good breeding require, that instead of mortifying, you should please and flatter it, by words and looks of approbation. Suppose (which is by no means improbable) that, at your return to England, I should place you near the person of some one of the royal family ; in that situation, good breeding, engaging address, adorned with all the graces that dwell at courts, would very probably make you a favourite, and from a favourite, a minister ; but all the knowledge and learning in the world, *without them*, never would. The penetration of princes seldom

goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior that always engages their hearts; and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understanding. Princes in general (I mean those *Porphyrogenets*¹ who are born and bred in purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and are to be addressed and gained in the same manner. They always see, they seldom weigh. Your lustre, not your solidity, must take them; your inside will afterwards support and secure what your outside has acquired. With weak people (and they undoubtedly are three parts in four of mankind) good breeding, address, and manners are everything; they can go no deeper; but let me assure you that they are a great deal even with people of the best understandings. Where the eyes are not pleased, and the heart is not flattered, the mind will be apt to stand out. Be this right or wrong, I confess I am so made myself. Awkwardness and ill breeding shock me to that degree, that where I meet with them, I cannot find in my heart to inquire into the intrinsic merit of that person: I hastily decide in myself, that he can have none; and am not sure, that I should not even be sorry to know that he had any. I often paint you in my imagination, in your present *lontananza*; and, while I view you in the light of ancient and modern learning, useful and ornamental knowledge, I am charmed with the prospect; but when I view you in another light, and represent you awkward, ungraceful, ill-bred, with vulgar air and manners, shambling towards me with inattention and *distractions*, I shall not pretend to describe to you what I feel; but will do as a skilful painter did formerly—draw a veil before the countenance of the father.

I daresay you know already enough of Architecture, to know that the Tuscan is the strongest and most solid of all the orders; but at the same time, it is the coarsest and clumsiest of them.

¹[In connection with this word Mr. Bradshaw, in his edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, appropriately quotes from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. xlviii. "In the Greek language, purple and porphyry are the same word; and as the colours of nature are invariable, we may learn that a dark deep red was the Tyrian dye, which stained the purple of the ancients. An apartment of the Byzantine palace was lined with porphyry; it was reserved for the use of the pregnant empresses, and the royal birth of their children was expressed by the appellation of Porphyro-genite or Born in the Purple. Several of the Roman princes had been blessed with an heir; but this peculiar surname was first applied to Constantine the Seventh."]

Its solidity does extremely well for the foundation and base floor of a great edifice ; but if the whole building be Tuscan, it will attract no eyes, it will stop no passengers, it will invite no interior examination ; people will take it for granted that the finishing and furnishing cannot be worth seeing, where the front is so unadorned and clumsy. But if, upon the solid Tuscan foundation, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian Orders rise gradually with all their beauty, proportions, and ornaments, the fabric seizes the most incurious eye, and stops the most careless passenger ; who solicits admission as a favour, nay, often purchases it. Just so will it fare with your little fabric, which at present, I fear, has more of the Tuscan than of the Corinthian Order. You must absolutely change the whole front, or nobody will knock at the door. The several parts which must compose this new front, are elegant, easy, natural, superior good breeding ; an engaging address ; genteel motions ; an insinuating softness in your looks, words, and actions ; a spruce, lively air, fashionable dress ; and all the glitter that a young fellow should have.

I am sure you would do a great deal for my sake ; and therefore consider, at your return here, what a disappointment and concern it would be to me, if I could not safely depute you to do the honours of my house and table ; and if I should be ashamed to present you to those who frequent both. Should you be awkward, inattentive, and *distract*, and happen to meet Mr. Lyttleton¹ at my table, the consequences of that meeting must be fatal ; you would run your heads against each other, cut each other's fingers, instead of your meat, or die by the precipitate infusion of scalding soup.

This is really so copious a subject, that there is no end of being either serious or ludicrous upon it. It is impossible, too, to enumerate or state to you the various cases in good breeding ; they are infinite ; there is no situation or relation in the world so remote or so intimate, that does not require a degree of it. Your own good sense must point it out to you ; your own good nature must incline, and your interest prompt you to practise it ; and observation and experience must give you the manner, the air and the graces which complete the whole.

¹[See note to Letter CXCV.]

This letter will hardly overtake you, till you are at or near Rome. I expect a great deal in every way from your six months' stay there. My morning hopes are justly placed in Mr. Harte, and the masters he will give you; my evening ones, in the Roman ladies: pray be attentive to both. But I must hint to you, that the Roman ladies are not *les femmes savantes*,¹ *et ne vous embrasseront point pour l'amour du Grec*. They must have *il garbato, il leggiadro, il disinvolto, il lusinghiero, quel non so che, che piace, che alletta, che incanta*.

I have often asserted, that the profoundest learning, and the politest manners, were by no means incompatible, though so seldom found united in the same person; and I have engaged myself to exhibit you, as a proof of the truth of this assertion. Should you, instead of that, happen to disprove me, the concern indeed would be mine, but the loss will be yours. Lord Bolingbroke is a strong instance on my side of the question; he joins to the deepest erudition, the most elegant politeness and good breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with. And Pope very justly called him "All-accomplished St. John," with regard to his knowledge and his manners. He had, it is true, his faults; which proceeded from unbounded ambition, and impetuous passions; but they have now subsided by age and experience; and I can wish you nothing better than to be what he is now, without being what he has been formerly. His address pre-engages, his eloquence persuades, and his knowledge informs all who approach him. Upon the whole, I do desire, and insist that, from after dinner till you go to bed, you make good breeding, address, and manners, your serious object and your only care. Without them, you will be nobody; with them, you may be anything.

Adieu, my dear child! My compliments to Mr. Harte.

LETTER CCIII

LONDON, *November 24, O. S. 1749.*

DEAR BOY: Every rational being (I take it for granted) proposes to himself some object more important than mere respira-

¹[See Molière, *Les Femmes Savantes*, iii., 5.]

tion and obscure animal existence. He desires to distinguish himself among his fellow-creatures; and, *alicui negotio intentus, præclari facinoris, aut artis bonæ, famam quærit*. Cæsar, when embarking in a storm, said it was not necessary he should live, but that it was absolutely necessary he should get to the place to which he was going. And Pliny leaves mankind this only alternative; either of doing what deserves to be written, or of writing what deserves to be read. As for those who do neither, *eorum vitam mortemque juxta æstumo; quoniam de utraque siletur*. You have, I am convinced, one or both of these objects in view; but you must know and use the necessary means, or your pursuit will be vain and frivolous. In either case, *sapere est principium et fons*; but it is by no means all. That knowledge must be adorned, it must have lustre as well as weight, or it will be oftener taken for lead than for gold. Knowledge you have, and will have: I am easy upon that article. But my business, as your friend, is not to compliment you upon what you have, but to tell you with freedom what you want; and I must tell you plainly, that I fear you want everything but knowledge.

I have written to you so often of late upon good breeding, address, *les manières liantes*, the graces, etc., that I shall confine this letter to another subject, pretty near akin to them, and which, I am sure, you are full as deficient in; I mean Style.

Style is the dress of thoughts; and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would, if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters. It is not every understanding that can judge of matter; but every ear can and does judge, more or less, of style: and were I either to speak or write to the public, I should prefer moderate matter, adorned with all the beauties and elegancies of style, to the strongest matter in the world, ill-worded and ill-delivered. Your business is negotiation abroad, and oratory in the House of Commons at home. What figure can you make, in either case, if your style be inelegant, I do not say bad? Imagine yourself writing an office letter to a Secretary of State, which letter is to be read by the whole Cabinet Council, and very possibly afterwards laid before Parliament; any one barbarism, solecism, or vulgarism in it, would,

in a very few days, circulate through the whole kingdom, to your disgrace and ridicule. For instance, I will suppose you had written the following letter from the Hague to the Secretary of State at London ; and leave you to suppose the consequences of it :—

MY LORD: I *had*, last night, the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 24th ; and will *set about doing* the orders contained *therein* ; and *if so be* that I can get that affair done by the next post, I will not fail *for to* give your Lordship an account of it, by *next post*. I have told the French Minister, *as how that if* that affair be not soon concluded, your Lordship would think it *all long of him* ; and that he must have neglected *for to* have wrote to his court about it. I must beg leave to put your Lordship in mind, *as how*, that I am now full three quarters in arrear ; and *if so be* that I do not very soon receive at least one half year, I shall *cut a very bad figure* ; *for this here* place is very dear. I shall be *vastly beholden* to your Lordship *for that there* mark of your favour ; and so I *rest or remain*, Your, etc.

You will tell me, possibly, that this is a *caricatura* of an illiberal and inelegant style : I will admit it ; but assure you, at the same time, that a despatch with less than half these faults would blow you up for ever. It is by no means sufficient to be free from faults in speaking and writing ; you must do both correctly and elegantly. In faults of this kind, it is not *ille optimus qui minimis urgetur* ; but he is unpardonable who has any at all, because it is his own fault : he need only attend to, observe, and imitate the best authors.

It is a very true saying, that a man must be born a poet, but that he may make himself an orator ; and the very first principle of an orator is, to speak his own language particularly with the utmost purity and elegance. A man will be forgiven even great errors in a foreign language ; but in his own, even the least slips are justly laid hold of and ridiculed.

A person of the House of Commons, speaking two years ago upon naval affairs, asserted, that we had then the finest navy *upon the face of the yearth*. This happy mixture of blunder and vulgarism, you may easily imagine, was matter of immediate ridicule ; but I can assure you that it continues so still, and will be remembered as long as he lives and speaks. Another,

speaking in defence of a gentleman upon whom a censure was moved, happily said, that he thought that gentleman was more *liable* to be thanked and rewarded, than censured. You know, I presume, that *liable* can never be used in a good sense.

You have with you three or four of the best English authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift; read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language, and they may possibly correct that *curious infelicity of diction*, which you acquired at Westminster. Mr. Harte excepted, I will admit that you have met with very few English abroad, who could improve your style; and with many, I daresay, who speak as ill as yourself, and it may be worse; you must therefore take the more pains, and consult your authors and Mr. Harte the more. I need not tell you how attentive the Romans and Greeks, particularly the Athenians, were to this object. It is also a study among the Italians and the French; witness their respective academies and dictionaries for improving and fixing their languages. To our shame be it spoken, it is less attended to here than in any polite country; but that is no reason why you should not attend to it; on the contrary, it will distinguish you the more. Cicero says, very truly, that it is glorious to excel other men in that very article, in which men excel brutes; *speech*.

Constant experience has shown me, that great purity and elegance of style, with a graceful elocution, cover a multitude of faults, in either a speaker or a writer. For my own part, I confess (and I believe most people are of my mind), that if a speaker should ungracefully mutter or stammer out to me the sense of an angel, deformed by barbarisms and solecisms, or larded with vulgarisms, he should never speak to me a second time, if I could help it. Gain the heart, or you gain nothing; the eyes and the ears are the only roads to the heart. Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure them when gained. Pray have that truth ever in your mind. Engage the eyes by your address, air, and motions: sooth the ears by the elegance and harmony of your diction; the heart will certainly follow; and the whole man, or woman, will as certainly follow the heart. I must repeat it to you, over and over again, that with all the knowledge which you may have at present, or *hereafter* acquire, and with all the merit that ever man had, if

you have not a graceful address, liberal and engaging manners, a prepossessing air, and a good degree of eloquence in speaking and writing, you will be nobody; but will have the daily mortification of seeing people with not one tenth part of your merit or knowledge, get the start of you, and disgrace you, both in company and in business.

You have read Quintilian, the best book in the world to form an orator; pray read Cicero *de Oratore*, the best book in the world to finish one. Translate and retranslate from and to Latin, Greek and English; make yourself a pure and elegant English style; it requires nothing but application. I do not find that God has made you a poet; and I am very glad that he has not: therefore, for God's sake, make yourself an orator, which you may do. Though I still call you boy, I consider you no longer as such; and when I reflect upon the prodigious quantity of manure that has been laid upon you, I expect that you should produce more at eighteen, than uncultivated soils do at eight-and-twenty.

Pray tell Mr. Harte that I have received his letter of the 13th, N. S. Mr. Smith was much in the right not to let you go, at this time of the year, by sea; in the summer you may navigate as much as you please; as for example, from Leghorn to Genoa, etc. Adieu.

LETTER CCIV

LONDON, November 26, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: While the Roman republic flourished, while glory was pursued, and virtue practised, and while even little irregularities and indecencies, not cognisable by law were, however, not thought below the public care; Censors were established, discretionally to supply, in particular cases, the inevitable defects of the law, which must, and can only be general. This employment I assume to myself with regard to your little republic, leaving the legislative power entirely to Mr. Harte; I hope and believe that he will seldom, or rather never, have occasion to exert his supreme authority; and I do by no means suspect you of any faults that may require that interposition. But to tell you the plain truth, I am of opinion, that my censorial power will

not be useless to you, nor a sinecure to me. The sooner you make it both, the better for us both. I can now exercise this employment only upon hearsay, or at most, written evidence; and therefore shall exercise it with great lenity, and some diffidence; but when we meet, and that I can form my judgment upon ocular and auricular evidence, I shall no more let the least impropriety, indecorum, or irregularity pass uncensured, than my predecessor Cato did. I shall read you with the attention of a critic, not with the partiality of an author: different in this respect, indeed, from most critics, that I shall seek for faults, only to correct, and not to expose them. I have often thought, and still think, that there are few things which people in general know less, than how to love and how to hate. They hurt those they love, by a mistaken indulgence, by a blindness, nay, often a partiality to their faults: where they hate, they hurt themselves, by ill-timed passion and rage. Fortunately for you, I never loved you in that mistaken manner. From your infancy, I made you the object of my most serious attention, and not my plaything. I consulted your real good, not your humours or fancies; and I shall continue to do so while you want it, which will probably be the case during our joint lives; for considering the difference of our ages, in the course of nature, you will hardly have acquired experience enough of your own, while I shall be in a condition of lending you any of mine. People in general will much better bear being told of their vices or crimes, than of their little failings and weaknesses. They, in some degree, justify or excuse (as they think) the former, by strong passions, seductions, and artifices of others; but to be told of, or to confess, their little failings and weaknesses, implies an inferiority of parts, too mortifying to that self-love and vanity, which are inseparable from our natures. I have been intimate enough with several people to tell them that they had said or done a very criminal thing; but I never was intimate enough with any man, to tell him, very seriously, that he had said or done a very foolish one. Nothing less than the relation between you and me can possibly authorise that freedom; but fortunately for you, my parental rights, joined to my censorial powers, give it me in its fullest extent, and my concern for you will make me exert it. Rejoice, therefore, that there is one person in the world who can

and will tell you what will be very useful to you to know, and yet what no other man living could or would tell you. Whatever I shall tell you of this kind, you are very sure, can have no other motive than your interest; I can neither be jealous nor envious of your reputation or fortune, which I must be both desirous and proud to establish and promote; I cannot be your rival either in love or in business; on the contrary, I want the rays of your rising, to reflect new lustre upon my setting light. In order to this, I shall analyse you minutely, and censure you freely, that you may not (if possible) have one single spot when in your meridian.

There is nothing that a young fellow, at his first appearance in the world, has more reason to dread, and consequently should take more pains to avoid, than having any ridicule fixed upon him. It degrades him with the most reasonable part of mankind; but it ruins him with the rest; and I have known many a man undone, by acquiring a ridiculous nick-name: I would not, for all the riches in the world, that you should acquire one when you return to England. Vices and crimes excite hatred and reproach; failings, weaknesses, and awkwardnesses, excite ridicule; they are laid hold of by mimics, who, though very contemptible wretches themselves, often by their buffoonery fix ridicule upon their betters. The little defects in manners, elocution, address, and air (and even of figure, though very unjustly), are the objects of ridicule, and the causes of nick-names. You cannot imagine the grief it would give me, and the prejudice it would do you, if by way of distinguishing you from others of your name, you should happen to be called Muttering Stanhope, Absent Stanhope, Ill-bred Stanhope, or Awkward, Left-legged Stanhope: therefore, take great care to put it out of the power of Ridicule itself to give you any of these ridiculous epithets; for, if you get one, it will stick to you, like the envenomed shirt.¹ The very first day that I see you, I shall be able to tell you, and certainly shall tell you, what degree of danger you are in; and I hope that my admonitions as censor may prevent the censures of the public. Admonitions are always useful; is this one or not? You are the best judge; it is your

¹[Of Deianira.]

own picture which I send you, drawn, at my request, by a lady at Venice: pray let me know how far, in your conscience, you think it like; for there are some parts of it which I wish may, and others, which I should be sorry were. I send you, literally, the copy of that part of her letter to her friend here, which relates to you.

Tell Mr. Harte that I have this moment received his letter of the 22nd, N. S., and that I approve extremely of the long stay you have made at Venice. I love long residences at capitals; running post through different places is a most unprofitable way of travelling, and admits of no application. Adieu.

“Selon vos ordres, j’ai soigneusement examiné le jeune Stanhope, et je crois l’avoir approfondi. En voici le portrait, que je crois très fidèle. Il a le visage joli, l’air spirituel, et le regard fin. Sa figure est à présent trop quarrée, mais s’il grandit, comme il en a encore et le tems et l’étoffe, elle sera bonne. Il a certainement beaucoup d’acquit, et on m’assure qu’il sait à fond les langues savantes. Pour le François je sais qu’il le parle parfaitement bien; et l’on dit qu’il en est de même de l’Allemand. Les questions qu’il fait sont judicieuses, et marquent qu’il cherche à s’instruire. Je ne vous dirai pas qu’il cherche autant à plaire; puisqu’il paroît négliger les attentions et les grâces. Il se présente mal, et n’a rien moins que l’air et la tournure aisée et noble qu’il lui faudroit. Il est vrai qu’il est encore jeune et neuf, de sorte qu’on a lieu d’espérer que ses exercices, qu’il n’a pas encore faits, et la bonne compagnie où il est encore novice, le décrotteront, et lui donneront tout ce qui lui manque à présent. Un arrangement avec quelque femme de condition et qui a du monde, quelque Madame de Lursay,¹ est précisément ce qu’il lui faut. Enfin j’ose vous assurer qu’il a tout ce que Monsieur de Chesterfield pourroit lui souhaiter, à l’exception des manières, des grâces, et du ton de la bonne compagnie, qu’il prendra sûrement avec le tems, et l’usage du grand monde. Ce seroit bien dommage au moins qu’il ne les prit point, puisqu’il mérite tant de les avoir. Et vous savez bien de quelle importance elles sont. Monsieur son père le

¹[One of the characters in Crébillon's novel, *Les Egaremens du Cœur et de l'Esprit.*]

sait aussi, les possédant lui-même comme il fait. Bref, si le petit Stanhope acquiert les grâces, il ira loin, je vous en répondez ; si non, il s'arrêtera court dans une belle carrière, qu'il pourroit autrement fournir."

You see, by this extract, of what consequence other people think these things. Therefore, I hope you will no longer look upon them as trifles. It is the character of an able man to despise little things in great business : but then he knows what things are little, and what not. He does not suppose things are little, because they are commonly called so : but by the consequences that may or may not attend them. If gaining people's affections, and interesting their hearts in your favour, be of consequence, as it undoubtedly is, he knows very well that a happy concurrence of all these, commonly called little things, manners, air, address, graces, etc., is of the utmost consequence, and will never be at rest till he has acquired them. The world is taken by the outside of things, and we must take the world as it is ; you nor I cannot set it right. I know, at this time, a man of great quality and station,¹ who has not the parts of a porter ; but raised himself to the station he is in, singly by having a graceful figure, polite manners, and an engaging address : which, by the way, he only acquired by habit ; for he had not sense enough to get them by reflection. Parts and habit should conspire to complete you. You will have the habit of good company, and you have reflection in your power.

LETTER CCV

LONDON, December 5, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : Those who suppose that men in general act rationally, because they are called rational creatures, know very little of the world, and if they act themselves upon that supposition, will nine times in ten find themselves grossly mistaken. That man is *animal bipes, implume, risibile*, I entirely agree ; but for the *rationale*, I can only allow it him *in actu primo* (to talk logic), and seldom *in actu secundo*. Thus the speculative,

¹[The Maréchal Duc de Richelieu.]

cloistered pedant, in his solitary cell, forms systems of things as they should be, not as they are ; and writes as decisively and absurdly upon war, politics, manners, and characters, as that pedant talked, who was so kind as to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. Such closet politicians never fail to assign the deepest motives for the most trifling actions ; instead of often ascribing the greatest actions to the most trifling causes, in which they would be much seldomer mistaken. They read and write of kings, heroes, and statesmen, as never doing anything but upon the deepest principles of sound policy. But those who see and observe kings, heroes and statesmen, discover that they have headaches, indigestions, humours, and passions, just like other people ; every one of which, in their turn, determine their wills, in defiance of their reason. Had we only read in the Life of Alexander, that he burnt Persepolis, it would doubtless have been accounted for from deep policy : we should have been told, that his new conquest could not have been secured without the destruction of that capital, which would have been the constant seat of cabals, conspiracies, and revolts. But luckily, we are informed at the same time, that this hero, this demi-god, this son and heir of Jupiter Ammon, happened to get extremely drunk with his w—e ; and by way of frolic, destroyed one of the finest cities in the world. Read men therefore yourself, not in books, but in nature. Adopt no systems, but study them yourself. Observe their weaknesses, their passions, their humours, of all which their understandings are, nine times in ten, the dupes. You will then know that they are to be gained, influenced, or led, much oftener by little things than by great ones ; and consequently, you will no longer think those things little, which tend to such great purposes.

Let us apply this now to the particular object of this letter ; I mean, speaking in, and influencing public assemblies. The nature of our constitution makes eloquence more useful and more necessary in this country, than in any other in Europe. A certain degree of good sense and knowledge is requisite for that, as well as for everything else ; but beyond that, the purity of diction, the elegance of style, the harmony of periods, a pleasing elocution, and a graceful action, are the things which a public speaker should attend to the most ; because his audience

certainly does, and understands them the best ; or rather indeed understands little else. The late Lord Chancellor Cowper's¹ strength, as an orator, lay by no means in his reasonings, for he often hazarded very weak ones. But such was the purity and elegance of his style, such the propriety and charms of his elocution, and such the gracefulness of his action, that he never spoke without universal applause ; the ears and the eyes gave him up the hearts and the understandings of the audience. On the contrary, the late Lord Townshend² always spoke materially, with argument and knowledge, but never pleased. Why? His diction was not only inelegant, but frequently ungrammatical, always vulgar ; his cadences false, his voice unharmonious, and his action ungraceful. Nobody heard him with patience ; and the young fellows used to joke upon him, and repeat his inaccuracies. The late Duke of Argyle,³ though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever knew in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience ; not by his matter certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a graceful, noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegance of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker

¹[William Cowper, first Earl Cowper, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, was eldest son of Sir William Cowper, baronet, a Whig politician. The date and place of his birth are unknown. After his death in 1723, Ambrose Philips celebrated his virtues in an ode, styled by courtesy Pindaric. The Duke of Wharton in *The True Briton* (No. 40) magnified his genius ; Pope (*Imitations of Horace*, ep. ii., bk. ii.) and Lord Chesterfield agree in describing him as a consummate orator. On the other hand, he was somewhat deficient in logical faculty. Steele dedicated to Lord Chancellor Cowper the third volume of the *Tatler*.]

²[Charles, second Viscount Townshend (1674-1738), was eldest son of Horatio, first Viscount Townshend of Rainham, Norfolk. He was a handsome, burly man, of brusque manners and hot temper, capable of sincere friendship. In Parliament he always spoke to the point, but was never eloquent. Well versed in European politics, not without address as a diplomatist, a competent French scholar and master of a style admirably adapted by its precision and clearness for correspondence on affairs of State, he was unfitted for their consummate conduct by a singular union of discordant qualities.]

³[John Campbell, second Duke of Argyll and Duke of Greenwich (1678-1743), showed as brigadier-general with Marlborough signal valour at the battle of Ramillies ; at Oudenarde the battalions under his command were the first to engage the enemy. The cause of Argyll's enmity against Marlborough is somewhat mysterious. "He never won a position commensurate with his seeming abilities or with the great oratorical gifts which he certainly possessed." "His natural endowments were sullied with too much impetuosity, passion and positiveness ; and his sense lay rather in a sudden flash of wit, than in a solid conception and reflection." —*Lockhart Papers*, ii., 10.]

I ever saw. I was captivated like others ; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which ignorance of mankind only calls trifling ones. Cicero, in his book *de Oratore*, in order to raise the dignity of that profession which he well knew himself to be at the head of, asserts that a complete orator must be a complete everything, lawyer, philosopher, divine, etc. That would be extremely well, if it were possible : but man's life is not long enough ; and I hold him to be the completest orator, who speaks the best upon that subject which occurs ; whose happy choice of words, whose lively imagination, whose elocution and action adorn and grace his matter, at the same time that they excite the attention and engage the passions of his audience.

You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age ; and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure, or a fortune, in your country. This you can never do without that correctness and elegancy in your own language, which you now seem to neglect, and which you have entirely to learn. Fortunately for you, it is to be learned. Care and observation will do it ; but do not flatter yourself, that all the knowledge, sense, and reasoning in the world, will ever make you a popular and applauded speaker, without the ornaments and the graces of style, elocution, and action. Sense and argument, though coarsely delivered, will have their weight in a private conversation, with two or three people of sense ; but in a public assembly they will have none, if naked and destitute of the advantages I have mentioned. Cardinal de Retz observes, very justly, that every numerous assembly is a mob, influenced by their passions, humours and affections, which nothing but eloquence ever did or ever can engage. This is so important a consideration for everybody in this country, and more particularly for you, that I earnestly recommend it to your most serious care and attention. Mind your diction, in whatever language you either write or speak ; contract a habit of correctness and elegance. Consider your style, even in the freest conversation, and most familiar letters. After, at least, if not before you have

said a thing, reflect if you could not have said it better. Where you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of a word or a phrase, consult some good dead or living authority in that language. Use yourself to translate from various languages into English : correct those translations till they satisfy your ear, as well as your understanding. And be convinced of this truth, that the best sense and reason in the world will be as unwelcome in a public assembly without these ornaments, as they will in public companies, without the assistance of manners and politeness. If you will please people, you must please them in their own way ; and as you cannot make them what they should be, you must take them as they are. I repeat it again, they are only to be taken by *agrémens*, and by what flatters their senses and their hearts. Rabelais first wrote a most excellent book, which nobody liked ; then, determined to conform to the public taste, he wrote *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, which everybody liked, extravagant as it was. Adieu.

LETTER CCVI

LONDON, December 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY : It is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word, without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider, whether it was a good or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears ; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputation I have acquired as a speaker, is more owing to my constant attention to my diction than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same as other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common sense, upon the same question ; the dressing it well, is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon your making a figure: it is there that I want to have you justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. The vulgar, who are always mistaken, look upon a speaker and a comet with the same astonishment and admiration, taking them both for preternatural phenomena. This error discourages many young men from attempting that character; and good speakers are willing to have their talent considered as something very extraordinary, if not a peculiar gift of God to his elect. But let you and me analyse and simplify this good speaker; let us strip him of those adventitious plumes, with which his own pride and the ignorance of others have decked him; and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common sense, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly, on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense, without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject; nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. What then does all this mighty art and mystery of speaking in Parliament amount to? Why, no more than this: that the man who speaks in the House of Commons, speaks in that House, and to four hundred people, that opinion, upon a given subject, which he would make no difficulty of speaking in any house in England, round the fire, or at table, to any fourteen people whatsoever; better judges, perhaps, and severer critics of what he says, than any fourteen gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have spoken frequently in Parliament, and not always without some applause; and therefore I can assure you, from my experience, that there is very little in it. The elegancy of the style, and the turn of the periods, make the chief impression upon the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech, which they will retain and repeat; and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears, and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and, depend upon it, you will catch their judgments, such as they are.

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Cicero, conscious that he was at the top of his profession (for in his time eloquence was a profession), in order to set himself off, defines, in his Treatise *de Oratore*, an orator to be such a man as never was, nor never will be; and by his fallacious argument, says that he must know every art and science whatsoever, or how shall he speak upon them? But with submission to so great an authority, my definition of an orator is extremely different from, and I believe much truer than his. I call that man an orator, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly, upon whatever subject he treats. Problems in geometry, equations in algebra, processes in chemistry, and experiments in anatomy, are never, that I have heard of, the objects of eloquence; and therefore I humbly conceive, that a man may be a very fine speaker, and yet know nothing of geometry, algebra, chemistry, or anatomy. The subjects of all Parliamentary debates are subjects of common sense singly.

Thus I write whatever occurs to me, that I think may contribute either to form or inform you. May my labour not be in vain! and it will not, if you will but have half the concern for yourself, that I have for you. Adieu.

LETTER CCVII

LONDON, December 12, O. S. 1749.

DEAR BOY: Lord Clarendon, in his history, says of Mr. John Hampden, *that he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief*. I shall not now enter into the justness of this character of Mr. Hampden, to whose brave stand against the illegal demand of ship-money we owe our present liberties; but I mention it to you as the character which, with the alteration of one single word, *good*, instead of *mischief*, I would have you aspire to, and use your utmost endeavours to deserve. The head to contrive, God must to a certain degree have given you; but it is in your own power greatly to improve it, by study, observation, and reflection. As for the *tongue to persuade*, it wholly depends upon yourself; and without it the best head will contrive to very little purpose. The hand to execute depends likewise, in my opinion, in a great measure

upon yourself. Serious reflection will always give courage in a good cause; and the courage arising from reflection is of a much superior nature to the animal and constitutional courage of a foot soldier. The former is steady and unshaken, where the *modus* is *dignus vindice*; the latter is oftener improperly than properly exerted, but always brutally.

The second member of my text (to speak ecclesiastically) shall be the subject of my following discourse; *the tongue to persuade*—as judicious preachers recommend those virtues, which they think their several audiences want the most; such as truth and continence, at court; disinterestedness, in the city; and sobriety, in the country.

You must certainly, in the course of your little experience, have felt the different effects of elegant and inelegant speaking. Do you not suffer, when people accost you in a stammering or hesitating manner, in an untuneful voice, with false accents and cadences; puzzling and blundering through solecisms, barbarisms, and vulgarisms; misplacing even their bad words, and inverting all method? Does not this prejudice you against their matter, be it what it will; nay, even against their persons? I am sure it does me. On the other hand, do you not feel yourself inclined, prepossessed, nay even engaged in favour of those who address you in the direct contrary manner? The effects of a correct and adorned style, of method and perspicuity, are incredible towards persuasion; they often supply the want of reason and argument, but when used in the support of reason and argument, they are irresistible. The French attend very much to the purity and elegance of their style, even in common conversation; insomuch that it is a character, to say of a man, *qu'il narre bien*. Their conversations frequently turn upon the delicacies of their language, and an academy is employed in fixing it. The *Crusca*, in Italy, has the same object; and I have met with very few Italians who did not speak their own language correctly and elegantly. How much more necessary is it for an Englishman to do so, who is to speak it in a public assembly, where the laws and liberties of his country are the subjects of his deliberation? The tongue that would persuade there, must not content itself with mere articulation. You know what pains Demosthenes took to correct his *naturally* bad elocution; you know that he declaimed by the sea-

side in storms, to prepare himself for the noise of the tumultuous assemblies he was to speak to ; and you can now judge of the correctness and elegance of his style. He thought all these things of consequence, and he thought right ; pray do you think so too ? It is of the utmost consequence to you to be of that opinion. If you have the least defect in your elocution, take the utmost care and pains to correct it. Do not neglect your style, whatever language you speak in, or whomever you speak to, were it your footman. Seek always for the best words and the happiest expressions you can find. Do not content yourself with being barely understood ; but adorn your thoughts, and dress them as you would your person ; which, however well proportioned it might be, it would be very improper and indecent to exhibit naked, or even worse dressed than people of your sort are.

I have sent you, in a packet which your Leipsig acquaintance, Duval, sends to his correspondent at Rome, Lord Bolingbroke's book,¹ which he published about a year ago. I desire that you will read it over and over again, with particular attention to the style, and to all those beauties of oratory with which it is adorned. Till I read that book, I confess I did not know all the extent and powers of the English language. Lord Bolingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to persuade ; his manner of speaking in private conversation is full as elegant as his writings ; whatever subject he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns with the most splendid eloquence ; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) is become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would bear the press, without the least correction either as to method or style. If his conduct, in the former part of his life, had been equal to all his natural and acquired talents, he would most justly have merited the epithet of all-accomplished. He is himself sensible of his past errors : those violent passions, which seduced him in his youth, have now subsided by age ; and take him as he is now, the character of all-accomplished is more his due, than any man's I ever knew in my life.

¹[See note to Letter CLXXXIII.]

But he has been a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the weakness of the most exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast. Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours; and both rendered more shining from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagance, characterised not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character, but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He has noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good nature and friendship; but they are more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard to the same persons. He receives the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returns with interest; and resents with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repays with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he has an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and happiest memory, that ever man was blessed with, he always carries about him. It is his pocket-money, and he never has occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excels more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, are better known to him, than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he has pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies, of all parties and denominations, tell with joy.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business;

and his penetration was almost intuition. I am old enough to have heard him speak in Parliament. And I remember, that though prejudiced against him by party, I felt all the force and charms of his eloquence. Like Belial in Milton, "he made the worse appear the better cause". All the internal and external advantages and talents of an orator are undoubtedly his. Figure, voice, elocution, knowledge; and above all, the purest and most florid diction, with the justest metaphors and happiest images, had raised him to the post of Secretary at War, at four and twenty years old, an age at which others are hardly thought fit for the smallest employments.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardour; and there he formed and chiefly executed the plan of a great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge are too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination. He must go *extra flammantia mœnia Mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of Metaphysics; which open an unbounded field for the excursion of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He has had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he has all the dignity and good breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professes himself a Deist; believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

Upon the whole, of this extraordinary man, what can we say but—Alas, poor human nature!

In your destination, you will have frequent occasions to speak in public; to Princes and States abroad; to the House of Commons at home; judge, then, whether eloquence is necessary for you or not; not only common eloquence, which is rather free from faults, than adorned by beauties; but the highest, the most shining degree of eloquence. For God's sake, have this object always in your view, and in your thoughts. Tune your tongue early to persuasion; and let no jarring, dissonant accents ever

fall from it. Contract an habit of speaking well upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good breeding alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way ; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you ? Adieu.

END OF VOL. I.

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